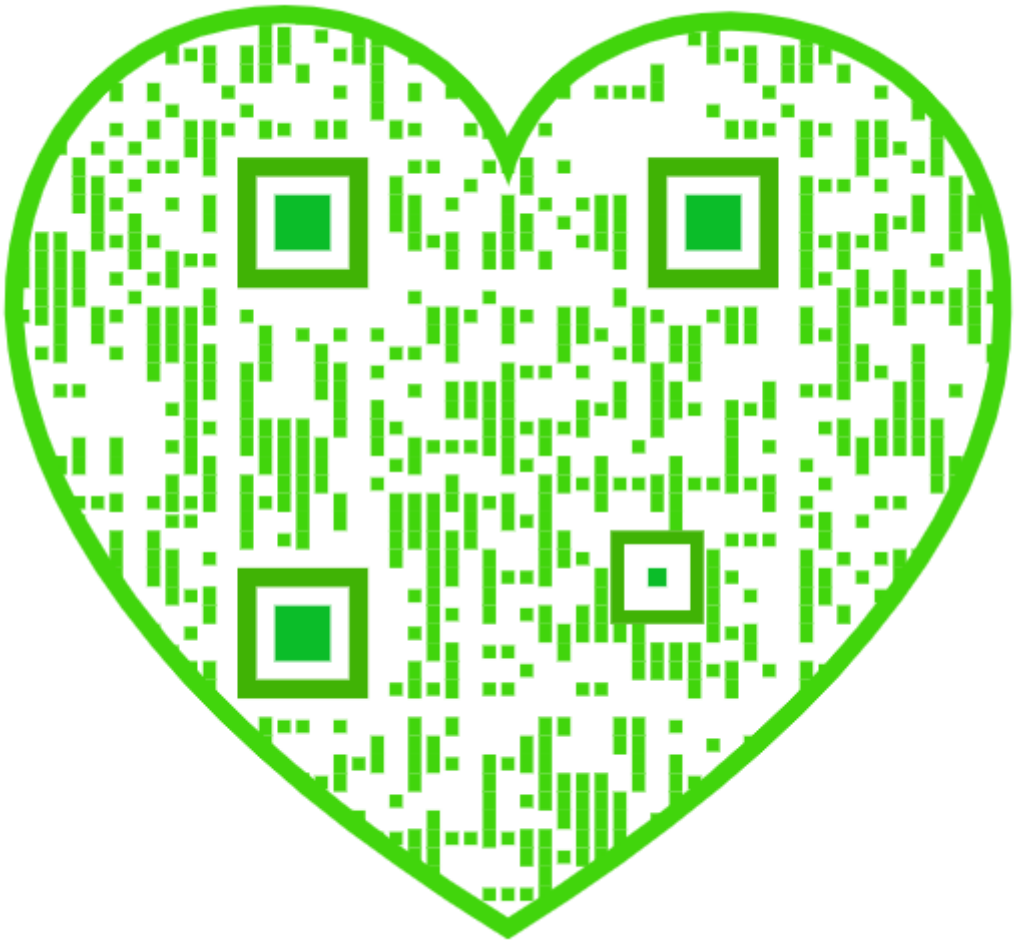

M37

PROTESTANT JOURNALISM.

LONDON:
ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.

PROTESTANT JOURNALISM.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

'MY CLERICAL FRIENDS.'

Thomas W. Marshall

'Malim equidem indisertam prudentiam quam stultitiam loquacem.'
CICERO, *De Oratore*, lib. iii.

LONDON: BURNS AND OATES,
PORTMAN STREET AND PATERNOSTER ROW.
1874.

O 18D16 TV

PREFACE.

If it is true that the world takes men at their own valuation, it can hardly form too high an estimate of journalists. Other benefactors it has known,—pontiffs, sages, and lawgivers,—who asserted themselves feebly, being chiefly intent on their work, or did not assert themselves at all, and are now forgotten. But journalists will not allow us to forget them. Twice in twenty-four hours they renew their clamour, and reiterate their claims to our attention. They do not admit the possibility that any one can dispute them. Yet considering the enormous benefits which they confer, or think they confer, upon modern society, it is quite inexplicable how the world got on so well for three or four thousand years without them. Great men, such as nature is now loth to reproduce; great institutions, of which the stability contrasts curiously with our own tentative and ephemeral experiments; immortal triumphs of art, which are at once our models and our despair,—all these existed before journalism began They had evidently no right to do so, but they did. It is not easy to believe that the men who built York Minster or Westminster Abbey, compiled *Domesday Book* or dictated Magna Charta, had much to learn from the *Daily Advertiser* or the *Morning Post*. It is more reasonable to suppose that our chaotic literature and our grotesque edifices—Tupper's Philosophy and the National Gallery—would have moved them to inextinguishable laughter. Alfred the Great and Charle-

299608

magne, the Black Prince and Simon de Montfort, Dante and Milton, Newton and Leibnitz, and even Pitt and Washington, knew nothing of railways, and not much of newspapers; yet they are generally considered men of mark, and did things which are still spoken of. Long ages before them Plato mused and Aristotle taught; and the human mind, famished now with the thin diet of novels and newspapers, still feeds on what they said. Cæsar wrote his own Commentaries, having no 'correspondents' in his camp, and nobody thinks we have lost much by their absence. Xenophon described the retreat of the Ten Thousand, and is thought to have done it well, without any help from them. But perhaps they will tell us that Cæsar and Xenophon were only undeveloped journalists. No doubt the same thing is true of Benedict and Gregory, Bacon and Newton, Cœur de Lion and Charles Martel, and all the rest. They would have been loftier sages, penetrated deeper into the secrets of nature, and conducted men to nobler exploits, if they had enjoyed any acquaintance with the *Daily Telegraph*, the *New York Herald*, or the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. It is, perhaps, a partial consolation that, considering their disadvantages, they did pretty well without it.

The candid admiration which our journalists profess for their own functions, and particularly for what they call, with as near an approach to enthusiasm as their chastened minds can support, 'the liberty of the press,' would perhaps be more impressive, and certainly more contagious, if they had a little less disdain for one another. It may be our highest duty to respect them, but they should begin by setting us the example. Our veneration would be more spontaneous if their practice were more in harmony with their precepts. It is their low esteem for each other which perplexes us. What the acute

Johnson affirms to-day, in a superb leading article, the equally sagacious Thompson contradicts to-morrow, and is sure to be contradicted in his turn. As Mr. J. A. Froude observed not long ago, even in pronouncing their panegyric: 'Of course they are all infallible, but then they are not unanimous.' If one sets up his own particular graven image, all the rest pelt it with stones. The heroes of the *Daily News* are the felons of the *Standard*, and the *Spectator* cannot open its mouth without the *Pall Mall Gazette* throwing dirt into it. We wish to feel reverence for our incomparable teachers, but why do they display so little for themselves? They remind us of the so-called Reformers, who all agreed that their common undertaking was sublime, yet never ceased to revile one another as miscreants. Each was sure he was doing a great work, but still more sure that all the rest were spoiling it. Our journalists have this in common with the defunct fraternity of Reformers, that their collective effectually neutralises their individual testimony.

Nor is it only by their mutual invectives and interminable combats, of which they imprudently make the public the amused spectators, that these highly-gifted educators of modern opinion do injustice to their sacred character, and betray infirmities from which we should have wished to believe them exempt. No doubt, in spite of these trifling defects, they will continue to be to us 'a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night'—a reflection which is full of comfort; and their claim to be the only unerring teachers of everything in general—religion and politics, history and finance, science and art—will easily be accepted by an indulgent generation, of which the confidence will not be diminished by the inconsiderable fact that their masters have hardly an opinion in common on any subject whatever. But they put our faith to a harder trial. Why do these priests

of a new and universal religion, destined to supersede every other, profane their own temple, and discourage approaching worshippers, by covering its walls with unseemly advertisements? Are these pontiffs of journalism only merchants, that they stand at the door and offer their sacred wares in mundane language, as if they were quack medicines or artificial manures? It would surely suffice for the recreation of any reasonable traveller, who has got his ticket, but cannot find his train, that the walls of the railway-station which offers him a momentary and not unselfish hospitality should reveal to him the newest things in 'pure teas,' 'mixed pickles,' and 'patent ploughs:' must they be tapestried also with the new gospel according to the daily journals? 'Here is the thing you want,' cries the *Daily Telegraph* to us from a placard as long as a full-grown whale, 'for we have *the largest circulation in the world.*' It must be true, and would be still truer, only there are two rivals on another wall who make exactly the same announcement, which seems to involve the mathematical absurdity of three things being each greater than everything else, and at the same time greater than one another. The *Hour* smiles upon us from a more chaste advertisement, with the seductive assurance that it is '*read by the million,*' which probably only means that its proprietors wish it was true. The *Daily News* beckons to us in a confidential way, which we try to think we have done something to deserve, that it has a '*world-wide circulation;*' and we turn away with the conviction that the visible progress of the world towards millennial perfection must be chiefly due to the universal diffusion of that inestimable print. The *Standard* tells us, with severe brevity, that it is '*the largest daily paper;*' and as it is of course implied that superiority of dimension is its least merit, the attraction appears to us in this case irresistible

But we do not permit ourselves a hasty decision, especially as we have found our train at last, and are going to face the perils to which it invites us. The moment is not propitious for a mature judgment. Where all are so admirable, it would be rash to conclude, without further deliberation, which is the brightest star in the journalistic firmament. Yet if the arduous question were calmly proposed in a competitive examination, the judicious candidate would perhaps reply that, considering its purely idyllic character, and that, as Cicero told his brother Quintus, *finitimus oratori poëta*, the palm should be awarded to that great unfinished epic of the nineteenth century, the *Daily Telegraph*.

It will perhaps be suggested by the true disciples of 'progress' that the slight commercial taint which hangs about our otherwise unsullied newspapers, and the bids which their owners make against one another for customers,—as if they were sellers of fish instead of philosophy,—are superabundantly compensated by the general loftiness of their aims, and the invaluable aid which they contribute to the moral and intellectual culture of the nation. This is a pleasing view of the subject which every right-minded person would like to adopt. It would be easier to do so if our journalists did not themselves warn us against the agreeable delusion. We might still cherish it, to our great profit and contentment, in spite of the churlish protest of Mr. Carlyle, who cries out, from the summit of his own Olympus: 'The inspiration of the morning papers! Alas! we have had enough of that, and have arrived at the gates of death by means of that!' But even if we are deaf to the solemn thunder of his scorn, the shriller accents of the *Saturday Review* will force an entrance, and make the dullest ear tingle. It is in an article on 'Reading Trash' that this candid critic tells us what we ought to think of

newspapers as an educational power, and an instrument in training the mind. Lifting up his voice in the very sanctuary of journalism, and unawed by the sacredness of the spot on which he stands, this profaner of the mysteries accosts us as follows: 'Excessive newspaper reading is a sure destroyer of mental health. Its effect is to corrupt the judgment, to weaken the sense of mental discrimination, to discourage intellectual initiative, and generally to deaden the mental powers, by substituting a habit of mechanical for a habit of intelligent reading.' A writer who can speak of the venerated purveyors of the 'latest intelligence' with such sacrilegious levity is no doubt unworthy of attention, but we will hear him to the end. 'A very little yielding to this disposition,' he continues, 'will produce, even in cultivated men, a habit which may almost be said to be worse, from an intellectual point of view, than the habit of not reading at all. A man who is not reading may possibly be thinking; but a man who reads nothing but newspapers is exercising his mind in no greater degree than when he is occupied in putting on his clothes.' If this were a true account of our incomparable teachers—which it cannot be—it would be time to veil their statues, and turn their faces to the wall.

It is consoling to believe that the devout gratitude of the human race—or at least that portion of it which reads the newspapers—will resent this unfeeling calumny upon its purest benefactors. Mr. Carlyle and the *Saturday Review* may be incapable of appreciating them, but wisdom is not extinct, nor are there wanting voices to rebuke these defamers of the people's gods. Alcibiades may knock off the heads of our Mercuries, being a youth of irreverent mind, but a just sentence will despatch him to the Chersonese, or the Isle of Dogs. Mr. Froude is the indignant Archon who piously avenges our mutilated deities.

'We cannot,' he nobly cries, 'contemplate an intelligent existence without newspapers.' Perhaps he believes it, and said it seriously. Perhaps he did not. It was spoken in an after-dinner speech, *stricto pane*, and the orator was so far incoherent, as sometimes happens after six courses and a dessert, as to ridicule the very gods whom he came to praise. 'In other professions,' he said, 'men learn their business first;' while in journalism, the noblest of all, 'the practice is just reversed.' Yet it is to these professors of an art which they have never learned, and who, as he afterwards observed, 'sit on the bench before they have been called to the bar,' that the human race is really indebted for the 'intelligent existence' which it is impossible even to contemplate without them. The folios which fill our libraries, and which bear the obscure names of a Plato, a Sophocles, an Augustine, a Thomas Aquinas, or a Bossuet, are only curious memorials of stagnant epochs in which intelligent existence had not yet begun. The matchless monuments of inventive genius and constructive skill which even our journalists condescend to admire, and of which our highest art can hardly produce a bald imitation, were designed by intellectual dwarfs who had not learned to think. The institutions which secured for long ages the social order to which we seem about to bid farewell, the jurisprudence which is the foundation of our own, the philosophy which we cannot subvert, and the literature which we hardly aspire to rival—all these were feeble creations of the infancy of the human mind. The sages who taught and the poets who sang, the artists who adorned, the statesmen who governed, and the heroes who defended the kingdoms of the earth, were void of that intelligent existence which cannot even be contemplated 'without newspapers.' It is Mr. Froude who says so. But nobody need be surprised. The greatest discovery of modern thought, and

its chief contribution to the treasury of human knowledge, is the announcement of Kant, that 'reason is subject to an inevitable delusion.' We know it is false, at least in the case of those who possess faith also, and the only guide who cannot err; but when we have read our morning papers, or the speeches of those who praise them, we are tempted for a moment to think that Kant was right.

There is no doubt danger in yielding to such impressions, lest the religious reverence which we owe to journalists should be insensibly impaired; but only men insufficiently impregnated with what the *Daily News* calls 'modern ideas' will succumb to the insidious temptation. Such men are capable of asking what connection there can possibly be, even in imagination, between 'intelligent existence' and the crude outpourings of anonymous newspaper writers,—the acute Johnson and the sagacious Thompson,—who are chiefly occupied in contradicting one another? The sole appreciable result of their random talk, these reactionary critics affect to perceive, is to undermine every serious conviction, confirm every irrational prejudice, and paralyse intelligence by dispensing with its coöperation. In other times, they malignantly observe, thought came first, and speech afterwards; whereas everybody can talk when nobody has anything to say. Never, they foolishly assert, was thought more active and all-devouring than in those hapless ages in which, as the penetrating Mr. Froude has discovered, 'intelligent existence' had not yet begun, and the rational faculty languished miserably 'without newspapers.' This is so evident, they audaciously contend, that even Mr. Huxley, in spite of a judicious predilection for 'modern ideas,' sorrowfully admits that to master the voluminous products of mediæval genius 'might necessitate an even greater expenditure of time and energy than

the acquirement of the new philosophy.' And in times yet more remote from the illuminating action of newspapers, 'the ancient philosophers,' the late Dean Mansel was not ashamed to say, 'had a truer conception of the problem of metaphysics than the moderns.' He even added, though we should do well to stop our ears against such profane accents, that 'the true Intelligible World is that of Plato and Aristotle, not that of Schelling and Hegel'—much less of Johnson and Thompson. We shall be told next that the royal Macedonian, and even the pious Æneas, and that 'king of men,' Agamemnon, were capable of thinking without the help of newspapers. Goethe inclined to that wild supposition, and profited so little by modern ideas, of many of which he was himself the prolific parent, as to say that the Reformation, the only true source, as everybody knows, of intelligent existence, 'put back the progress of the human mind for centuries,' by giving every man the right to express an opinion without giving him the power to form one. And newspaper literature, most of which the more serious journalists admit to be mere *stultitia loquax*, is only, it is perversely argued, one of the fatal products of that semi-intellectual flux with which the human mind is now afflicted, and which threatens to inundate all the low-lying suburbs of human thought to the end of time.

This profane spirit of criticism, the bane of our age, for which nothing is sacred, not even the newspapers, and which disputes the majesty of the press as boldly as it questions the logic of the pulpit, ventures to suggest that a fundamental error underlies the whole system of modern journalism, and makes it little better than a public nuisance. It might be praiseworthy, it has the grace to confess, to give us every morning the 'latest intelligence,'—if it did us any good to hear it,

—provided it were always authentic, which it often is not, and were not contradicted a day or two later, as it generally is. It is of course immensely important to know, and assists us to discharge our own duties, that this Prince is going to visit that one, even if it turns out afterwards that both of them are going to stay at home. Nobody can be said to enjoy an 'intelligent existence' who is ignorant that the Dutch are doing pretty well in Atchin, and the Japanese still better in Formosa. Life would lose all its charm unless we knew, the moment we come down to breakfast, that M. de Bismarck has got into his bath, and M. Bazaine has got out of his prison; that a French dramatist has found a reputation, and an American preacher has lost one. What do we live for but to hear such things? On what else would an intelligent being consent to feed his mental activity? So far even the reactionary critic admits, just as a more enlightened person might do, our boundless obligations to the press. But this affectation of a gratitude which he does not feel is only a disingenuous trick. In his secret heart he is firmly persuaded that newspapers are about as salutary to human interests as the cholera or the smallpox, and bear the same relation to an intelligent existence as a School Board does to Christian education. He even gives reasons for his opinion, an indiscretion which in such a man is not surprising. It is as true now, he absurdly argues, as it ever was, that whoever would be truly wise, or teach wisdom to others, must before all things be 'swift to hear and slow to speak;' and then he adds, with ridiculous gravity, as if he was announcing a truism, that if this maxim of divinest philosophy should ever prevail again, there would be no place left in the world for newspapers or those who write them.

What profit, this reactionary person continues, with shame-

less insensibility to the beauty of 'modern ideas,' can any soul of man derive from the frothy spoutings of undisciplined vanity, which presumes to teach before it has learned? What possible vocation can they have to guide others who cannot even guide themselves; or how should they teach the truth which they have ceased to believe, or the virtue which they have not begun to practise? If the world—he fancies this is a weighty observation — is one of the Christian's implacable enemies, how should they whose sole business it is to foster its delusions, flatter its pride, and palliate its lawlessness, be his friends? The poor man forgets that the world's organs have no such ambition, being supremely indifferent to his friendship, and intent upon more lucrative alliances. He wastes his breath, this melancholy seer, when he naively inquires, as if he expected to get an answer, how long it has been the office of folly to instruct wisdom, of impudence to reprove meekness, of coarse impiety to kindle in the cheek of reverence the blush which is never seen in its own? He would know, if he knew anything rightly, that what seems to him only 'all-daring ignorance' is at least as old as Aristotle, who first described by that phrase the mental epidemic which had begun to rage in his day, and has become chronic in our own. But he is so little in harmony with the enlightened 'spirit of the age,' this retailer of mouldy maxims and forgotten saws, as to avow his belief that 'modern ideas,' being purely negative, are only a pretentious sham. They have contributed nothing, he insists, to unity of thought, for every so-called thinker is now chiefly active in contradicting every other; nothing to unity of belief, for the solid fabric of truth, which once reared its head to the skies, is now a confused heap of scattered stones; nothing to unity of nations, for the world has become an armed camp, and Europe a permanent battle-

field. Is it any gain, asks this morose dreamer, who ought to have lived before newspapers and intelligent existence began, to be told by one self-sufficient spouter that matter is its own architect; by another that religion is only a matter of opinion; by a third that the temporal authority is above the spiritual; and by a fourth that the relations of men to one another ought to be controlled, not by the visionary code of Christ, but by the solidly established principles of political economy? Is the world, he asks, really a pleasanter habitation, life's burden easier to bear, crime less rampant, or suffering less acute, since leading articles were substituted for the Gospel, and Jews published newspapers for the instruction of Christians? What compensation is it to rational man, already on the confines of eternity, bewildered by the calamities of the present and appalled by the uncertainties of the future, to be assured that 'modern ideas' applaud the chaos which they have introduced? Or what consolation is it to be told that if truth is obscured, justice perverted, and the voice of the prophet silent in our streets, we have in their stead majestic oracles whom neither a David nor a Samuel was able to consult,—from whose unfathomable wisdom a Peter gathered no instruction in conferences by day, nor a Paul in visions by night,—the penny newspaper and the shilling review?

The compensation, as every judicious thinker perceives, is, in fact, superabundant. Yet our reactionary friend is not convinced. It is impossible to make his prejudiced mind comprehend that, in our happy age, anybody is able to teach anybody, though he has never been taught himself; and that newspapers — with their sweet gravity, judicial calm, anxious accuracy, scrupulous truthfulness, and generous disdain for popular passions and prejudices, which it is their noble mission

to rebuke and discourage—are just the sort of teachers to preserve a nation from error and delusion, and guide it in the paths of wisdom and virtue. Even 'our own correspondents,' in whose salaried eloquence he affects to see nothing but flippant presumption and insolent mendacity,—especially in all which relates to spiritual questions,—appeal in vain to his sense of gratitude. He has so often, he protests, detected them in impudent fabrications, which they have neither the honesty to confess nor the manliness to retract, that he is ready to say to each of them, as the poet said to the Roman buffoons, Galba and Sarmentus:

'Quamvis jurato metuam tibi credere testi.'

It is to be feared that this unpliant person, who cannot appreciate 'modern ideas,' and is obstinately insensible to the consoling evidences of 'progress' which surround us on every side, must be left to his own meditations. Yet he belongs to a class which is perhaps more numerous at this hour than in any former age of the world. He has a deep intellectual conviction, which he shares with a multitude of thinkers, that 'modern ideas,' judged by their fruits, are simply a portentous sham; but he believes in true science, in spite of the guesses and assumptions which so often usurp that name. He only smiles at what the *Westminster Review* calls the 'warlike propensity among men engaged in physical research,' and the insatiable vanity which 'by no means does battle for the truth of things or facts, but solely fights about the question whether it was A or B who first made this or that great discovery.' He believes in astronomy, but he finds, as Mr. Barham Zwincke says, that 'the knowledge men now have of the solar system does not prevent the heavens from discoursing to us as eloquently as they did to the Psalmist;' and he cheerfully admits that 'intelligible

law is grander and more satisfactory for thought to rest upon than vague impressions of glorious power.' He believes in experience, but he thinks that the experimental evidence which seventy generations of Christians have acquired of the truth of revelation is at least equal in cogency to any which touch or sight can afford, and incomparably more trustworthy. He believes in authority, but only in that which can show its credentials, and never contradicts itself; and it does not seem to him less rational to receive truths about the origin and destiny of man on the authority of the Creator than truths about the sun and moon on the authority of creatures. He believes, on what appears to him sufficient evidence, that this life is very brief, and the next interminably long; and he is further of opinion that dead philosophers trouble themselves no more than dead asses whether the human brain, as Dr. Tyndall considers, 'is the organised register of infinitely numerous experiences,' and are only feebly interested in the relations between 'the organism and its environment,' having something more urgent to think about. He supposes that if the 'organism' is tormented in hell, with a dismal 'environment' of horror and malediction, a complete refutation will be witnessed of Mr. Huxley's opinion, 'that a hell of honest men,' which is an impossible institution, 'will be more endurable than a paradise full of angelic shams,'* which is still more impossible; and he doubts whether even 'honest men' will afford each other much consolation if they happen to meet in the former locality, or continue, like Dr. Tyndall, to 'discern in matter,' either of their own substance or of that which surrounds them, 'the promise and potency of every form and quality of life.' Lastly, he has the most undoubted belief that newspapers, in which the spirit of

* *Critiques and Addresses*, p. 273.

the age and the beauties of modern thought are so lucidly mirrored, are nothing, in spite of the self-esteem of those who produce them, but what the prince of journalists once called, in words which defy translation, '*la réverbération de l'imperceptible dans l'infiniment petit.*'

In the following pages will be found a large collection of gems, not always of 'purest ray serene,' gathered from the by no means 'unfathomed caves' of journalistic literature. The fragments which compose this volume are selected from a series which appeared in the *Tablet*. They are perhaps open to the reproach, from which newspaper writing is seldom wholly exempt, of a certain impetuosity of style. But when a man lifts up his voice in a crowd he must pitch it in a high key, or he will not be heard at all. The effort can hardly be more fatiguing to his hearers than it is to himself.

CONTENTS.

NO.		PAGE
I.	ROMAN TELEGRAMS—CONSERVATIVE HISTORY—JEWS AND JOURNALS—FRENCH HUGUENOTS—NATIONAL CHURCHES—SCHEMES OF UNITY	1
II.	CHRISTIANITY OF THE 'ECHO'—ROMAN NEWS OF THE 'GLOBE'—THE NEWEST RELIGION OUT—THE 'SATURDAY REVIEW' ON BISHOPS—MANCHESTER AND THE POPE	8
III.	A POLEMICAL TRUCE; APPROVED BY THE 'MORNING POST;' MOTIVES FOR IT—THE ESTABLISHED 'CHURCH—CONSERVATIVE SOCIALISM—LATEST NEWS FROM ROME	17
IV.	THE PAST YEAR AND THE FUTURE OF PROTESTANTISM	23
V.	TWO BISHOPS	30
VI.	GERMAN PERSECUTION AND ENGLISH SYMPATHY—THE 'DAILY NEWS' ON THE POPE—A REMARKABLE SERMON—A UNITED SCHOOL BOARD	37
VII.	CHURCH AND STATE	43
VIII.	QUARE FREMUERUNT GENTES?	49
IX.	CHRISTIAN UNITY—MODERN HISTORY—A VIEW OF RELIGION	56
X.	THE WOLF AND THE LAMB—A DECLARATION OF WAR	63
XI.	CHURCH AND STATE	69
XII.	CATHOLICISM AND REPUBLICANISM—AMERICAN AND ENGLISH JOURNALISM	76
XIII.	THE BLESSINGS OF A FREE PRESS	83
XIV.	CÆSARISM AND JOURNALISM—CÆSAR ON THE BENCH—THE IRISH SYNOD—THE ENGLISH CONVOCATION	89
XV.	ANGLICAN CONFESSION—THE 'PALL MALL GAZETTE' ON CANON LAW—THE FOURTH ESTATE	95
XVI.	QUARRELS OF UNBELIEVERS—APROPOS OF M. LITTRÉ—FREEDOM IN GERMANY—JOURNALISM IN EXCELSIS—A TEACHER OF RELIGION	101
XVII.	A NEW FESTIVAL—AN OLD ONE—CONSISTENT LEGISLATION—HISTORICAL PARADOX	107

NO.		PAGE
XVIII.	UNCERTAIN SOUNDS—UNWHOLESOME SYMPATHIES—UNEXPECTED CONFESSIONS	113
XIX.	EXETER HALL—DIFFICULTIES OF BISHOPS—THE 'SATURDAY REVIEW' ON THE REFORMATION—THE 'TELEGRAPH' ON BISMARCK—THE 'STANDARD' ON THE CHURCH	119
XX.	THEOLOGY OF PEERS AND JOURNALISTS—CONFESSION IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA	125
XXI.	TEMPORAL THRONES—THE WORLD WITHOUT THE CHURCH—THE GOSPEL OF THE 'SATURDAY REVIEW'—COMEDY MONKS	130
XXII.	FRENCH PENITENTS AND ENGLISH CRITICS—THE 'SATURDAY REVIEW' ON ANGLICANISM—FRUITS OF THE ESTABLISHMENT	136
XXIII.	SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS—HOW THE NEXT POPE WILL BE ELECTED—RELICS—FUNERALS—THE BOSOM OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH	142
XXIV.	THE 'TIMES' ON RITUALISM AND PILGRIMAGES—ENGLISH JOURNALS AND ANGLICAN BISHOPS—ACADEMICAL SERMONS	148
XXV.	JANSENISTS AND DÖLLINGERISTS—THEIR ENGLISH PANEGYRISTS—THE SPIRIT OF RITUALISM	154
XXVI.	THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH—A STAGE BEYOND IT—A NEW PATRIARCH—A HINT TO THE 'SATURDAY REVIEW'	161
XXVII.	THE MILLENNIUM—THE TRUTH ABOUT DÖLLINGERISM—BISHOPS AND RITUALISTS	167
XXVIII.	THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND—A COMIC THEOLOGIAN—THE MILLENNIUM POSTPONED—NEWSPAPER PIETY	173
XXIX.	GOD AND CÆSAR—THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND—A BISHOP AT BAY—ROMA PERICLITANS	179
XXX.	LIGHT FROM THE PROVINCES—LUMINARIES OF RITUALISM—THE BRANCH THEORY—REINKENS IN EXCELSIS	187
XXXI.	CORPORATE REUNION—THE SPIRIT OF REVOLT—PROFANITY REBUKED	194
XXXII.	'THE BLESSED REFORMATION'—UNITY IN DISCORD	200
XXXIII.	AUTHORITY AND OBEDIENCE—ANGLICANISM FATAL TO BOTH—THE IDOLATRY OF SECULARISM—THE FRUITS OF A CONGRESS	206
XXXIV.	THE VICAR OF CHRIST AND THE VICARS OF SATAN	212
XXXV.	THE FUTURE OF RITUALISM—WANTED AN AUTHORITY TO OBEY—THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE	219

NO.		PAGE
XXXVI.	WHY DO ENGLISHMEN HATE THEIR MOTHER?—THE UNDIVIDED CHURCH—AN HISTORICAL ACCIDENT	226
XXXVII.	JOURNALISTIC CANDOUR—THE NATURE OF 'THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY'—THE COMMUNICABLE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD—INFALLIBILITY	232
XXXVIII.	ULTRAMONTANISM	239
XXXIX.	ANGLICAN VIEWS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH	245
XL.	AUTHORITY AND THE THEORY OF ANGLICANISM	252
XLI.	PROPHETS OF EVIL—PHYSICAL SCIENCE—THE LOGIC OF UNBELIEF	258
XLII.	IS THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH DEAD?	265
XLIII.	GERMAN PERSECUTORS AND ENGLISH APOLOGISTS	271
XLIV.	THE GREAT QUESTION	277
XLV.	ISRAEL IN EGYPT	283
XLVI.	PLAIN SPEAKING	290
XLVII.	A NEW NOTE OF THE CHURCH	296
XLVIII.	THE VICAR OF CHRIST	303
XLIX.	NEBULOUS CHRISTIANITY	309
L.	RELIGIOUS 'BUNKUM'	316
LI.	A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF	323
LII.	PERSECUTION AND ITS FRUITS	330
LIII.	DOGMA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY	337
LIV.	THE ARCHBISHOP'S BILL	344
LV.	REFORMERS, CONSERVATIVES, DEFENDERS OF THE ESTABLISHMENT	351
LVI.	THE 'BOUNCING' JOURNAL—THE 'LIBERAL' JOURNAL	358
LVII.	THE SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL CHURCH—SHAM ROMANISM—GERMAN PERSECUTION—A NEW RITE	365
LVIII.	THE CHAOS OF ANGLICANISM	373
LIX.	AMERICAN PILGRIMS—DR. FRASER—JOHN BUNYAN	380
LX.	MANCHESTER THEOLOGIANS	388
LXI.	UNIVERSAL NONCONFORMITY	395
LXII.	THE PUBLIC WORSHIP BILL, AND WHAT IT PROVES	402
LXIII.	SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL	409
LXIV.	A FORM OF LUNACY	416

PROTESTANT JOURNALISM.

No. I.

ROMAN TELEGRAMS—CONSERVATIVE HISTORY—JEWS AND JOURNALS—FRENCH HUGUENOTS—NATIONAL CHURCHES—SCHEMES OF UNITY.

It has been suggested by a patriotic journalist, with a view to the formation of a healthy national literature, that a prize should be offered for the best essay, male or female, on 'Lying by Telegram, considered as one of the Fine Arts.' The judges by whom the award is to be made will have no sinecure. The claims of many English journals to the proposed recompense are so evenly balanced, that only a nice discrimination can arbitrate between them. If any one should propose, pending the literary tournament, to offer a supplementary medal to the *Daily News*, in recognition of the incontestibly superior mendacity of its Roman telegrams, we should offer no objection. We are quite willing to believe, if the enterprising conductors of that journal wish us to do so, that their correspondent is always invited when anything of unusual interest is going on at the Vatican. How could he know all about it, as he evidently does, unless he were present? To him we are indebted for an exact account, which we could not have obtained from any other source, of the private conversations which lately took place between the Pope and Cardinals Cullen and Bonnechose.

Both the Pope and the Cardinals appear to have felt that, without his intervention, they were not likely to arrive at any satisfactory result. Whether a chamberlain is despatched to hasten his arrival on these occasions, or he has the *entrée* at all hours, we do not know, nor is it important that we should. It has been ungenerously objected to this illuminator of the Vatican, that too much imagination is as great a defect as too little, and that he sometimes abuses the eminent faculty with which he is endowed. It is his rivals who are responsible for this insinuation, which we notice with reluctance, and only to reprove the jealousy which inspired it. They would 'lie by telegram' quite as copiously as he does, if they only knew how to do it. But we may suggest to our fertile contemporary, of whose skill we are not jealous, and whose inventive power fills us with admiration, that, according to Chateaubriand, 'genius without judgment is only insanity,' and that 'taste is the good sense of genius.' We may also observe that even in the wildest creations of fiction, probability has a certain merit, and facilitates the unquestioning belief which Roman telegrams justly claim from the British public. If, for example, when he reports the most confidential remarks of Pius IX., addressed to grave persons and on grave subjects, he would not mind, now and then, making him talk common sense, we should be very grateful. We want to repose unlimited confidence in him, as we have no doubt his readers do, and only ask him not to make the effort too difficult. Pius IX. does not talk like an inebriated washerwoman, nor Cardinal Cullen either; and when the gentleman of the *Daily News* requests us to believe that they do, he discourages the unbounded respect which we wish to feel for him. It is said that in a recent conversation, at which no one was present, the Pope announced his intention to make the correspondent of the *Daily News* his coadjutor, *cum jure successionis*. When he has assumed the tiara, the principles of that journal, both political and religious, will be diffused in

all lands. There will be a general dethronement of kings, who are useless, incapable, and expensive, while economical journalists, of superb talents, will govern a universal European Republic, to the great advantage of mankind in general. As to Christianity, it will be more than ever, what some people think it is already, just what everybody pleases. We may shortly expect a telegram from Rome to this effect. We trust the correspondent of the *Daily News* will not be discouraged in promulgating the good tidings by the petty rivalry of his colleague of the *Standard*, who has the indecency to write as follows:

'One of your contemporaries daily treats us to specimens of the "fine art" of "lying by telegraph." It assured us the other day that Cardinal Bonnechose had told M. Thiers that the Pope and Victor Emmanuel were going to make friends. Cardinal de Bonnechose has written to denounce emphatically the statement as a falsehood. Next day we had a glib assurance that .... Now, I have myself no objection to works of fiction; but then they must be interesting. I know when I take up Anthony Trollope, George Eliot, Miss Braddon, &c., that I have to read of imaginary facts and imaginary characters; but when the public takes a newspaper and looks at its telegrams, it has a right to expect that it should be at least founded on facts.'

We hope the *Daily News* will take no notice of these intemperate observations. If, however, it should decide to retort upon the *Standard*, it might perhaps do so with considerable effect. We never had the least idea why the latter journal calls itself 'Conservative,' seeing that, like the *Globe*, it espouses every sedition, religious or political, and is, in fact, one of the most revolutionary organs of the English press. In the art of blundering it is fully a match for its Radical contemporary. The Pope lately spoke of St. Edward the Confessor as an example of what a religious monarch can do for the welfare of his people. The telegram, as usual, made a muddle of the

incident, and the gentlemen of the *Standard* broke forth, in a fine vein of irony, and in a leading article, after this manner:

'A Pope of Rome praises Edward VI.! On what ground? That sovereign created the most abject terror amongst the Catholics of his time, both by his Orders in Council and the acts his ministers initiated. During his reign penalties were decreed against any one who asserted the supremacy of the Pope in matters of religion. All bishops suspected of Romish proclivities were suspended, the Book of Common Prayer was composed, the Thirty-nine Articles framed, candles were prohibited as a superstition, Mass was abolished by law; and even when the Princess Mary insisted on having it in her own room, despite all enactments to the contrary, it is recorded that Edward "wept bitterly at being forced to permit it to be said anywhere within his realm." In addition, the pious and Catholic princess was set aside from the succession to the Throne on account of her creed. This was the prince his Holiness had held up to admiration.'

We wish to create in our readers a due appreciation of the services rendered to our common country by the modest, conscientious, and accurate journals of the day, and to awaken a becoming sense of gratitude. With this laudable object we turn from the *Standard* to other journals. There is a general impression, well or ill founded, that many Continental newspapers have got into the hands of the Jews. One would almost be inclined to believe that this is true of some of our own. Why gentlemen of the Hebrew race should aspire to be purveyors of truth, wisdom, and knowledge to the descendants of Hengist and Horsa, we do not profess to understand. Perhaps they have acquired the conviction, being attentive observers, that the so-called Christianity of a good many British citizens differs but slightly from their own religion; and that after being so often 'reformed,' there is at last very little left to reform. This may give our countrymen a special claim to their good offices,

and as they can offer them instruction, and turn a penny by doing so, our Hebrew friends easily yield to the combined attractions of benevolence and pelf. We seem to recognise their inspiration in the following eloquent passage:

'The most beautiful of Protestant records perhaps are to be found in the pathetic and awful annals of the Huguenots. France seemed about to become one of the most religious countries in the world. And then her rulers systematically tried to annihilate every particle of what was most sweet, noble, pure, devout, and manly amid the ranks of the people. They butchered the Huguenots, drowned them, burned them, banished them, sent them to the "living death" of the galleys. At least a million of the best men and women of France were thus driven into exile or murdered. In no other country in the world has the sword of persecution ever been let so wildly loose.'

Thus far the *Daily Telegraph*. 'Huguenot theology and practice,' the writer gravely adds, 'was a mild form of rebellion against the Catholic Church,' and the extinction of such gentle sectaries is deeply to be deplored. We shall not oppose our private opinion to that of the *Telegraph*, which has a right to choose its heroes where it can find them; but we may venture to quote one who knew a good deal more than our instructive contemporary about the 'mild' Huguenots, who were always in armed revolt against the State, defiled churches, slaughtered women and children, and devastated with fire and sword a territory as large as all England. In his *History of Civilisation in England*, vol. i. chaps. viii. and ix., Mr. Buckle gives the following account of the peaceful Huguenots of France:

'The Protestants soon learned to despise that great Edict of Nantes, by which their liberties were secured,' and proceeded to rob and murder 'that very party to whom they owed a toleration which had been reluctantly conceded by the prejudices of the age. . . . They were not content to exercise their own religion, unless they could also trouble the religion of

others. At La Rochelle, which for importance was the second city in the kingdom, they would not permit the Catholics to have even a single church in which to celebrate what for centuries had been the sole religion of France, and was still the religion of an enormous majority of Frenchmen.' A few pages later Mr. Buckle observes, that 'whatever may be the popular notion respecting the necessary intolerance of the Catholics, it is an indisputable fact, that early in the seventeenth century they displayed in France a spirit of forbearance, and a Christian charity, to which the Protestants could make no pretence.' And whereas the *Telegraph* considers their defeat a disaster, Mr. Buckle adds: 'If the Protestants had carried the day, *the loss to France would have been immense, perhaps irreparable.*' They would immediately, he says, 'have revived those religious persecutions which they had already attempted to enforce,' and would have 'put a stop to the acquisition of all real knowledge,' by means of which he gives a description, and which we commend to the notice of the historian of the *Telegraph*. If he will take the trouble to read any authentic account of their proceedings, he will perhaps change his opinion about the Huguenots. We are not so sanguine as to suppose that, even when better informed, he will change his style.

Where all is equally crude, slipshod, inaccurate, haphazard, and peremptory, our selections will perhaps seem monotonous. But this is not our fault. Here is a sample of the instruction which the *Globe* offers to its fortunate readers. This journal admires the Established Church as much as the *Telegraph* admires the Huguenots, and rejoices to see it embrace every conceivable variety of doctrine. 'The nationality of a Church,' it piously observes, 'is even more essential than the nature of its creed!' The Church of England is evidently of that opinion.

We conclude with the following extract from the *Spectator*, which, it need hardly be said, we do not compare, except by way of contrast, with such journals as we have quoted above:

'The Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Wilberforce) closed the Church Congress at Leeds last week with a sermon on the first great Council of the Church at Jerusalem, the leading idea being that the Church had then absolute dogmatic certainty, because it had unity, but that in losing unity at the Greek schism and the Reformation, the Church had lost certainty, and that in regaining unity it would regain certainty. This is surely a very odd view. Had, then, the Churches which separated themselves from Rome in the sixteenth century no certainty of the truth of the very views on the strength of which they separated themselves? If not, how could they have justified a schism by which they were to lose certainty? Surely to throw away certainty certainly for the future, for the sake of a truth of which they could not be certain, because they had not for it the authority of the portion of the Church they left behind them, would have been mad. No view could be more unintelligible or illogical. Nor do we think Dr. Wilberforce the least warranted in saying that the present longing for unity is in any sense a longing for certainty. .Most of those who long for unity don't really believe that any Œcumenical Council, however absolutely universal, could give certainty; nay, a good many of them think it a great advantage of disunion that there is no authority to which, even in theory, they could be asked to submit. Our ecclesiastics have not yet realised that human authority in matters of faith is just what modern Churches cannot brook. Why, the "Old Catholics" are the proof. They did not object to the Church so long as the only final authority was in abeyance, and not used against them. Directly it was, they took refuge in a theory of Church infallibility, which made the infallible authority un-get-at-able, and renders it simply impossible that any authoritative declaration should ever be pronounced against them again. It would be truer to say that the yearning for unity is a *substitute* for the yearning for a certainty no longer deemed attainable.'

This is, no doubt, perfectly true; but we will remind our able contemporary that there are about two hundred million Catholics in the world who, unlike Dr. Wilberforce and his friends, have good reason to consider both unity and certainty 'attainable,' since they actually possess both; and further, that even Mr. Carlyle has said: 'The highest intellect which issues in no certainty has completely failed.'

No. II.

CHRISTIANITY OF THE *ECHO*—ROMAN NEWS OF THE *GLOBE*—THE NEWEST RELIGION OUT—THE *SATURDAY REVIEW* ON BISHOPS—MANCHESTER AND THE POPE.

It appears that theology is a popular subject with English journalists. It is true that it is chiefly of the negative sort. To revile the faith of others is evidently an easier task than to defend your own—especially if you have none. It is said that there are just now a good many Asiatic students in England, gentlemen with sallow complexions and almond-shaped eyes, whose stature rarely exceeds five feet. They probably read our Protestant contemporaries, and if they form their notions of the Christian religion from what is said of it by such writers, they may be pardoned for greatly preferring their own. A thoughtful Japanese, pondering a No-Popery article in the *Times*, an onslaught on the Irish Bishops in the *Standard*, an essay on miracles in the *Daily News*, a report of the Dublin Synod in the *Daily Telegraph*, or a eulogy of the Vatican Council in the *Saturday Review*—must be a good deal exercised in mind. If he should come to the conclusion, after due collation of these eminent authorities, that no two English Christians have any religious opinion in common, except a negative one; that they are chiefly occupied in perpetually abusing one another; that there are no commandments which anybody need

obey, and no authority which anybody need respect; that the only mortal sins in the Christian code are humility and submission; and that the sole unpardonable error is to believe the faith which was professed by your own forefathers for a thousand years; the youthful philosopher from Yedo or Nangasaki may be said to have made a judicious use of his opportunities. We have no clear idea in what direction his own theological prepossessions tend, but if he should fail to return home with the deliberate conviction, that of all religions Christianity is the most transparently false, he would have derived less profit from his visit to England than might be expected in so intelligent a traveller.

During the past week our contemporaries have been unusually sublime. Let us begin with the *Echo*. We hope no ingenuous Japanese has stumbled on this valuable print. If he did happen, however, to see its number of the 1st instant, he would find in less than two columns a complete exposition of the whole Christian philosophy. It would strike him as a triumph of economical production to get so much for a halfpenny. But he would acquire an unfavourable opinion of 'Ritualists,' to whom the *Echo* shows little mercy, and still more of Catholics, to whom it shows none at all. Both these erring classes teach 'the lesson of reliance on things or persons outside of a man, and distinct from God.' The *Echo* is quite sure of it, and no doubt the readers of the *Echo* also. Such people seldom make a mistake, particularly about questions of religion. 'It is never the testimony of his own conscience,' continues our serene theologian, 'which is to enable him to "have confidence towards God," but the absolution of his confessor. It is never the inwardly experienced feelings of love and devotion,' by which the writers in the *Echo* are constantly inundated, 'which are to make his worship a reality; but the external fact that the service has been conducted by duly authorised priests.' If our Japanese friend should read this un-

favourable account of us, we shall not be able to look him in the face. We used to fancy that 'feelings of love and devotion' were not wanting to the soul of Fénélon, though he went very often to confession; and that 'confidence towards God' was found in a good many of our own friends, though they have a weak partiality for 'duly authorised priests.' But we were evidently mistaken. The *Echo* says so, and when was the *Echo* deceived? It is our misfortune, according to this journal, 'to labour for guidance,' which no mortal requires—'counsel,' which it would be much better to get from the *Echo*—'absolution,' which it would decline to give us—and 'sacraments,' which are only a delusion; 'for crutches, in short, for the conscience and the soul.' We have only to fling away our crutches, and we shall be able to run a race with the *Echo*. 'Men must be made,' is the conclusion of this journalistic pontiff, 'to feel individual responsibility of action, if they are to do noble deeds,' which St. Boniface and St. Francis Xavier omitted to do, 'and individual relation to God, if they are ever to know what religion really means,' of which St. Bernard and St. Francis of Sales were deplorably ignorant. 'When all is done that can be done by the mechanism of a splendid cultus, or the authority of a sagacious priesthood over a well-drilled flock, we shall but have gathered,' as may be clearly seen in the actual decrepitude of the Catholic Church, 'all the elements of moral hollowness and religious decay.' With this prolonged and sonorous echo our contemporary subsides into silence. We know not how English readers may be impressed by this eloquent discourse, in which it is proved that nobody knows 'what religion really means;' but if we had any influence with the Mikado of Japan, we should respectfully suggest to that potentate, that if his young men are to be docile citizens in their own country, they should be discouraged from reading the *Echo* in ours.

The *Standard* pleasantly ridicules the *Daily News*, as we lately observed, for its wild intelligence from Rome. It seems,

however, that a Conservative journalist may report anything he likes from that quarter, though to a Radical print the same indulgence is denied. It is probably for this reason that the *Standard* has no word of reproach for the agreeable fictions of the *Globe*. Political sympathies overpower in this case the mollified critic, who pardons in a friend what he resents in an enemy. 'Cardinal Cullen,' says the *Globe*, 'is said to have been much disgusted with a scene got up for his especial edification in Rome.' The scene was this. Somebody wanted to give his Eminence 'a high opinion of the attachment of the Roman people to the temporal power.' With this design, 'about 5000 of the lowest class were collected, mainly, it is suggested, by liberal payment.' This hired mob of Romans were conducted to the Pontifical presence by 'one Don Pietro Aldobrandini,' an obscure name, hardly worthy to be mentioned in the *Globe*, and 'the Don read the Pope an address.' 'To this succeeded a tumult such as has never been before seen at the Vatican' (not even by our contemporary), 'mingled with frantic cries of "Death to the King!" until personal infallibility itself was scandalised,' as well it might be, 'by the outrageous display of hired fanaticism.' Finally, 'the Primate of Ireland has learned many lessons,' by which it is to be hoped he will profit. 'He has been rebuked by the Pope himself,' though he is quite ignorant of the fact; 'and now, if the account be true,' which unfortunately it is not, 'he has been disgusted by the Pope's friends.'

The tale is a very pretty one, though the gentleman of the *Daily News* will probably feel wronged by such a palpable plagiarism of his own style. Every sentence in it, to speak plainly, is an untruth, and almost every sentence a slander. If 5000 true Romans, offering a spontaneous protest against the lawless ruffians from other regions who are hired to insult the Pontiff, hurry to console their Father and King by the filial homage which money cannot buy, 'it is suggested,' by the scribbler in

the *Globe*, that they were 'collected by liberal payment.' If Cardinal Cullen happens to be present at a scene which gave him more pleasure than surprise, 'it is said,' by the same conscientious writer, that he was 'disgusted.' If an illustrious prince thinks it an honour to be the spokesman of the Roman people, and to tell the Vicar of Christ how they love him, he is transformed, by this temperate 'Conservative,' into 'one Don Pietro Aldobrandini.' With such garbage the readers of the *Globe* are fed. And they like it.

The very newest religion out is described for us by the *Daily News* and *Daily Telegraph*. One hardly knows whether they admire it or not. The former calls it a 'Substitute for Baptism,' invented by Mr. Voysey, who was once an Anglican clergyman. The latter describes it:

'A reading-desk and Glastonbury chair occupied the front of the stage at the footlights; and—special to the occasion—a lower desk, slightly elevated above the floor of the hall, was evidently destined for the baby. It was, in fact, the *quasi* font. Mr. Voysey, habited in surplice, stole, and B.A. hood, entered down the centre, and read from the "Revised Prayer Book," compiled by himself, the service for the day. This consisted of an abridged exhortation, confession and prayer for absolution, of certain Psalms obviously selected with reference to the "little stranger," and of two lessons. The exhortation, read from MS., was announced as being "words of one who had lately left the ranks of orthodoxy after much mental conflict," and was a short eloquent dissertation on the subject of "Inspiration." The second lesson was a passage from Theodore Parker's works. Between the two the choir sang very creditably Spohr's anthem, "As pants the hart;" and then the baby—a fine boy—was brought in, the parents having previously taken their places beside the low reading-desk.'

Baby's friends, who seem to have been rather numerous, and who, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, were 'thoroughly in

earnest,' were profitably instructed by Mr. Voysey after this manner:

'Now [the preacher said] it would be interesting to show that baptism existed for centuries before Christ; but it would be more profitable to enumerate the objections to its use. *We reject*, he continued, *the idea that Christ or the Apostles had any right to force a ceremony of any kind on the nineteenth century. I do not believe it ever crossed their minds; but, if so, we protest against it.* The custom, in fact, rests only on the authority of a sect making its own bye-laws. . . . If Christ really did say what He is reported to have said about baptism, it could only weaken His authority.'

We incline to think that when the Church of England got rid of Mr. Voysey, it did well; but to turn everybody out of its pale who contradicts somebody else might be inconvenient, and would lead to a total evaporation of the whole sect.

The *Saturday Review* is almost as modest and reverential as Mr. Voysey. There are so many able men on its staff, that we never could understand why it confides its theological department to an individual who can only rail, scream, and revile. Besides, the man is deplorably monotonous. Tell him to write about the Isthmus of Suez, and he will bring in the Vatican Council; ask his opinion about the Ballot, and he will swear at the Catholic Bishops. He was employed last week to 'improve' the recent consecration of two prelates at Salford. After half-a-dozen lines, in which he hits a staggering blow at the German, Swiss, and Irish Bishops, from which they are not likely to recover, he goes into a fit, raves about the Vatican Council, and becomes inarticulate. Returning to partial consciousness, he mutters something about 'the facile complaisance of the Vatican majority,' and 'the still less magnanimous skedaddling of the craven minority.' He would like to strangle them all, and tosses his arm wildly, as if in the act of doing it. He cannot forgive them for being so unlike himself. *They*

submitted their private and fallible judgment to the decision of the Church, while he will submit to nobody. They heard the voice of God in a General Council, while he defers only to an unfrocked French monk, or an excommunicated German professor. Scorning to obey a Divine authority he falls on his face before a human one. Do not tell him not to 'speak evil of dignities,' for he recognises none. On the wide earth he sees nothing above himself. He sneers at the Pope, he sneers at the Bishops, he sneers at the Universal Church. And so he crawls through the world, like a snail, leaving a trail of slime to mark where he has passed by. With a final shriek against the Archbishop of Westminster and the Bishop of Salford, he falls once more exhausted, but will recover his breath before the *Saturday Review* invites him to talk again. Meanwhile, he is 'puzzled to know why a Coadjutor should be wanted' in Westminster, being totally ignorant that the Archbishop does as much work in a week as any Anglican Bishop in three months, and may therefore well require help. But he is especially rich in animosity against the Bishop of Salford. There are so many points of difference between the writer in the *Saturday Review* and that Prelate, who has devoted his whole life to the service of his fellow-creatures, and has only accepted the mitre because it has been forced upon him, that his hatred seems perfectly natural. Inasmuch as he abuses every one else, it would perhaps be an injury to the Bishop of Salford if he made an exception in his favour.

We receive, on the eve of going to press, the *Examiner*, and other Manchester journals, in which the question of drinking the Pope's health before that of the Queen is warmly discussed. On the whole, the temper displayed is creditable to the candour and good sense of our Manchester friends. If a few condemn the presence of the Mayor at the banquet offered by the Bishop of Salford, the conduct of that official is amply vindicated by others. Instead of blaming the practice of Catholics in toast-

ing the spiritual before the temporal Sovereign, the *Examiner* judiciously remarks, that 'far from being unreasonable from their point of view, it is the first dictate of reason if we accept their *data*.' Our contemporary, who neither takes their point of view nor accepts their *data*, adds that, if he did, 'the practice is unimpeachable, even on Protestant principles;' and further, that to ask a Catholic to give precedence to the temporal over the spiritual, 'is to ask him to give up his creed.' If such questions are usually discussed in Manchester with the same spirit of fairness and moderation, the Archbishop of Westminster had reason to say that the North gives an example by which the South would do well to profit.

But there are people in Manchester, as elsewhere, who abdicate their reason whenever they speak of Catholics. It appears that they abdicate their English at the same time. 'The health of the Queen,' says Mr. Alderman Watkin, with an indignation which slightly obscures his grammar, 'was made *subservient* to the health of the Pope.' Upon this outburst of aldermanic eloquence, the *Examiner* pleasantly observes: 'We cannot tell exactly how this can have happened, and as we have not heard that the health of the Queen was worse, or that of the Pope better, than it was ten days ago, we assume that there has been no actual transference of vital force.' If we had space, which we have not, to compare in detail the language of those who censure the Mayor and Town Clerk of Manchester, with the phraseology of those who defend them, it would be clearly evident to our readers, that grace of diction is as exclusively the property of the latter as fairness, sobriety, and good sense.

One gentleman, who professes to be 'Liberal out-and-out,' and evidently means to pay himself a compliment in saying so, observes that 'Popery is a political organisation'—which is just as true of Anglicanism or Methodism—and adds, that 'in every country it has sown the seeds of disloyalty, by teaching the doctrine of a foreign supremacy.' If this is better English

than Mr. Alderman Watkin is able to command, it is hardly better sense. Is loyalty to their country diminished in France, because Frenchmen believe the Pope to be the Vicar of Christ? Are Catholics disloyal in Belgium, or Spain, or Austria? Have they ceased to love their country in Republican America? In Ireland, is the disloyal faction composed of sincere Catholics, who venerate the Pope, or of men who were bad Catholics before they became seditious citizens? Is the rabid section of Irish Fenians in the United States recruited from those who respect, or from those who defy, the Pope? Let our Manchester friends be assured of this: not only that the recognition of Papal authority easily co-exists with loyalty to the Crown, but that the latter feeling is always deeper in proportion to the energy of the former. If every man in this realm felt towards the spiritual power as Catholics do, the temporal power would be established on a rock which no force could undermine. We could desire no surer guarantee for the lasting welfare and stability of our country than that all its citizens should share our own feelings towards the temporal Sovereign. If England should ever need a fresh proof of the loyalty of her children, we pray that in the hour of trial she may find them all as ready to make sacrifices for the Throne as we shall be. Meanwhile, the true friends of England are they who, like the Mayor of Manchester, prefer to unite her citizens rather than to divide them; and not they who can only revile what they do not understand, and dream, like Mr. Alderman Watkin, that a good Christian is always a bad citizen.

No. III.

A POLEMICAL TRUCE; APPROVED BY THE *MORNING POST;* MOTIVES FOR IT — THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH — CONSERVATIVE SOCIALISM—LATEST NEWS FROM ROME.

If our multitudinous journalistic censors, whose columns are chiefly devoted to disparagement of the Catholic religion and all who profess it, would not mind giving us a respite now and then,—say for a day or two at a time,—the periodical truce could do no harm to any one. Their occasional silence would not perhaps make much difference to us, but at least it might be advantageous to themselves. To be always reiterating the same fables, and rehearsing the same calumnies, is neither profitable nor amusing. They would perhaps assail us with more success if they did not assail us quite so often. It is no doubt for our good, and from a pure motive of benevolence, that they continually represent us as superstitious Christians and disloyal citizens. But if the monotonous indictment is not already superabundantly proved, how much more evidence is required to complete the demonstration? Are we to be tried, convicted, and sentenced every day of the year? If so, the process is likely to become equally wearisome to the judge, the jury, and the criminal. Besides, the objects of this interminable prosecution remain obstinately impenitent. Though twenty journals defame us every day, not a solitary Catholic in the whole empire is even transiently impressed by it. We attend to our business, say our prayers, and love our country, just as if there were not a Protestant newspaper in the world. Since, then, as far as we are concerned, the philippics of the English press are neither preventive nor curative, since our numbers are not diminished, nor our convictions changed, but we remain, and always shall remain, precisely what we are, would it not be well to try some other plan? We offer this suggestion to our contemporaries rather for their own sake than for ours. To speak quite frankly,

we do not care a rush what they say about us. They can do us no harm, however much they may hurt themselves. Their fathers tried savage persecution, and it failed. They now try insult and detraction, and the failure is only a trifle more conspicuous. Why not try the effect of leaving us alone? It would come to exactly the same thing in the end. We shall never cease to confess the truth which all England confessed for a thousand years, and shall try to make it known to others. Neither threats nor cajolery will turn us a hair's breadth out of our course. Even if our adversaries, who object to our use of the private judgment which they use so liberally themselves, should resort once more to the stupid argument of the axe and the stake, what then? When our heads have fallen, others will rise up to take our place. We are the heirs of St. Alban and St. Edward, of St. Anselm and Sir Thomas More. Our fathers expect us to be, in our little measure, what they were; and we mean, with the blessing of God, not to disappoint them.

The *Morning Post*—wisely deprecating the unprofitable civil war which is our normal state in England, and for which we are chiefly indebted to an unscrupulous press, heedless of the common welfare, and battling only for sects and parties—suggests a basis of general peace. After observing, with sorrowful candour, that it sees 'no way out of the present divisions amongst religious people,' our contemporary continues as follows:

'All that can be done is to make the best of things as they are. Let all try to do all the good they can in a charitable and forbearing spirit, and the world will be the better for their exertions. Let them recognise the good in each other, and roots of bitterness will gradually die out. It is quite possible to minimise the evils of divided opinions, but it is not possible to get rid of the opinions themselves. A mere fusion of parties based upon a confusion of principles would only make things more confounded than ever.'

Without approving certain assumptions in this kindly and

seasonable exhortation, we may be allowed to applaud the temper which it breathes. No doubt it will be impossible to heal 'divisions amongst religious people,' as long as persons so styled refuse to follow any guide but one of their own selection. There can be no unity where there is no authority; but if men will obey that which God has appointed, and which so many generations of their own forefathers wisely reverenced, chaos will no longer be inevitable. So far we differ from the *Morning Post*, which discerns the evil but ignores the remedy. We cordially agree, however, with that journal, that abuse and violence are wholly unprofitable, and that they are particularly odious and irrational in members of the Established Church, chiefly for two reasons, which we do not find in the *Morning Post*, and did not expect to find there. When we consider that within the Anglican Church everybody is free to profess any religious opinions whatever, including the newest, it is a mere impertinence in its wrangling and divided members to revile Catholics for choosing to profess the oldest. Why is it unlawful in them to use the liberty in which their assailants so freely indulge, or to contradict sectaries who are always contradicting one another? It will be time enough for the latter to accuse us of opposing the truth, when they can agree among themselves what is truth. This is our first reason, and the second appears to us equally cogent. When Anglicans, whether of the Ritualistic or the Evangelical school, say hard things of the Roman Church, they dishonour the faith which was professed by their own fathers from the time of Ethelbert to that of Henry VIII. Not only they are setting their private judgment above the authority of the Universal Church, and refusing the obedience without which virtue is a chimera and salvation a dream, but they are insulting the faith to which England owes her conversion, her civilisation, and all that she still retains of Christian doctrine. Less reverential than the savages in heathen lands, they are not ashamed to defile the graves of their ancestors.

They have more reason, therefore, than the rest of the world to heed the admonition of the *Morning Post*, and to aspire to that 'charitable and forbearing spirit' of which at present they show so little sign.

The *Standard* and the *Globe*, which pass for Conservative organs, tell us very plainly why they wish to conserve the Church of England. Both are enchanted with Mr. Thomas Hughes, in spite of his Radicalism, because he opposes disestablishment. Now Mr. Thomas Hughes candidly told the House of Commons that the best claim of the Anglican Church to be the 'National' sect was found in the fact, that she allows everything to be taught by her clergy, 'from Romanism to Rationalism.' Is it for this reason that our 'Conservative' contemporaries recommend her so warmly to the attachment of the British public? Is it in this conviction that the *Globe* exclaims with rapture: 'All honour to the author of *Tom Brown*'? Must we believe that writers who at least *profess* Conservative principles are serious, as they affect to be, when they solicit admiration for a sect whose chief claim to it is this, that it is a refuge for every conceivable religious opinion, and teaches everything at once, 'from Romanism to Rationalism'? What that sect really becomes, as soon as the wholesome restraint of the civil power is removed, even the *Standard* reveals in the following graphic description of its Irish offshoot:

'The stormy character of the debates in the Dublin Synod has elicited comments from the Roman Catholic journals, which are so far deserved as to forbid any answer from the Church papers. It is stated that his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin was so annoyed by the turn of affairs on Saturday, that he expressed an intention of reading to the assembled representatives an article from the *Freeman's Journal*, as a rebuke for their want of self-command. This purpose was not, however, carried out. There is, in truth, not much to choose between the parties in the Synod, High and Low being equally vehement and un-

charitable. . . . The Low Churchmen are jubilant over the carrying of their unqualified Revision resolution: and as this was the culminating point it is to be hoped we may now have peace. A spark, however, causes an explosion in this extraordinary assembly, and no one knows what, not a day, but an hour, may bring forth.'

If the *Standard* is afraid that the Church of England will fall to pieces in like manner as soon as it is disestablished, we can understand why it deprecates that inevitable catastrophe; but when we consider what that Church is already, we are tempted to ask if it is really worth while, conducive to the honour of God or the welfare of the nation, to maintain an institution whose only claim to public esteem, as its own advocates plead, is this, that it allows English Christians to believe whatever they please? Could they not do so equally well if the Establishment ceased to exist?

The sympathy of our so-called Conservative journals with every form of self-will, revolt, and sedition, is unblushingly manifested every day. During the Vatican Council, prelates who opposed the definition, though their very names had been previously unknown to them, were lauded by such journals as models of wisdom and enlightenment. As soon as they submitted their private judgment to that of the Church, they were reviled with every epithet of scorn. Our contemporaries are always the same. If an obscure Irish priest disobeys his Bishop, appeals against him to the general public of Protestants and infidels, to the House of Commons, and even to the 'Old-Catholics,' the poor man becomes a pattern of all the virtues to the *Standard* and the *Globe*. He is the 'honest Father O'Keeffe,' the 'exemplary parish priest,' and they devote to him as many leading articles as to the Washington Treaty or the Republic of M. Thiers. If he should have the grace to repent, they will be the first to despise him. A clergyman of their own Church, who should act in the same way, would receive anything but

compliments. The judgment of their own courts of discipline upon such a man would be received with approval, but 'Roman discipline,' says the *Standard*, 'implies the utter sacrifice of all rights as a man and a citizen.' The same journal, though highly 'Conservative,' is full of scorn for the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, because he declines to patronise Mr. O'Keeffe, and for the Education Commissioners, because they refuse to restore him. We are far from confounding the whole Conservative party with its revolutionary organs in the press, but if we did, we should have reason to say that the difference between a Conservative and a Radical is hardly worth speaking of.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* announces, with apparent seriousness, as the latest intelligence from Rome, 'the danger of an insurrection of the adherents of the Jesuits among the lower classes in that city against the Government of Victor Emmanuel.' Its authority for this impending outbreak is the *Nazione*. A man who goes to the *Nazione* for news about the Jesuits would go to the *Newgate Calendar* for information about the Archbishop of Canterbury. But our acute contemporary knows what English readers like, and if the *Nazione* will help him to supply it, he is not ungrateful to the *Nazione*. As it happens, the Holy Father has expressly forbidden recourse to violence; otherwise the only thing we should regret in the story of the approaching insurrection — which does honour to 'the lower classes in Rome'—is its prodigious improbability.

No. IV.

THE PAST YEAR AND THE FUTURE OF PROTESTANTISM.

Our contemporaries have been busy with the obituary of the year just elapsed. Each regards it from his own point of view, or rather from that of his habitual readers. In so many journalistic sermons there are naturally various interpretations of the same text. The *Times* looks at the past year chiefly in its economical and financial aspects. 'The imports and exports have exceeded in value the amounts of all previous years;' a fundamental fact, and decisive, as far as the English are concerned, of the merits of the year 1872. It proves, to our entire satisfaction, that 'notwithstanding rapid fluctuations in the value of money, commercial activity has not been seriously checked.' What more can any reasonable man desire? With such thoughts the annual homily of the *Times* begins and ends, and then its readers are invited to sing a *Te Deum* upon the remarkable solidity of Consols, the new commercial treaty with France, and 'the awards of Geneva and Berlin.' With respect to the latter, we should have thought that a *De Profundis* might have been a more appropriate devotion.

The funeral oration of the *Standard* is of such enormous dimensions—rivalling that of the ordinary Scotch preacher, of whom Mr. Buckle remarks that 'the only limit to his loquacity is his strength'—that we cannot even enumerate its multifarious topics. 'Profound distrust,' it tells us, is the attitude of 'the nations of the Continent,' which do not seem to have profited much by recent revolutions. 'In Spain,' which was a great and glorious nation under its lawful monarchs, but does not seem to thrive under the son of an excommunicated Piedmontese, 'no genuine advance has been made in the arts of orderly government.' On the other hand, its 'hopelessly rancorous or corrupt statesmen' have a laudable enmity to the

Church, which the *Standard* probably considers an ample compensation for the loss of virtue, patriotism, and honour. In Italy, 'besides the burden of debt and taxation, whole provinces have been laid under water by unexampled inundations, and nigh upon a hundred thousand mouths have been thrown upon public charity.' If the English of this sentence is a little doubtful, the fact is grave enough to suggest to the Christians of Italy, who are still an immense majority, wiser reflections than any which the *Standard* is able to offer. Meanwhile, a rabble of unclean ruffians, gathered from all parts of Italy, have made Rome a sink of iniquity, which Conservative journals appear to consider a pleasing fruit of the revolution, and a vast improvement on the intolerable condition of the city under the rule of the Popes. There is no accounting for tastes. In England, according to the *Standard*, everything is matter for congratulation, except the continuance of Mr. Gladstone in office, and the controversy about the Athanasian Creed. But the latter will be easily arranged, after the usual fashion in the Church of England, because 'the wisdom of the authorities,' —the *Standard* says *wisdom*,—'seems inclined to leave this in the category of unsettled questions.' The Anglican authorities are much too wise to 'settle' anything, even if they knew how to do it.

The *Globe*, another Conservative print, disdains to notice the temporal features of 1872, and devotes its whole discourse to 'The Church's Year.' The rare merits of the Establishment, and its particular claims to the grateful esteem of a nation which it has conducted to such remarkable purity of morals and such unprecedented unity of belief, fill the *Globe* with admiration. We can only regret that its enthusiasm somewhat obscures its veracity. After enumerating the astonishing proofs of progress, influence, success, power, and general vitality, which 'all unprejudiced observers'—there is nothing which the *Globe* dislikes so much as prejudice, particularly in

religion—must notice in the Establishment, the *Globe* terminates its oration with this jubilant doxology, in which the most comfortable article of its creed is victoriously proclaimed: 'So great is the advance she has made of late years that if the real truth of her position was tested by a religious census, we believe it would be found that well-nigh three-fourths of the nation are amongst her adherents. The almost frantic efforts that have been made by a certain section of her opponents to discredit this, is one of the surest proofs that they dread the real state of the case becoming fully known.'

The *Globe* may be assured that it will be 'fully known' before long, and that no 'frantic efforts' will be able to save the English Establishment, in spite of its unexampled merits, from the dismal fate of its Irish offshoot, of which even the *Globe* gives this alarming picture: 'The present condition of the Disestablished Church of Ireland is such as to cause serious anxiety to its best friends. There is a certain powerful section in the General Synod who are determined to push on Liturgical revision at any cost. . . . Rash action now may cripple the Church of Ireland for generations yet to come. We need scarcely add that the temporal condition of the Irish Church is one of serious difficulty. . . . There is at present but a precarious and uncertain foundation on which to rest the incomes of the future clergy. As to the income of the future Irish episcopate (with the single and brilliant exception of the see of Derry) there is scarcely any permanent provision whatever.' Let us hope that some future writer in the *Globe* may not be giving, a few years hence, precisely the same cheerless report of the disestablished Anglican sect.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is not so pious as the *Globe*, and indeed can hardly be said to be pious at all. Like all its contemporaries, this evening journal takes a view of the past, and, unlike most of them, ventures to glance into the future. It does not share the optimism of the *Globe*, and is perfidi-

ously silent about the merits of the Establishment. 'It is impossible not to observe,' says this gloomy oracle, 'in all the most important nations of Europe *a general process of destruction* of all the old bonds which held society together.' This dissolving process is particularly remarkable in matters of religion. 'Doubt, perplexity, and want of acknowledged rules and principles of conduct appear as by a sort of inexorable necessity to be spreading themselves in all directions. We noticed last week Mr. Gladstone's strange discourse upon Strauss. Its time and place were as ill chosen as possible, and its tone to our minds was, for the reasons which we have already assigned, very weak; but it is undoubtedly true that Strauss is a sign of the times and a notable one. It is well that people should know that they have arrived at a period when a celebrated author thinks it right to warn "those mocking writers of articles" ("jene spottlustigen Artikelschreiber") who make jokes upon the descent of man from monkeys ("die Affenabstammung des Menschen") that they must be careful how they laugh. "Are they then aware that they have to choose between miracles, between a divine creative hand, and Darwin?" We have travelled a strange road indeed when people are solemnly warned that they must on no account treat the primeval apes with disrespect, lest they should be reduced to the degradation of believing in God. This is but one instance of the length to which religious belief has been shaken in Europe. We do not quote it in order to hold up our hands in horror, and to suggest to others mild little moral recipes against an influence which insinuates itself in every possible form and penetrates every class of society.'

How far this report of our actual condition is due to the personal wishes of the writer, and his candid desire that it may prove to be true, we have no means of judging. To us it seems considerably exaggerated, at least as far as Catholic nations are concerned. We have abundant evidence, though it would

perhaps fail to convince the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that both in Italy and Spain, where the foul spirit of revolution has killed faith in many souls, a vast majority of the people are still profoundly Christian. This is so undeniable, as we learn from various and competent witnesses, that if the good would only do for themselves what they are too apt to leave it to Providence to do for them, they would make short work of the miscreants who are engaged in 'a general process of destruction.' As to Italy, we have seen that the unprincipled statesmen who are conducting it to ruin dare not consent to universal suffrage, because they know and confess that it would immediately establish a Catholic Government. A writer in the *Fortnightly Review* has told us lately that this is what 'liberal' institutions have actually done in Belgium—which the *Daily Telegraph* truly describes as 'at once the most thriving and the most devoutly Romanist nation on the Continent'—and seem likely to do in the United States. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is needlessly alarmed. There is a good deal of religion still in the world—more, we are inclined to think, than there ever was—and the Church is able to save it once more from chaos and barbarism, as she has done a good many times already. Our disciples of Darwin and Spencer, our Communists and Republicans, are neither more hideous nor more formidable enemies than she has often overcome in the past. She will overcome them again, because God is on her side, and when she has done it, we hope the *Pall Mall Gazette* will be able to bear the destruction of its hopes with resignation. Christianity is not dead yet, and we venture to predict, with considerable confidence, that not one of our contemporaries will ever assist at its funeral.

We are obliged, however, to admit, in a spirit of candour, that if the Protestantism which the *Standard* and the *Globe* esteem so highly could have its own way, the destruction of religion might easily become universal. The *Pall Mall Gazette* appears

to agree with us. The peculiar 'civilisation' of the last three centuries, it observes, 'has been thus far determined *by the Reformation* and the changes which may be traced to it.' That beneficent event, of which the world has perhaps not yet reaped all the advantages, including the 'destruction of all the old bonds which held society together,' has brought us to this condition, says our contemporary, that 'the age in which we live seems to us to have much in common, *mutatis mutandis*, with that of the early Roman Emperors,' viz., 'a religious and moral anarchy which bids fair to be quite as complete as theirs,' and which, to quote the *Pall Mall Gazette* for the last time, has formed 'a world, rich, busy, and comfortable, *but sitting in darkness.*'

The *Scotsman* of the 28th of December affords us an unexpected confirmation of the opinions of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. This North British journal is worth reading. It gives us a report of a meeting of the 'Free Presbytery of Edinburgh.' Mr. Gall, by leave of the court, addressed the Presbytery with reference to the evangelisation of Edinburgh. Twelve months ago, he remarked, they were startled by a report from Mr. Pirrie on the state of our lower population, in which that gentleman stated that, upon the whole, evangelical religion was losing ground in this city, and that the agencies at present in operation were altogether inadequate to the necessities of the case. They no doubt had made great advances on former efforts; but, for every step they had taken, *the enemy had taken two*, so that, if the same process should continue to go on (which God forbid) no thing could be more certain than that, in two or three generations, *Protestant Christianity would be substantially put down.*'

In the interests of true Christianity, we are sincerely glad to hear it, though we are hardly so sanguine as Mr. Gall. This Presbyterian prophet continues as follows: 'The most alarming circumstance of all, however, was the steady progress of Roman-

ism, which, during the last fifty years, from being almost nothing, had succeeded in planting itself as a great religious and political power in our land.' This is just what we have already had the honour to reply to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The powers of evil, let loose by the so-called Reformation, may be very potent, but the power of the Church can whip them back into the abyss from which they came out. Hear Mr. Gall again: 'Drunkenness, infidelity, and Sabbath-breaking were all on the increase; but perhaps none of these was so much to be dreaded as Romanism.' Let the intelligent Scots revel in inebriety and unbelief, but let them at least keep clear of Romanism. The *Scotsman* seems to think it pretty certain that they will, in spite of the impotence of Protestantism. 'That the old Protestant churches are losing their hold upon great masses of the population is a complaint that comes from all quarters of Christendom. From Germany comes a wail of despair, from England a cry of alarm, and now the coronach is raised in the metropolis of "Bible-loving Scotland" itself.'

But the case is not so bad as it appears, because as the *Scotsman* forcibly observes, 'the scientific spirit' which, as everybody knows, animates our enlightened age, will successfully resist 'the general supremacy of Rome,' and 'the Huxleys and the Darwins, the Mills and the Spencers, rather than the Archbishop Taits or Moderator Jamiesons,' will effectually prevent, at least in the British Isles, any general restoration of the religion which civilised Europe. The battle is announced, and we must wait for the issue. Meanwhile, we think it is pretty evident, even from such extracts as we have presented to our readers, that fifty years hence there will be only two classes of men in the world, Catholics and infidels. God grant, and we begin the new year with this prayer, that our countrymen may be found among the former.

No. V.

TWO BISHOPS.

A REMARKABLE address, already noticed in this journal, which has attracted more than usual attention, was recently delivered by the Bishop of Salford, on the position of Catholics in this country, and their relation to existing political parties. Even the *Standard* called it 'an able and temperate contribution to the subject under consideration.' It has been still more warmly appreciated, as was natural, by Catholic readers. Among the many valuable and suggestive thoughts which it contains, we select the following, because it has been the chief text upon which the replies of our contemporaries have been founded:

'I will begin, then, by asserting that the Catholic Church belongs to no political party. She was founded by God to guard the deposit of Revelation and to lead men to salvation. She fills the earth. Empires, kingdoms, governments, parties, are local and pass away; but she remains as a divine teacher in the world, and belongs neither to country nor party, but to mankind and to God.

'Politics are a part of morals, and are based partly upon the natural law and reason and partly upon revelation, which is not opposed to reason, but above it. This is a fundamental doctrine of Christianity. We furthermore maintain that God, having given a revelation, has left a Divine Teacher in the world who shall guard its existence safely to the end of time.

'Great political parties in this country reject both of these propositions.'

Upon this statement, and upon the whole address of which it forms a part, the Protestant Bishop of Manchester has commented in a sermon, delivered in the parish church of Radcliffe. He had not only a perfect right to do so, but was as well qualified as any of his episcopal colleagues for the task which he

undertook to perform. Dr. Fraser is both candid and intelligent, a man of unblemished reputation, who says what he means without ambiguity, and is not afraid to reveal his whole mind. The contrast between his ideas and those of Bishop Vaughan is complete, and his sermon affords a welcome opportunity of comparing together the essential principles of a Catholic and a Protestant Bishop. *Our* principles, the former is able to say, are not new: 'They have not arrived in this country for the first time with the Syllabus or the General Council. The statesmen and people of these kingdoms held them for a thousand years. And we have inherited them from Alfred the Great and St. Edward, from the Bishops and Barons of Runnemede, from St. Thomas of Canterbury and Sir Thomas More. We are their lineal descendants in faith and principle, and the foundation stones of their politics are also ours.'

It was an enormous advantage to be able to start with this fact, and we are not surprised that the Bishop of Salford made use of it. The Bishop of Manchester, on the other hand, was obliged to begin by repudiating his English forefathers as fools and apostates, and did it without hesitation. The reformers, he told his congregation, 'had to face what he could not but call *that great apostasy* from pure and primitive Christianity which was still exhibited to the world in the Church of Rome.'

After thus announcing that the religion of all England, from the age of the Catholic Augustine to that of the Protestant Parker, was simply a 'great apostasy,' which is very much to be regretted, Dr. Fraser proceeded to describe the 'pure Gospel' which happily replaced it in the 16th century, under the pious auspices of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. We used to think that we had some reason to be proud of being Englishmen, but considering the lamentable condition of our forefathers for a thousand years, our self-complacency was evidently unfounded. It is only with extreme diffidence that we venture to suggest, if Dr. Fraser will permit us to do so, that William I. and

Richard I., though they could not write their own names, were men of loftier stature, and fill a larger place in history, than William IV. or George IV., who could write almost fluently. The first two were Catholics, and the last Protestants, but even the Bishop of Manchester will allow that, during the 'great apostasy' which prevailed so long in England, there were, as Mr. Carlyle says, '*men* in those days.' We think too it would not be quite a hopeless proposition to maintain that there were pious and religious men, who did great works for the glory of God, and that their 'apostasy' had an extraordinary resemblance to the religion taught by Jesus Christ, and preached by the Apostles. At all events Mr. Thomas Hughes, whom no one suspects of any sympathy with Catholic errors, tells us very candidly in his *Life of Alfred the Great* (ch. ii. p. 31), that a good many centuries before the so-called Reformation, 'England was not only in name a Christian country, but *a living faith in Christ* had entered into, and was practically the deepest and strongest force in, the national life.' On the other hand, Dr. Shaw, also a Protestant, and a member of several learned societies, assures us, after dwelling among Negroes, Red Indians, and other imperfectly civilised beings, that 'the moral, intellectual, and educational state of the lower orders in England,' in this happy age of Protestantism, 'is the *lowest* in the scale I have ever witnessed .... quite on a par with that of the savage, and sometimes even below it' (*The United States*, &c., ch. x. p. 244). From which we conclude, with the permission of the Bishop of Manchester, that England did pretty well during 'the great apostasy,' and has not done quite so well since.

But it is time to inquire, with the assistance of Dr. Fraser, what is the nature of the new religion substituted in the 16th century, by such very remarkable apostles, for that of our ignorant forefathers, and of the new Church in which that 'pure and primitive' religion is embodied. After telling his congre-

gation that the recent 'Catholic revival' in England was to be 'most earnestly deprecated,' he offered to teach them 'what were the essential principles of the Reformation,' and 'the mind of the Church of England.' Here they are:

'If he understood what the mind of the Church of England was it was this—that God's blessed Word was the only authority and warrant to which they had any right to go in any matter required to be believed by any man as necessary to salvation. That, as he understood it, was the leading principle of the Reformation and of the Church of England. . . . It did not rest in this or that rubric, or this or that phrase in an Article.'

As the Church of England says exactly the same thing in one of her Articles, we agree thus far with Dr. Fraser. But as he goes on to insist, quite consistently, that no other 'Divine Teacher' is wanted (with particular reference to the arguments of the Bishop of Salford) we must at this point take leave to ask him a question, in the hope that he will favour us with a reply. If the Bible is the only Divine Teacher, as Dr. Fraser informs his flock, is not the Bishop of Salford's interpretation of it as good as the Bishop of Manchester's? Is it not even a trifle better, since it agrees with that of all our forefathers for a thousand years, and with that of incomparably the largest Christian community in the world? If the Bishop of Salford thinks that Dr. Fraser's only Divine Teacher, the Bible, teaches nothing more plainly than this, that God wills His Church to be governed by an Infallible Pope, and cites the inspired texts upon which his conviction is founded, is not his affirmation as good, on Protestant principles, as Dr. Fraser's denial? All that the latter can do to refute the Bishop of Salford is to insist upon *his own* interpretation of the Bible, which has the disadvantage of being held by a minority, and only in very recent times, and to supplement it by other purely personal opinions, which may be very acute, but are not generally admitted, are denied by some even in his own communion, and

have certainly no claim to be accepted as those of a 'Divine Teacher.' The Bible interpreted by Bishop Fraser is simply Bishop Fraser, but the Bible interpreted by Bishop Vaughan is the Word of God as understood by all Christian doctors, saints, and martyrs. On the whole, we prefer the interpretation of Bishop Vaughan, and we think that, even on Protestant principles, we have overwhelming reasons for doing so.

We regret to observe that Dr. Fraser is disrespectful to St. Peter, apparently for no other reason than because Bishop Vaughan reveres him as Prince of the Apostles. He was 'the most mistaken of all the Apostles,' and generally a very weak and untrustworthy person, as the leader of the 'great apostasy' might be expected to be. Such is the opinion of Dr. Fraser. We sincerely hope that he will change his mind before he comes to the end of his career, and that St. Peter will help him to do so. If, however, he sticks to what he calls 'the essential principle of the Protestant English Reformation,' we cannot be sanguine, because, as he adds: 'If we recognised that principle, it would put an end to much that had been attempted in the name of a Catholic revival. He heard the other day, and he heard it with shame and confusion of face, of a church in that diocese in which there had been carried a banner on which was emblazoned the name of the "Queen of Heaven." . . . . And it filled his heart with shame to think that English clergymen or English congregations would carry in their churches banners emblazoned with the name of the "Queen of Heaven."'

It certainly was rather a bold proceeding on the part of an Anglican clergyman, and looks very much like a revival of the 'great apostasy' in the very bosom of the 'pure and primitive' Church of England. But Dr. Fraser has no right to complain, since this Protestant clergyman was only imitating his Bishop, and using the glorious privilege of private judgment.

The remarks of the Bishop of Manchester appear to have furnished a text to the journals of that city, which, it may be

said, are conspicuous for ability among the provincial press of England. The *Manchester Guardian* pleasantly observes: 'It is an entire mistake to suppose that there is only one infallible Pope to challenge the unquestioning homage of mankind. Pio Nono is only one of a multitude of unerring guides.' The 'liberal' and enlightened prophet of the day, for example, 'is as dogmatic and intolerant as the occupant of the Chair of St. Peter. He does not call a Council for the purpose of signing his decrees, but when he speaks *ex cathedrâ*—the *cathedra* will vary with circumstances—he expects that the world will listen and throw itself in the attitude of adoring assent.'

Perhaps even Dr. Fraser will some day admit that it is better to have one true Pope than a thousand spurious ones; meanwhile, the *Manchester Examiner*, after referring to the saying of Bishop Vaughan, that 'Protestantism as an intellectual system is already a wreck,' observes as follows: 'Protestantism is *not a system of doctrine*, but a principle—the principle, namely, of free inquiry in matters of faith—a freedom not divorced from responsibility, but joined to it by indissoluble ties, having their knot deeply hidden in the inmost consciousness and soul of man.'

We do not quite apprehend the definition, but apparently it means that Protestantism is not a *religion* at all, and does not profess to be. As to the remark of the Bishop of Salford, that Protestantism is inconsistent with itself, the *Examiner* says: 'The very facts (doctrinal dissensions) to which the Bishop points are proofs of its self-consistency. These hundred separate and independent bodies are the direct offspring of that practical assertion of the rights of conscience—[or of believing whatever you please]—in which Protestantism consists. Protestantism becomes inconsistent with itself when it apes Popery *by imposing fixed creeds*, and interdicting private judgment, and pretending to be invested with Divine authority to teach us what we are to believe.' That this is a true description of Protest-

antism we have no doubt, but how any man can suppose that such a deliberate negation of all positive truth is 'pure and primitive Christianity,' even Bishop Fraser, we imagine, would find it difficult to explain.

The London *Standard* notices the encounter between the two Bishops, but neither with the talent nor the candour of its Manchester contemporaries. We will quote only one sentence from the radical-conservative print: 'The growth of the "Old Catholic" movement, the widespread repudiation of the Papal Infallibility, and the rapid progress of infidel opinions abroad, are a sufficing witness that all is not well within the Roman Church. On the other hand, the unexampled success of the Reformed Church of England, and the life and vigour which pervade the dissenting communions, prove not less conclusively that the exultation of Dr. Vaughan is at least premature.'

If the writer in the *Standard* did not laugh in his sleeve as he perused this passage, he is more insensible to the charms of comic and humorous literature than we suppose him to be. As no Catholic in the world 'repudiates Papal Infallibility,' and the dismal little group of 'Old Catholics' are, even to German Protestants, only a jest, the supposed calamities of the Roman Church are about as real as 'the unexampled success of the Reformed Church of England.' People who now rejoice, like the *Standard*, in the excessive vitality of the Church of England, would have lamented the deficiency of water at the Deluge.

No. VI.

GERMAN PERSECUTION AND ENGLISH SYMPATHY—THE *DAILY NEWS* ON THE POPE—A REMARKABLE SERMON—A UNITED SCHOOL BOARD.

THE tone of the English press on the religious persecution now raging in Germany deserves notice. Ashamed to avow openly their sympathy with measures inspired by brutal violence and high-handed tyranny, our journalists, who are always discoursing about 'the rights of conscience' at home, are obliged to affect a certain disapproval, yet cannot hide their secret satisfaction. Indeed they hardly pretend to do so. Speaking of the expulsion of the Jesuits and other religious corporations, the *Saturday Review* observes that 'to most Englishmen' such laws 'cannot fail to appear difficult of explanation or defence,' and that they are 'at best an anachronism;' but having uttered this faint protest, for decency's sake, the writer proceeds to offer an elaborate defence of still worse measures. 'When we remember,' he says, 'the vital influence of the system of primary education *on the formation of popular belief*,' and that 'the falsification of Catechisms' led up to 'the full teaching of Papal Infallibility,'—the Abbé Michaud says so, and he is a greater authority with the *Saturday Review* than all the Councils and Fathers put together,—it was high time to do something decisive. Michaud thinks so, and from Michaud there is no appeal. It is true that nobody ever heard of Michaud until rebellion against the Church made him a hero and a prophet to the theologian of the *Saturday Review*, who is obliged to get his allies where he can find them, and attributes to them qualities which nature had unkindly refused. With the help of Michaud, since he can obtain no other, our Reviewer points out all that is admirable and effective in the proposed penal laws of Dr. Falk, who is so good as to supersede the Christian Church al-

together, with the pious intention of superseding Christianity. 'Ultramontane teaching,' by which he means the religion of all Catholics, with the exception of the eminent Michaud and his friends, 'has made such enormous strides in Germany,' that a little wholesome violence has become indispensable. Freedom of thought is an excellent thing, provided you think as Michaud and Falk do, but if not, and your abominable views begin to make 'enormous strides,' it is time that others should think for you. For this reason, Dr. Falk introduces three Bills, which are thus described in the *Saturday Review*. 'The first regulates the course of studies for aspirants to the priesthood.' As the Church, after an existence of eighteen centuries, has proved that she has not the least idea how to educate priests,—as any one may clearly perceive by such deplorable examples as St. Bernard, Fénélon, St. Francis of Sales, and the Curé d'Ars,—the State, being as infallible in spiritual as in temporal matters, generously comes to her aid, and will henceforth educate her priests for her. They will not exactly resemble the individuals mentioned above, nor is it desirable that they should. Michaud would disapprove such priests, and Dr. Falk also. Indeed they will be so totally different, that Falk will not trust them to the supervision of the Bishops; and so, continues the *Saturday Review*, with an almost sublime fatuity, 'the second Bill protects the clergy from the arbitrary despotism of the Bishops'! This sudden tenderness of the State towards priests, and its paternal desire to protect them from all possible dangers, and especially from the 'despotism' which is so abhorrent to Bismarck, Falk, and the *Saturday Review*, is perhaps a little suspicious. But it becomes intelligible when we consider what sort of priests it is proposed to protect. We suspect that even Michaud would find them unpleasant companions, by the time the State had completed their training. What sort of religion they would teach, we are unable to guess, but that is probably a matter of profound indifference to Dr. Falk. Anyhow they

would not be Ultramontanes, which is the only matter of importance. But there is another inquiry which perhaps the *Saturday Review* will be able to satisfy. Who is to ordain these remarkable priests? Are the Bishops to be forced to do so, whether they approve them or not? And would their refusal be considered 'despotism'? Dr. Falk's Bills do not seem to provide for this little difficulty. But it will be easy to add a clause hereafter, by which any Bishop refusing to ordain Dr. Falk's priests shall be shot, hanged, or otherwise disposed of; and perhaps we shall some day read an impressive article by the theologian of the *Saturday Review*, pointing out the beauties of such a clause. Besides, the matter does not press, for, as he observes with great force, 'It will take some years for a new generation of clergy to grow up under these changed conditions of discipline and general culture.' The reflection is consoling, for before that time comes, Dr. Falk, M. Michaud, and the writer in the *Saturday Review*, may all have appeared before the judgment-seat of Christ, and quite lost the opportunity of protecting their model priests from the despotism of Ultramontane Bishops.

Another reflection occurs to us. It is, at first sight, a little puzzling that in this nineteenth century, and in the capital of Free-thinking Prussia, measures should be gravely proposed of which the ferocity is only equalled by the absurdity. But when we learn what is the moral and religious condition of Berlin, surprise is diminished. In an article entitled 'The Dark Side of Berlin,' the *Pall Mall Gazette* gave us not long ago an instructive picture of a population to which the acts of the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck may well be acceptable. 'Of 23,000 funerals which took place during the year 1870, nearly 20,000 were performed *without any religious ceremony whatever*.' The fact is significant, and accounts for the laudable desire to abolish Ultramontane priests, who will persist in teaching a Christianity which nobody wants, and who evidently

ought to make way at once for the 'new generation of clergy,' who will teach something very different, to the great contentment of Michaud, Dr. Falk, and the theologian of the *Saturday Review*. 'Herr Wachter,' continues the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 'declared, in a recent speech, that every evening the popular theatres of the capital trampled under foot marriage, morality, and religion, amid the exhalations of beer and tobacco and the laughter of the audience. All this is going on *without any effort to check* it on the part of those whose duty it is to watch over the people and their morals. By all classes of society, from the learned to the unlettered, even to the lowest rabble, the turpitudes of the stage are frantically applauded.' But the Emperor William and his enlightened counsellors are too busy in persecuting Christians, depriving children of their guardians and teachers, and devising brutal laws against the best and purest men in Germany, to trouble themselves about the growth of evils of which they are too blind to anticipate the certain fruits, and which can only be remedied by the very men whom they have just banished from the new German Empire, and whom they will some day be obliged to recall, in order to save it from destruction.

What our English journalists propose to gain by espousing every evil cause, and reviling almost every good one, we have never been able to understand. What spirit excites them to make such a choice, we understand very clearly. We should have thought that, considering the age, character, and present position of Pius IX., even a Protestant journal might speak of him, if not with respect, at least with decency. Yet our ablest journalists set an example to their more feeble and obscure rivals of senseless ribaldry towards an aged and venerable man, whose predecessors have been honoured by an immense majority of Christians, including our own forefathers for a thousand years, as the successors of St. Peter, and Vicars of Christ. It is nothing to them that they insult at the same time the memory

of their ancestors, and 200 million living Christians. The *Daily News*, and especially its Roman correspondent, have acquired a bad eminence among their fellows, and seem likely to retain it. Here is a specimen of their style: 'Prince Orsini, until a few days ago, was faithful to the Papal cause. But on the first of the year he gave a ball, at which all the members of the Liberal party were present. This so enraged Pius IX. that in a public speech he used the most *insolent language* against the Orsini family. For the first time in history the Colonna and the Orsini may both be called Ghibellines; for, since the Pope's speech, both have gone over to King Victor Emmanuel. In talking of Prince Orsini's ball, the Pope said it was a shameful thing that people should dance at a time like this, when the soil was burning under their very feet.'

If Pius IX. did address an admonition to Prince Orsini, we are sure of two things—first that the Prince deserved it, and next that he was too good a Christian to consider it 'insolent.' We have so often detected this particular correspondent in similar inventions, that we despair of his return to a better mind. As Parolles says: 'He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool.'

The *Pall Mall Gazette* prudently circulates fictions of the same class in the name of somebody else. Anybody will do, *e.g.* the *Swiss Times*. From this valuable journal, founded to supply English tourists with instruction adapted to their moral and intellectual state, the *Pall Mall Gazette* quotes the following extract from a sermon by the Curé of Bussy, Canton Friburg: 'To-day I ought not to preach to you after Mass, but instead give you hay to eat, for you are cattle, and, indeed, cattle of the most stupid description. You allow yourself to be led by fourteen cattle, whom I held to be more stupid than you; but now I see that you are greater animals than they.' When his hearers were about to depart in great indignation, he cried, 'Listen to me, and do not be frightened away by my words.

The Bishop has commanded me always to put off my official garments when I declaim against you.'

If the Pope is 'insolent,' a Bishop may easily be ridiculous, and a parish priest disgusting. The intelligent English public will believe the one as readily as the other. But the *Pall Mall Gazette* prides itself upon its skill in sifting testimony, and knows how to discriminate between good and doubtful authority. Yet it adopts without question, and publishes as a certain fact, any cock-and-bull story against 'clericals,' *i.e.* Christians, and hopes to retain its reputation as an impartial critic. To take a story against a priest from the *Swiss Times*, is as if a man should go to 'Jack the Giant Killer' for an authentic history of England, or to Mr. Newdegate for a reliable account of monastic institutions.

The *Daily Telegraph*, always lively and agreeable, gives us a pleasing picture of a School Board. When England shall be under the government of such organisations, from the Tweed to the Severn, it will be a nice country to live in. At Birmingham, among thirteen members of the Board, charged with the supreme control of public education, there were 'at least a dozen distinct views on every point of modern theology.' The *Telegraph* compares the examination of a candidate-teacher by this harmonious Board to 'the old sport of seeing a bull tied to a stake and baited by dogs.' It is difficult to conceive a more ludicrous exhibition than was displayed at Birmingham, where there seems to have been three bulls, and a good many dogs. The latter, as might be supposed, had the best of the fight. We shall not describe it. Even the *Telegraph*, which does not profess extreme susceptibility in such matters, doubts 'whether painful exhibitions like that at Birmingham, which may be imitated in every large town,' reflect much credit upon the Act which is 'the source of the mischief.' If the State will meddle with matters beyond its province, such exhibitions are pretty sure to follow. Whether the country is likely to derive much

benefit from them, or will profit much by the so-called 'education' which the State is providing for it, a very little time will show. One thing seems to us certain,—that our blundering rulers are only making the task of government a hundredfold more difficult, and that their pupils will one day give them as much trouble as the 'new generation of clergy' will give to Dr. Falk.

No. VII.

CHURCH AND STATE.

THE revival of the pagan doctrine of the supremacy of the State, and the profane intrusion of the civil magistrate into the spiritual sphere, were among the earliest fruits of the so-called reformation. Heresy has always sued for the patronage of the secular power. What the Protestants did in the sixteenth century, the Arians had done in the fourth, and the little group of Döllingerists are doing in the nineteenth. The submission refused to the spiritual is eagerly conceded to the temporal power by all the children of revolt. The Prince of the Apostles described the whole class, with all its varieties, when he said that they 'promise liberty' to others, 'while they themselves are slaves.' But they attempt to disguise their bondage under a new name. In our own day they call it 'patriotism.' Christians who obey the commands of God and of the Church, they tell us, are disaffected citizens. No true Catholic, they add, can be a good Englishman. The Roman pagan said exactly the same thing to the Martyrs of old. It was intolerable, he thought, that they should prefer their own 'superstition' to the laws of their country. In the judgment of a Roman prefect, and of the mob who applauded him, to offer incense to the national idols was a test of patriotism. It is so still. Our modern pagans are all of one mind on that point. Most of our contemporaries, from the *Times* to the *Globe*, proclaim it openly.

But none avow this shameful creed with more cynical candour than the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

'The point,' says that journal, alluding to a recent speech of the Archbishop of Westminster, 'which his Grace appears to be unable to appreciate is, that what English people really mean by loyalty is sympathy in *certain principles of action and belief* which are radically opposed to his own.' It follows from this curious definition of loyalty that our Catholic forefathers for a thousand years, who accepted with cordial sympathy the principles of action and belief then prevailing, were excellent Englishmen, but that *we*, who think exactly as they did, have ceased to be so, because most of our countrymen have chosen to change their religion. Loyalty, therefore, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, may be one thing to-day and another to-morrow. The citizen, like the sailor, must watch every change of wind, in order to be quite sure that he is on a right course, and his loyalty unimpaired. It does not consist, as we idly supposed, in loving your country, maintaining her institutions, adding to her renown in the fields of literature, science, or art, nor even in valiantly shedding your blood in her defence —for no one denies that Catholics do all these things—but in adapting your 'principles of action and belief' to those of the country in which you live, and humbly accepting whatever a majority of her people, in any age, may happen for the time being to prefer. If, therefore, Catholics should ever again have a numerical preponderance in these islands, it is our Protestant friends who will be disloyal and unpatriotic. Meanwhile, according to this notable definition, Dr. Newman is a bad citizen, and the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* a good one—a conclusion which, we imagine, many a sincere Protestant will be tempted to dispute.

But our contemporary goes a good deal further than this. 'A positive conviction,' he continues, 'has been and still is growing up that a nation, as such, *is essentially a better thing*

than a Church,' whether Catholic or Protestant, and that 'it is, in fact, of all positive human institutions at present known to us, *the most sacred*, the most deeply-rooted in human nature, and the best fitted to engage the affections of a rational man.' The Chinese is of the same opinion, and we presume that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which ought to be published in Pekin, has only disapproval for the efforts of English and other missionaries, who endeavour to subvert Confucianism, and the other 'principles of action and belief' which every patriotic Chinese is bound to maintain. Why should they tempt Buddhists to the disloyalty which this enlightened journal condemns in Christians? The nation being the 'most sacred' of all possible institutions, the criminal attempt to interfere with any form of devil-worship which it may prefer is an offence, as the primitive Christians found to their cost, against both religion and loyalty. But there is reason to hope that this salutary truth will soon be generally admitted, and the nature of true loyalty better understood, because, to quote the *Pall Mall Gazette* once more, its general recognition in England 'has developed a way of thinking and feeling, a national sentiment, a national standard of right and wrong, *of good and evil, of truth and falsehood*, quite independent of, and in many instances conflicting with, the sentiments and the standard of the Roman Catholic and *all other Churches*; and these are, in fact, by far the most powerful moral, intellectual, and spiritual influences which do in these days of ours operate on mankind. All this, we say, puts nations—for the same sort of statements are true of most other nations besides England—*above Churches*, as objects of affection and loyalty.' It may, therefore, he adds, become the duty of nations to make short work of Churches, as Prince Bismarck is endeavouring to do in Germany. 'But, be this how it will, we should regard no one as really loyal to his nation who did not regard it as being to him a higher and more sacred object than any Church whatever.'

That the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* is perfectly sincere in commending the fetish-worship which he prefers to any form of Christianity, we can easily believe. But he deludes himself in supposing that such gross ideas are the 'most powerful influences which operate on mankind.' He accepts his own wishes for facts. State-worship is no doubt on the increase, and may one day prove equally fatal to religion and liberty. But we have not come to that yet. It is already, with all who practise it, a substitute for God, the Church, and the Parent; but there are still a good many people, even in England, who refuse to adore this new idol. That the State should be a god to those who have none is not surprising; but pious Protestants are as yet of one mind with Catholics in believing that they can be loyal in quite another fashion than the heathen in former ages, or the Chinese in this. They still retain a certain respect for St. Peter, who calmly told the rulers of the State in his day that he declined to 'hear them rather than God,' and would die sooner than do it; and though the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, if he had happened to live in that age, would perhaps have informed the Apostle that he was disloyal and unpatriotic, and that the nation is 'a more sacred object than any Church whatever,' he must bear to be told that he is at present in a minority, and that except a few conceited 'philosophers,' and a certain number of modest and virtuous Communists, his opinions are scouted as impious and degrading by an immense majority of reasoning men.

We are far, however, from denying that a day will come when the opinions of the *Pall Mall Gazette* will generally prevail, though only for a brief space, and not greatly to the advantage of mankind. In the old age of the world, when it is ripe for judgment, the State will everywhere supersede the Church, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* desires, and they who have refused to accept the mild yoke of a divine will be crushed by the remorseless tyranny of a human power. Exaggerated Bis-

marcks will be the only rulers of a world which has been diligently taught that the State is 'a more sacred object than any Church whatever.' The Author of Christianity has taught us to pray that our lot may not be cast in those days, to which some of our contemporaries aspire as the ideal perfection of human society. The State will then be supreme, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks it ought to be. 'And they adored the beast,' says St. John, describing that happy time, saying: '*Who is like to the beast?*' And this worship will be so general that, as the Apostle adds: 'All the earth was in admiration after the beast.' The *Pall Mall Gazette*, we presume, or some kindred successor, will be the popular journal of that epoch, and will blow the trumpet before the beast more loudly than ever, and without any protest from us.

The ideas of the *Pall Mall Gazette* are only one of the legitimate developments of Protestantism. When Englishmen cast out the Church to which they owed their knowledge of God, their liberty, and their civilisation, they set up a human idol in its place, which they call the State. They do not seem to us to have profited by the change. They are not even, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* would have us believe, more patriotic, but less so. Alas for England, if her safety should ever depend upon the spurious patriotism of those who tell her that the State is more sacred than any Church. In her hour of danger she will find her true strength, where alone it exists, in the manful loyalty of her *Christian* subjects. She will get no help from the effeminate selfishness of those who can only revile the religion which made her great, prosperous, and free, but who can neither emulate the deeds which it inspired, nor know how to preserve the liberties which it founded. Even the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with a happy inconsistency, deplores the decay of true patriotism and liberty, and thus describes, in its number of the 28th of January, 'the popular preachers of Liberalism at the present day:' 'When they address a large audience, we hear

of nothing but progress, purity, and the emancipation of the human race from the degrading bondage of authority both in matters temporal and spiritual. When we look at their own actions, what do we see but *an incessant course of petty tyranny*, crooked subterfuges, and acts of self-will, which combine all the insolence of lawlessness with all the cowardice of evasion ?'

After observing that 'our Liberal contemporaries appear to think that institutions are an end to which the liberty of the subject is a means,' and that 'when personal liberty comes into collision with an idea . . . it is sacrificed instantly,'—as in the new scheme of national education,—the *Pall Mall Gazette* adds: 'Tories might really establish that title to be called the popular party which they are so fond of putting forward, if they would only show a united front against this bastard policy, this Byzantine liberalism, if we may use such an expression, which is rapidly *eating out the core of our old English heartiness*, and of our faith in the prerogatives of freedom.'

We have only to give these people 'rope enough,' and they will do the hangman's work upon themselves. It is vain to call upon the Tories to help us, for, more than all other men, they are 'in admiration after the beast,' and their favourite institution, the Church of England, has conspired with Liberals and unbelievers in exalting the temporal power, by making all reverence for the spiritual impossible. It is another sort of patriotism than any which the Church of England knows how to create, or the *Pall Mall Gazette* knows how to conceive, which will restore the 'old English heartiness' of our Catholic ancestors, who knew how to make England respected in every corner of Europe, and did not abandon either her honour or her territory to the verdict of an undignified arbitration. We are the heirs, and share the faith, of men who made England strong and free, and when our less fortunate contemporaries tell us that we know not how to be loyal, we think it enough to refer

to the history of the past, and the lessons of the present. If *they* do not refute the calumny, the future will do so.

One truth we find in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and we record it with satisfaction. We could desire nothing better than that the whole mind of England should be penetrated with it. 'The Popes,' says that journal, 'are either mere impostors, or divinely appointed spiritual rulers of the human race.' Nothing is more evident. The religious portion of our countrymen, we are inclined to think, will come to see more and more clearly, with the help of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and similar organs, that there are only two powers in the world, Peter and Satan. They must choose between them. If they choose right, they will become true patriots, as well as true Christians. But in that case, they will positively refuse to take part any longer in chanting the dismal song of the *Pall Mall Gazette:* 'Who is like to the beast?'

No. VIII.

QUARE FREMUERUNT GENTES?

THE changed tone of English journalists in dealing with Catholic questions must be apparent to all but very careless observers. A few years ago, they hardly noticed us at all, and when they did, it was rather with indifference than with bitterness. Nobody asked our opinion on any subject whatever, or seemed to care what it was. The virulence of clerical and professional agitators awoke but a faint response. The absurdities of two or three legislators of the school of Whalley and Newdegate only provoked laughter. English Catholics were few in number, and it seemed hardly worth while to insult a feeble minority, or to revile a faith which England appeared to have cast out for ever. And so 'there was peace in those days,' and

we worshipped the God of our fathers, and attended to our own affairs, without notice or molestation.

This state of things has passed away. At the present day it is hardly possible to open an English journal, daily or weekly, without finding an article on Catholic subjects. Sometimes there are two or three in the same number. If our bishops deliver a sermon or an address, it is reported as promptly, though not always quite so truthfully, as an oration of Mr. Gladstone, and excites more interest than the best specimen of what Mr. Disraeli calls 'the vagrant rhetoric of the recess.' If an ex-leader of the House of Commons writes a novel, it turns upon a conversion, and the principal figure in it is a humble priest, who was probably more surprised than anybody else to find himself notorious. The chief party question of the hour is that of Catholic Education in Ireland, and the fate of a Ministry is said to depend upon its solution. Every newspaper has its 'Roman Correspondent,' whose business it is to sneer at the Pope, revile the Church, justify sacrilege and robbery, and excite hatred against the oldest Christian community in the world. If we ask what we have done to merit so much flattering attention, the answer is not at first sight apparent. It is true that our numbers have increased, and that there are now few English families of a certain rank which do not count at least one convert in their household. It is true also that the very doctrines which the so-called Reformers impugned and attempted to destroy, are now revived and exalted by a multitude of the national clergy, who thus justify the teaching of the Catholic Church, and do not scruple to tell their flocks that the sedition of the sixteenth century was both a crime and a disaster. But these facts hardly account for the malice and aversion of which we are now the objects. For the 'Catholic movement,' as it is called, may almost be said to have become popular, at least with certain classes. Men who profess to hold and teach almost every Catholic doctrine, except the obligation

of unity and the supreme authority of Christ's Vicar, are not obnoxious to the journalists and reviewers with whom we are ourselves so unpopular. A little ridicule, which hurts no one, is their only trial. As long as they refuse to obey the Pope, the English press permits them to hold any private opinions, however un-Protestant, and English Rationalists acknowledge them as allies. The latter evidently agree with Montalembert, when he said of High Church Anglicans: 'These men, I am convinced, will always prove the worst enemies of the Church, more so than infidels themselves.'* For this reason the most advanced Ritualist has nothing to fear from the lawless and the infidel. Their instinct tells such men that he is a brother. He may call himself a 'Catholic Priest,' in the columns of the *Church Herald* and similar organs, without attracting the notice of the *Times*, the *Standard*, or the *Daily News*. If it amuses him or his friends to take such a title, what does it matter to them? They know he is only a Protestant minister, in spite of romantic words, and that far from doing anything to revive in England the principle of authority in the spiritual sphere,—which is what really excites their rage,—his daily attitude is a protest against it. They are quite willing, therefore, to indulge him in any amount of sentimental talk, and to tolerate the harmless theories of which, as they perceive, his own conduct is the most effective refutation. From such pretenders they have nothing to apprehend. And for this reason a considerable amount of Catholic profession is a venial offence in the judgment of our contemporaries. It neither inspires hatred nor suggests persecution.

But they have very different feelings towards ourselves. We dare to tell them that there is an authority in this world which all Christians are bound to obey, and they hear it with disgust. We remind them that our own English forefathers obeyed it for a thousand years, and they disown the whole past history of

* *Memoir of Count de Montalembert*, by Mrs. Oliphant, vol. ii. ch. x. p. 35.

their nation. We add that to obey that authority is a condition of salvation, and they fling dust into the air, and curse us and our children. Why should they obey? Are they not free and enlightened Englishmen? Let meaner races bow to the decree of an Œcumenical Council, but are *they* to be told, in this nineteenth century of progress and illumination, with its railways and School Boards, that the successor of St. Peter is infallible in matters of faith, and that God has made him so? Why should they not tear their hair, and stop their ears, when such things are said among them? And why should not they revile us who say them? What else should they do? 'Would the English press,' asked the Bishop of Orleans, whom it flattered as long as it vainly hoped that he would prove a rebel, 'employ towards the deadliest foe of England, or the worst Government on earth, the insults and calumnies it heaps every day on the Pope?' No, he adds, for these brawlers are as humble to the strong as they are overbearing to the weak. They think twice before they remonstrate with Russia, entreat Germany not to dislike them, and beg the United States to accept a few millions and an apology. 'You know,' says Monseigneur Dupanloup, 'how to bend your proud head, alter your tone, and lower your voice, when you are in presence of a power that can look you in the face.' But to insult the Pope, who is old and a prisoner, and has neither fleets nor armies, and to bully a few Catholics, whose crime is that they refuse to adopt a new religion which was invented the other day, is worthy of this great nation, and the fitting occupation of its press.

As long as the present tone of English journals is found to be remunerative, we may be sure that it will be maintained. No one doubts that certain leading journals would defend the Pope to-morrow, instead of reviling him, if to do so would increase their circulation. But when we see papers which are not, like these, a mere commercial speculation, emulating their worst excesses, we take it as a proof that the once Catholic

English race delights in nothing so much as in abusing the religion of its forefathers. If we desired a proof of the deplorable degradation of the English press, we should find it in the last number of that successful periodical, the *Saturday Review*. In four different articles, on totally different subjects, it contrives to reverberate a dozen times that dismal echo from the modern conventicle which the Bishop of Orleans finds so unpleasant. Speaking of the question of the Irish Education Bill, this is the view which it offers to its readers:

'The opinions of the Irish Ultramontane and the English Protestant are diametrically opposed on the question as to what sound learning means. The Ultramontane means by it learning which is in harmony with the teachings of his Church; the English Protestant means by it learning that embodies and promotes free, active, and serious thought. Half of the books which educated Englishmen habitually refer to as their standing intellectual food are on the Index, and to the Ultramontane mind time spent in studying them is time wasted or misspent in studying the writings of wicked or erring men.'

Considering that but for the influence of the Catholic Church in past ages no one in our own would have any learning whatever, or, as Dr. Newman puts it, that every self-complacent spouter who 'talks bravely against the Church, owes it to the Church that he is able to talk at all,' the modest gravity of this passage deserves admiration. When will our Protestant friends understand that the monopoly of learning and acuteness upon which they serenely pride themselves is only an agreeable fiction? They are not so wise as they think. It is true that certain books are condemned by the Index as false or impious, but all 'Ultramontanes,' lay or clerical, whose duty it is to read them, are quite as familiar with their contents as the pert contributor to the *Saturday Review*. The real difference between us and our omniscient critics is this, that the crude

theories and petulant assumptions of such books do not so easily delude us, and that we can read them without risk of error. In this respect, as in others, the advantage is wholly on our side. Our critics must bear to be told that, in spite of their self-esteem, it is they who are noodles, whose credulity is inexhaustible, and 'Ultramontanes' who are cautious, prudent, and wise.

In a second article, in which it is proved that Englishmen and Germans ought to be very good friends, the *Saturday Review* observes that 'Germany gave us the Reformation, and England can never forget the debt.' Considering that the Reformation has pretty well destroyed Christianity in Germany, that even Rationalists now speak of it with contempt, while a multitude of the Anglican clergy announce that the very doctrines which it abolished were divinely true, the obligation is a doubtful one. Moreover, there are millions of Germans who think that all the gratitude ought to be on *their* side, since England converted their fathers to the Christian faith which Protestant Germany has cast out. To talk about the benefits of the Reformation at this day, when its utter failure is confessed by all but a few incorrigible fanatics, is an absurdity which the *Saturday Review* should leave to such critical journals as the *Rock* and the *Record*.

In a third article, which is a sympathising review of one of Balzac's worst books, we are told that French Legitimists, who include some of the most accomplished men in Europe, and whose chief orator is Monseigneur Dupanloup, have 'a dread of public education in general'—Balzac, who hated them, was sure of it—and only wish to 'make it safe by putting it into the hands of *les frères ignorantins*'! The citizens Ranc and Félix Pyat say the same thing every day, and will be grateful to the *Saturday Review* for repeating it. If the writers in that English print could be persuaded to consult *les frères ignorantins*, they might hear some things worth learning, and which

hereafter they will wish they had known. There are books more important to be read than those which are on the Index. The Catechism—of which a notorious infidel said in his last moments, that it was 'le seul livre qui ne mentait pas'—is one of them.

The last article which we will notice is on 'Protestant Propagandism in Rome.' It is worse than the other three put together. It does indeed reproach 'illiterate brawlers,' and denies that any good 'will be produced by the prating of self-constituted Apostles or the braying of a presumptuous Spurgeonism,' but its language about such mountebanks is eulogistic compared with what it says of the Church. It would be unprofitable to quote malignant nonsense, which only a Spurgeon could hear with approval, or a Cumming repeat without shame. 'More than half of the male urban population of Italy,' it says, 'is avowedly infidel.' We know a good deal more about Italy than the complacent Pharisee of the *Saturday Review*. There are, no doubt, a good many scoundrels in Italy, as there are in England, where the 'male urban population' is not very conspicuous for faith or virtue, but the majority are as profoundly Catholic as ever; and even those who affect to be infidel generally implore the succour of the Church at the hour of death, as not a few Garibaldians did after the battle of Mentana. The true sentiments of the people are so well known to the present rulers of Italy, that they dare not concede the universal suffrage which they pretend to admire, because they know it would turn them out of office in a month. We prefer the significant testimony of such men to the random assertions of the *Saturday Review*. They know that, on both sides of the Atlantic, wherever the human mind is free, and the State has not usurped the office of the Church, the Catholic faith is full of life and progress. They know it so well, that like our English journalists, they can only combat religion by misstatements and calumnies, or, like their friends in Prussia, by savage per-

secution, and would rather that citizens should be enslaved than that Catholics should be free.

No. IX.

CHRISTIAN UNITY—MODERN HISTORY—A VIEW OF RELIGION.

ONE of the ablest of our contemporaries devotes an article to the subject of Christian unity. It contains one truth and a multitude of errors. The writer is one of the contributors to the *Saturday Review*, and the truth which he confesses is the following: 'If there is an organic law of the Christian society to be traced in the New Testament, it is the law of unity.' Thus far we agree with him. The language of the New Testament, he admits, is clear and emphatic. The Apostles speak indeed of 'self-willed teachers,' but only in words of burning reprobation. They do not encourage the notion that it can ever be lawful to any member of the Christian society, in any age, or under any pretext, to violate the organic law of unity. Much less do they suggest that it can ever become a *duty* to do so. Yet this is what the writer in the *Saturday Review* wishes us to believe. The law of unity, he contends, exists only to be broken. He says it plainly. All founders of sects, ancient or modern, he remarks, 'must be supposed to have felt themselves bound *in conscience* to accept division and separation,'—that is, to create them,—'in order to maintain truth.' He assumes, therefore, like all Protestants, two things: (1) that the Church of God can become corrupt; and (2) that private individuals can tell with certainty when she has done so. The Church may easily err, but not they. And when she errs, they are able to correct her, which they do by founding a new church in opposition to her. Such is the idea of the Church and of Christian unity entertained by the *Saturday Review*.

As our contemporary appeals to the New Testament, we should like to ask in what part of it he finds any confirmation of this view? Where does it teach, or imply, that while the Church is liable to error, the founders of sects are not? If words mean anything, and the New Testament is not a mere unprofitable puzzle, it is absolutely certain that, in the judgment of the Apostles, the Church was divinely indefectible, and could never cease to the end of time to be 'the pillar and ground of the truth.' She was founded for no other purpose. It was because she was divine and imperishable that revolt against her was forbidden, and that schism was ranked by St. Paul with 'idolatry, witchcraft, and murder.' The obligation of Christian unity, which involves that of obedience, could not exist on any other supposition. How could Christians be bound to obey a fallible Church? If, therefore, the Church has no claim to universal obedience, or has forfeited it, as all sects declare, because she has become liable to error, unity is a chimera. Who can believe that her Founder values it, or wishes us to value it, if, as the Protestant theory supposes, He has taken no means to secure it? And why should we lament the religious divisions which, on that supposition, are equally innocent and inevitable?

It is idle, then, to talk of a 'law of unity' which everybody is at liberty to violate. Yet even the conscience of sectaries proclaims that the law exists! This is so evident, that the writer in the *Saturday Review* suggests a doubt whether separations from the Church would ever have taken place 'if those responsible for them had been able to look forward, and to see . . . . that the rent would be incurable.' They must have supposed, he imagines—'that, when the heat of a controversy or a quarrel had died away with the progress of time, the strong forces in Christianity tending to peace and union would resume their paramount influence; that broken ties would be knit together again; that good feeling and calm sense, to say nothing of Christian charity, would easily arrange differences; that

sects and minorities would run their course, and then be re-absorbed in the large public body from which they split off.'

If the founders of sects really indulged this vain expectation, which we have no reason to believe, they only betrayed their ignorance both of the nature of the Church and the nature of schism. If they had comprehended that to violate the law of unity, no matter on what plausible pretext, was to revolt against God, because it was to revolt against the authority which represents Him, they would rather have anticipated what has actually come to pass. Man does not sin with impunity. The inexorable penalty follows hard upon the offence. He only intended to commit one crime, and lo! he has already committed a second. The progress of every Christian sect has been from bad to worse. The founders of the Anglican Church, for example, did not become all at once what they were at the close of their career. They lost their hold of one truth after another. What Protestantism has become by degrees in Germany and Switzerland, everybody knows. When it was observed, a few years ago, that the 'reformers' would not recognise their own religious opinions in those which their heirs have adopted, a well-known French Protestant triumphantly replied: 'They would be ashamed of us if we had made no progress since their time.' It is perhaps more true of the sectary than of any other offender against God's law: 'The last state of that man shall be worse than the first.'

On the other hand, there is one Christian community, and only one, in which unity both of doctrine and discipline remains for ever unimpaired. In *that* community the promises of God have been fulfilled. It is not only the oldest and the largest in the world, but the only one which exists in all lands. The difficulty of preserving unity in a society so vast in extent, and so singular in composition, must evidently be greater, humanly speaking, than in purely local or national sects. Yet while the latter note with amazement their own increasing divisions, the

former, after an existence of eighteen centuries, is, if possible, more united than ever. A careful consideration of this incontestable fact should suffice to recall separated Christians to the law of obedience which they have broken. The contrast between their own chaotic disorder and the supernatural unity of the Church, evident to their own perception, suffices to condemn them. But men do not easily recover from revolt. The very profession of a new longing for unity, which is now heard in some of the existing sects, is rather a proof of impotent sorrow than of Christian sincerity. There is nothing in it of self-accusation. They lament their isolation, or pretend to do so, but do not cease to justify it. They accuse the Church, not themselves. They have fallen into revolt, but they announce that they intend to abide in it. Yet the *Saturday Review* wonders that schisms are not healed!

It is in a review of *Lectures on the Reunion of the Churches*, by Dr. Döllinger, that our weekly contemporary discusses the question of unity. He seriously accepts the pretensions of a man who is himself the author of the newest sect and the latest sedition in Christendom to be an apostle of *unity!* And he gives this description of his personal characteristics: 'Anxious as he is for reunion and sanguine of its possibility, he is so resolute and unflinching in his loyalty to truth that, when acquiescence in fraud and falsehood was the alternative, he deliberately chose to countenance by a fresh example the policy of separation. Truth is with him above the unity, the unity apparently unbroken and impregnable, of the most imposing portion of Christendom. The only reunion he will think of is one based on *definite and positive avowals of truth;* of that which ignores differences, and hides them under ambiguities and compromises, he will have none.'

When we consider that this conscientious lover of 'definite truth,' this ardent adversary of 'ambiguities and compromises,' was not long ago a leading figure in an assembly composed, as

its admirers boasted, of Jansenists, Armenians, Russians, Anglicans, French and German Protestants, and American Episcopalians,—and in which such a 'definite' theologian as Dean Stanley was associated with his presumably contrite accuser Dr. Wordsworth,—we have the clearest evidence of Dr. Döllinger's 'unflinching loyalty to truth.' This gentleman is so devoutly enamoured of 'truth,' and so 'resolute' in making any sacrifice to maintain it, that if anybody will consent to revile the Church and the Vicar of God, he will not inquire too curiously whether his creed is of one colour or another, whether he is an Armenian, a Jansenist, or a Protestant—a Michaud, a Stanley, or a Wordsworth. Let him only hate the Pope, and he shall be the welcome auxiliary of a man whom the *Saturday Review* gravely lauds as an almost fanatical partisan of definite truth and Christian unity.

It is true that our contemporary does not expect any result from his labours. We are entirely of the same opinion. Like all his predecessors—unless, as we hope, he should repent, and return to unity—the founder of the new sect and his disciples will only advance by degrees from bad to worse. They are on the fatal incline which leads to the abyss. If the *Saturday Review* laments, as it professes to do, 'the monstrous anomaly of the existing state of divisions of the Christian Church,' let it cease to praise those who make such divisions. It is not the Christian Church which is divided, or ever will be, but the sectaries, who justify their own vanity and lawlessness by the impudent plea, that God has given *them* wisdom to recover the 'truth' which He has not given *her* sense enough to maintain. If any one can believe this, he is beyond the reach of argument.

Yet the writer in the *Saturday Review*, who seems to believe it, not only recognises, with a happy inconsistency, the 'organic law of unity,' but declares that 'the existing state of divisions' is 'an anomaly which, familiar as it has become to us as an existing fact, no prescription can ever legitimate, *no ex-*

cuse can ever palliate as a fatal violation of the very idea of Christianity, and which is obviously and confessedly the poisonous influence for which there is no antidote, sapping its strength and arresting its advance.' It would be difficult to describe more impressively the effect of schism. But if schism is a negation of 'the very idea of Christianity,' shall we acquit those who are guilty of it? Our contemporary does more: he justifies them. The Catholic Church, he says, is tainted with 'fraud and imposture.' If so, she is purely human, has no authority to claim the obedience of Christians, and has neither the right nor the power to keep them in unity. But in that case, unity is impossible, and the eloquent lamentations of the *Saturday Review* have no meaning. Why should men obey what is no better than themselves? Once admit, with Protestants, that the Christian Church is liable to error and corruption, and the religious divisions which you affect to deplore are the true 'organic law' of that unfortunate society. You may confess that 'no excuse can ever palliate,' but you must admit in the same breath that no ingenuity can ever prevent them. They do not exist in the Catholic Church, though you pretend that she is false and corrupt. And this fact, which you cannot deny, is your condemnation. Either admit, then, that the true Church is divine, and abandon your divisions; or continue to insist that she is human, and cease to lament them.

We hear a good deal just now about 'modern history,' and its true place in the scheme of university education. We are far from undervaluing its importance, but we ask that it shall not be too wantonly inaccurate. We are not much instructed by histories in which all the facts are suppressed, and all the conclusions assumed. Journalistic history is apt to be of this kind. We should object to study history under the guidance of the Roman correspondent of the *Standard*. He handles it in this way. After quoting an eminent Italian writer, who regrets the *poca elevazione* of his countrymen, he cheerfully exclaims:

'It would not be difficult, I think, to show that the fatal tendency in question has been fostered, if not generated, by the teaching, during many generations, of Romanist morality and ethics.'

To us it seems that it would be very difficult to show anything of the kind. There may be in modern Italy some very indifferent specimens of humanity, but it is not the Catholic religion which has produced their 'want of elevation.' All the nations of Europe were formed by that religion, and some of them have displayed, during twenty centuries, a good deal of elevation. England herself, as Montalembert observes, was never so 'manly and independent' as when she was 'taught and governed by monks and priests.' The correspondent of the *Standard* is imperfectly acquainted with history. Perhaps we may even say that he is, like the foreign rabble in Rome, deficient in elevation.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is as severe on Christianity in general as the *Standard* is on 'Romanism' in particular. Like the *Saturday Review*, the evening journal regrets the 'religious differences which stand so prominently forward as impeding the great work of modern civilisation.' But it is religion which does all the mischief. And what is religion? If we 'analyse the feelings,' of those who profess it, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*,—'we shall commonly find them made up of many insignificant ingredients—obstinacy, which they call principle; acrimony, which they call zeal; subserviency, for the sake of peace, to the woman, and the woman's priestly adviser.' Take away obstinacy, acrimony, and subserviency, and the bugbear of religion disappears. Whether mankind at large would be any the better for losing it, the example of those who have already done so does not encourage us to believe. But we fancy it will survive all our English journals, however large their circulation, as it has survived more formidable adversaries.

No. X.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB—A DECLARATION OF WAR.

WHEN the wolf in the fable accused the lamb of disturbing the stream, it is generally felt that the reproach was unfounded; when he devoured the lamb, he candidly admitted that it was so. The part of the wolf is performed at this day, with considerable success, by Prince Bismarck and his royal confederate. If the lamb would only keep out of their way, nothing would persuade them to hurt it. They are, in fact, rather well-disposed towards the lamb; at least they were a short time ago, but the lamb has quite changed its nature, and become such a ferocious and untameable beast, in spite of its soft fleece and harmless teeth, that it must be muzzled first, and devoured afterwards. All this Prince Bismarck gravely related not long since to the Prussian law-makers. In other words, he told them, and perhaps they believed it, that up to the close of the war with France, he and his master were very amicably disposed towards the Pope and the Catholic Church. Prussia, he said, had ever been anxious to enjoy the 'support' of the latter in the defence of order; but, as the *Standard* epitomises his discourse, 'the Church will no longer support Prussia, so woe to the Church!' It is the lamb, as everybody perceives, who is in fault, and intolerably persecutes the wolf. Therefore let him be devoured. 'We believe,' observes the *Standard*, which on this occasion we are able to quote with pleasure, 'it is the first time that a statesman of any consequence has stated the terms of the alliance between Church and State with such exquisite cynicism, not to say effrontery.' How impudent the pretext of the Prussian wolf is, even our Protestant contemporary candidly admits. 'We confess we do not know,' he says, 'what the Pope has done since the close of the war to give umbrage to Germany.' The Syllabus, he pertinently adds, 'has nearly ten years over its head,

and the Vatican Council broke up before a shot was fired between France and Germany.' It was not, therefore, any new dogma, pretension, or policy, which irritated the German wolf. He thought he would like to devour the lamb, and that was all. But he had another motive, besides the natural craving of a robust appetite. If he had proposed to make this agreeable repast, continues the *Standard*, 'in the name and on behalf of Conservatism, we entertain no doubt that a howl of disapprobation would have been raised in this country;' but 'Prince Bismarck has discerned what is the name to conjure with. Prosecute, proscribe, supervise, *in the name of Liberalism*, and you are safe from obloquy.' 'The odium of the legislation now directed against the liberty of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in Germany,' concludes our contemporary, does not fall on the friends of order and wise government. The persecution is simply a concession to that cruel and subversive faction which is striving in all lands to remodel society on a pagan basis, and which Cæsar finds it his interest to conciliate. The Prussian wolf proposes to devour the lamb in order to propitiate other beasts of prey. He confesses it, and, as the *Standard* remarks, 'we are grateful to the Prussian statesman for his frankness.'

Prince Bismarck's Sovereign is another sort of person, and influenced by other motives. Though he has not the reputation for very great wisdom, he does not deceive himself about the gravity of the course upon which he has entered, nor its doubtful issue. He has misgivings, but he is said to tell his friends that he has 'a mission from God,' and that it is his appointed task 'to destroy the Catholic religion.' He is quite capable of thinking so. Prince Bismarck, to do him justice, does not quote Scripture like his master. He is content to devour his lamb, and does not care to flavour it with texts, or any other spiritual sauce. He makes a mistake, but not the same as his Emperor. The delusion of the latter is, that God is on his side; the de-

lusion of the former, that he can do without God. In a little while both will be making sad reflections over their common blunder. There have been plenty of Bismarcks in former times, but they all came to a bad end. If the Church were a human institution, like the Anglican Establishment, or the Luthero-Evangelical sect of Prussia, Prince Bismarck might easily prevail against her; but as she is the Bride of Christ, he can do her no harm. The Roman Cæsars, the Arian, the Vandal, and the Moslem, all tried their hand in turn, and all failed, and passed away. The promise still stands: 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against her.' Prince Bismarck may do a great deal of mischief, and cause a great deal of suffering; but when his prisons are full of bishops and priests, and he thinks he is just about to triumph,—when he has destroyed every Conservative element in Prussia, and sapped the foundations of his new empire,—the hand of God will smite him, as it has smitten others as daring, and in the dismal land beyond the great gulf, unless repentance saves him, he will be saying, with all his fellows who have persecuted the Church of God, '*Ergo erravimus!*'

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is improving. Hitherto it was content to rail at Christianity; now it proposes to abolish by brute force all positive religion, and all who presume to teach or receive it. It is intolerable that any one, Catholic or Protestant, should dare to believe more than the *Pall Mall Gazette*. This excess must be curbed. It is only when all the wolves shall have devoured all the lambs that we can hope for peace. And the *Pall Mall Gazette* issues invitations to the colossal banquet. 'There is a creed in this country,' says the writer whom we are going to quote, which is that of 'the enormous majority of rational men, whatever their nominal religion may be.' Let us see what these very superior Englishmen believe. 'This creed is that religion is matter of opinion and probability; that whoever claims to know much more about it than other people, and in particular whoever claims to be the exclusive guardian and

authorised interpreter of a Divine revelation, is condemned *ipso facto*, and that the fact that he makes such pretensions disentitles him to any advantages which he may claim from public authority.'

Any Christian, therefore, of whatever sect or school, who dreams that religion is anything more than 'a matter of opinion,' or foolishly supposes that it has any 'authorised interpreter,' or criminally strives to obey the Divine command, 'Hear the Church,' must be incontinently banished beyond the pale of civilisation, and 'condemned *ipso facto*.' But of course this organ of 'rational men' proposes a special penal code for 'Ultramontanes.' Other Christians, since they are always fighting together, may be safely left to the inevitable process of mutual extermination; but these abominable Ultramontanes, with their confounded 'unity, and the distinctness of their creed,' are horribly unpleasant people, and must be presently made an end of. For, you see, 'even here,' in our sublime England, the very cradle of 'rational men,' 'the Ultramontanes are strong enough to turn the scale on all sorts of questions, and, as we are told on all sides, the Pope is able to turn Mr. Gladstone out of office.'

For such offenders there ought clearly to be no mercy, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* decrees, as the Supreme Pontiff or Grand Lama of unbelief, in the following picturesque proclamation. It is like an echo from 'the flowery land,' and ought to terminate with the Chinese formula: 'Hear and tremble.' Let our readers listen respectfully to the English Mandarin. He is not to be trifled with. 'An inarticulate growl is to be heard in many quarters, which one day may swell into a roar, to this effect: "Well, if you must have it, you shall have it. If we must either submit to you or cast off a great deal which we have hitherto treated with civility, our choice will not be difficult. Whatever may be true, you and your creed are unquestionably false; and by the heavens above and the earth beneath

—nay, by the breeches pocket and all that therein is—we will not only not be bullied by you, but we will consider very seriously how far we are justified in allowing you to bully your dupes."'

We miss the point here, because when our amiable friend has got rid of the teachers, why should he be solicitous about their disciples? But let us take breath, and go on again. 'Once in its history the English nation had occasion to express in an emphatic way its opinion of the Pope and all his works. If it is baited beyond a certain point, it will be apt to express the same opinion still more emphatically and with a wider sweep; and if it does, it is to be hoped it will make much cleaner work than it did before.'

Compared with this energetic performer, even our old friend *Bombastes Furioso* was tame, languid, and spiritless. We hardly know whether to admire most his cool impudence or his malignant ferocity. The whole article which we have quoted is more like the howl of a wild beast than the articulate speech of 'rational men.' But it shows us what we may expect from unbelieving 'Liberals.' These men have such a frantic hatred of positive religion, that they would like to strangle all who profess it. They are so tormented by the evil spirit, whom they serve and obey without knowing it, that they tear their hair and scream at the sight of a believer. It is the 'unity'—of which the old pagans said in despair, '*execranda est ista consensio!*'—and the 'distinctness of creed,' which enrages them. It is so unlike anything to which they are able to attain themselves! But they exaggerate when they talk of the 'enormous majority of rational men' who share their opinions. A few creedless lawyers or conceited essayists may read the *Pall Mall Gazette* with sympathy; but the honest people of England still desire to be Christian. If there is a fact at this hour which is visible and palpable, it is this: that Englishmen are not receding from, but approaching every day, the faith of their fathers. Tens of

thousands, in all parts of the country, already profess to hold every Catholic truth save one, and that one—submission to the Holy See—they will soon learn. God, who has done so much for them, will do this also. And as to the authority of the Vicar of Christ, confessed for eighteen centuries by the ablest as well as the purest of our race, it is so unclouded at this day, that even the *Journal des Débats* proclaims it with sorrow in these words: 'We desire to take note in what a degree the spiritual power of the Church of Rome has augmented, in exact proportion to the diminution of its temporal power; we wish to point out that never has the Pope been more of a sovereign, more of a dictator, more omnipotent, than since he only rules over the faithful, and no longer over subjects.'

Let the wolf of the *Pall Mall Gazette* consent to forego his banquet, and leave the lambs alone. They number two hundred millions, and their number is constantly increasing. The world cannot spare them. Before long, all religious Protestants, of whatever school, will ask to lie down in their fold. If there must be a slaughter and a feast, let the wolves devour one another. They will come to that at last, and the shepherd will pasture his flock in peace. Meanwhile, the almost maniacal violence of the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* does not surprise us. The marvellous unity of Catholics, and the unexampled growth of Catholic opinion and sentiment outside the Church, especially in free nations such as England and the United States, point to an approaching era of revived faith. All that bad men could do to arrest this movement, and to stifle the voice of the Church, has been done, and the only result is, that she is stronger than ever. As reason cannot overcome her, it is now proposed to crush her by brute force. We know from what quarter that suggestion comes. The powers of darkness are enraged, and have inspired their human allies with their own fury. 'Violence is the only weapon that remains to us,' is now the ignoble confession of a vulgar and godless Liberal-

ism. If religious men, voluntary exiles from the communion of Saints, do not wish to labour in vain, and waste their gifts in the service of sects which are doomed to extinction, they will see in the savage menaces of unbelief only a new call to unity. Involuntary auxiliaries of the reprobate, their zeal and their virtues only add strength to the enemies of God and the Church. Their life is a contradiction, and their warfare a delusion. Their true place is in the Church, from which, in an evil hour, their fathers fell away. She invites them once more, not for her own sake, but for theirs. It is only within the fold that the flock is in safety. The wolf rages outside, but cannot enter. Why do our Anglican friends refuse to come into the ark? In a little while it may be too late, and the flood will have swept them away.

No. XI.

CHURCH AND STATE.

In order to explain their new zeal for the supremacy of the secular authority, our contemporaries find it convenient to assert that the spiritual has changed its nature. This pretext will do as well as any other. The essential thing is to glorify Cæsarism, whether it be embodied in a man or a mob, in the German Emperor or the Swiss Federal Council. We are told, therefore, that the Christian Church has become in our age a 'political power,' aggressive and domineering. It is even a permanent menace to the liberties of mankind, though for many ages it was their only source and fountain. If we ask when the change occurred, our journalists do not agree in their reply. It is not necessary that they should. The sort of people whom they are able to influence are not so exacting. The *Daily News* is quite sure that it was the Vatican Council and 'the Dogma of Papal Infallibility' which did all the mischief. 'The Council swept away the constitution of the Church, established an auto-

cracy in its stead, and proclaimed war against modern civilisation with all its rights and liberties. Once more it is made manifest by the Ultramontanism of the nineteenth century that what the Roman Curia claims is not religious liberty or equality, but a paramount and undivided ecclesiastical, or rather sacerdotal, supremacy. In the religious world, history does certainly repeat itself; for what is this but a revival of the old struggle which during nearly six centuries was the curse of Europe—the contest between the Papacy and the Empire?'

The contest is, in fact, much older. It dates from the foundation of Christianity. 'If thou release this man,' was the argument which finally prevailed with Pilate, '*thou art not Cæsar's friend.*' It is a very 'old struggle,' this combat between Cæsar and Christ, as the *Daily News* partly perceives. The Jews talked exactly like our modern statesmen and journalists. When they rejected their Saviour, they did it to honour Cæsar. 'Whosoever maketh himself a king,' they said, 'speaketh against Cæsar.' The *Daily News* says exactly the same thing, but with less brevity. And so the Jews crucified their Messiah, in the hope that Cæsar would be good to them. The day came when he repaid their homage by razing their temple to the ground, slaughtering their men, and selling their women into slavery. Cæsar often pays his debts in this fashion.

Our modern Secularists are not even original. In fighting against the spiritual authority, established by God for the healing of the nations, they only imitate the perfidious Jews. They resemble them also in contradicting one another, as false witnesses are apt to do. It was the Council, according to the *Daily News*, which 'established an autocracy.' Not at all, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with greater truth, for it existed long before. In a recent article on the Nuns of Port-Royal the evening journal observes that they were persons 'to whom the idea of denying the Papal Infallibility had never occurred even as a possibility.' The dogma to which the *Daily News* attri-

butes such baneful effects, far from being new, is, in fact, as old as Christianity. It dates from the hour in which the Most High conferred the gift of doctrinal infallibility upon St. Peter and his successors. Without that gift the Church could not have lasted ten years, but would have become a mere discordant sect, like the English Establishment, in which every man believes just what he pleases.

There is then nothing new, as the *Daily News* imagines, either in the teaching or the attitude of the Church, for she is eternally incapable of change. The action of the Church upon human society, now as in all past ages, is simply the application of the precepts of the Gospel to civil communities. This is the whole of her pretended *imperium*, and her intrusion into the temporal sphere. She cannot resign her authority, because she holds it from God. What the *Daily News* angrily calls her 'sacerdotal supremacy' is nothing but the discharge of her Divine commission to 'teach all nations.' If they refuse to be taught that is their affair. It is quite open to them to do so. Men are free to disobey God, and therefore free to revolt against His Church. But they had better not. They will find Cæsar a more imperious master. And when they proceed, like the Jews, to set up a Cross, and dabble their hands in blood, and try to overcome by brutal persecution what they cannot combat by reason, and pretend to do all this in the name of 'liberty' and the rights of Cæsar, they are both odious and absurd. Our countrymen will see more and more clearly, though perhaps they may see it too late, that nothing but the Catholic Church can save them either from the tyranny of their own passions, or the cynical oppression of Cæsarism, or the ruthless domination of Secularists and infidels. It is the last especially whom they have reason to fear, because, with all their profession of toleration and liberalism, unbelievers are at this day the most aggressive and intolerant sect on earth. 'The despotism of doubt,' as the *Standard* observed a few days ago, 'is greater than the

despotism of dogma,' and the mental character which its archpriests desire to form in this nation, says the same journal, is the 'most hopeless and absolute slavery to which the mind of man ever sold itself.' Yet the very men who would gladly enslave us, and rob us of all that makes life endurable, talk impudently of the 'encroachments' of the spiritual authority, and say to those who have found liberty in the Church, 'Thou art not Cæsar's friend.'

And there are people foolish enough to believe them. The net is spread before their eyes, and they run into it of their own accord. That unbelievers, who care only to be 'Cæsar's friend,' with such salary as he may choose to give them, should revile the Church, is intelligible; they hate true liberty, and therefore hate its divinely appointed guardian. But that religious Protestants, who profess to honour 'the Kingship of Christ,' and believe that He is our only Lord and Master, should become the allies of such oppressors, and consent to cry with the Jews, 'We have no King but Cæsar,' this is one of the most disastrous fruits of the so-called Reformation. When they have accepted secular education, under the false idea that it will produce 'religious equality,' and the land is covered with 'Godless colleges' and tyrannical 'School-Boards,' and all the ingenious apparatus with which a pagan Cæsarism seeks to crush liberty and stifle conscience, they will perhaps begin to suspect too late that the religion which made England free for a thousand years, founded the very institutions to which she owes her national life, and enriched her with the pure gold which she has since bartered for the spurious coin of Liberalism and unbelief, was a surer defence of both civil and religious freedom than any of its debased substitutes.

Even Cæsar will find, what recent chapters of European history might have already taught him, that it is better to have the Vicar of Christ on his side than against him. The Pontifical throne is the foundation of all others; and whereas our

pretended Liberals tell their dupes that Catholics are necessarily disloyal, because they honour Christ more than Cæsar, all human records prove that it is Catholics alone, in every land, who are, or can be, good citizens and loyal subjects. The principles of their religion compel them to be so. Are they Catholics who, in England or elsewhere, whisper sedition and suggest revolution? They must first have abandoned their faith before they can do either. If long-oppressed Ireland turns a deaf ear to the solicitations of the demagogue, it is because her Hierarchy, in unison with the Supreme Pontiff, have only words of censure for those 'secret societies' which men do not enter till they have departed from the Church, and upon which the latter pronounces her solemn anathema. When the Canadians were urged to rebel against the Crown, it was the clergy who saved the Dominion, and, as Lord Durham reported officially to his Government, 'the Sulpicians were England's vicegerents.' Even in Catholic Poland, where rebellion might have seemed to be almost a duty, it was the Vicar of Christ who was foremost to counsel patience and resignation. On the other hand, when the Protestants of Ireland found their iniquitous supremacy menaced, their pretended loyalty was proved by insulting the Queen, and by threats of rebellion. In Germany also, where a blind tyranny finds a momentary support in a Godless Liberalism, which flatters Cæsarism in order to secure ulterior objects, the formidable allies of Prince Bismarck will one day prove his worst foes. He will find too late that in persecuting Catholics in order to propitiate Radicals, he has silenced the only teachers of true loyalty, and abandoned the new empire to conspirators who will help him to fetter the Church, only that it may become easier to destroy the State. When they have got rid of a Divine authority, they will make short work of a human one.

Yet even men who still profess respect for order and religion repeat every day, with the enemies of both, that the Church,

whatever services she may have rendered in times past, is implacably hostile to 'modern society.' By this euphemistic phrase they designate what the Bible calls 'the world.' We should like to ask them when the Church was *not* the enemy of the world? What else should she be? If she could become its friend, she would cease to be the Church. The sects may make alliance with the world, for they belong to it, yet even they will gain nothing by doing so. As the *Saturday Review* observes, with allusion to the frantic article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of which the writer has since thought it prudent to eat his words: 'The tendency of Radicalism is more and more to treat those who hold *any* definite religious belief as natural and irreconcilable enemies. . . . The writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* is obliged to give a definition of Ultramontanism which includes every religion which has any genuine title to be called a religion. . . . In other words, every religion that has ever exercised any influence over mankind is the natural enemy of the State.' Such is the inevitable outcome of that pagan Cæsarism, whose advocates cynically avow, like the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that the State has a better title to human love and devotion 'than any Church whatever.' Even the Jews, though friends of Cæsar, would have stoned the preachers of such a doctrine.

But our lovers of 'modern society' go a long way beyond the Jews. The humane orator of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who would set all England on fire if only Christianity could be stifled in the general conflagration, has not only hinted that unbelievers should put down believers by brute force,—though he now denies having 'suggested anything so absurd,'—but that the constitution should be suspended so as to deprive Catholics of the common rights of citizens. Alluding to the prospect of fifty or sixty Irish votes being secured at the next election for 'the twin principles of Religious Education and Home Rule,' he suggests with glee to the Dublin *Freeman* that

'the disgust and indignation excited by such tactics might unite all parties against both Ultramontanism and Home Rule with a vigour and earnestness which would perhaps surprise it.' In other words, it shall be lawful to coal-owners, railway magnates, delegates of trades-unions, or anybody else, to combine their own forces in Parliament for their own selfish aims, and generally to the injury of the public; but if Catholics presume to unite, with no more felonious purpose than to secure Christian education for their children, and to obtain for Ireland what the English press applauded when Hungary obtained it from Austria, 'disgust and indignation' shall deprive *them* even of the constitutional rights which our political system concedes to the partisans of every private interest, and the champions of every local faction. To such excess of injustice hatred of religion impels our Radicals and Infidels. Happily, England is not yet abandoned to such masters. As the *Spectator* rebukes the fanaticism of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which it leniently calls 'nonsensical bounce,' and the *Saturday Review* exposes its true character, so the *Times* observes that: 'It is the boast of our Legislature to represent *everybody*. Every opinion, every belief, every tongue, every social element is represented in the House of Commons. Of course, then, the Ultramontane party will be there represented as much as any other party which has secured a hold upon a class or district.'

The *Times* would have no objection to abolish 'Ultramontanism,' if it had the power to do so, as it would have no objection to defend it, if that were a popular proceeding; but it is not yet prepared to subvert the Constitution in order to obtain such an unprofitable result. The leading journal is not so blinded by hatred of religion as to forget, like the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that when Englishmen were all Catholics, the nation was both free and powerful, and perhaps secretly suspects that the Apostolic admonition, 'Fear God, Honour the King,' does not involve what the world calls a 'divided allegiance,' but

rather imposes a double duty, of which the second part will be most scrupulously performed by those who observe the first. Religion, as the Apostle teaches, is the basis of loyalty.

No. XII.

CATHOLICISM AND REPUBLICANISM—AMERICAN AND ENGLISH JOURNALISM.

A CORRESPONDENT is good enough to call our attention to a recent article in the *Anglo-American Times*. He seems to have been struck with its tone of candour and moderation. In this respect it certainly contrasts with the rude intemperance of the English press. It is an honourable distinction of American journalists that, with a few notable exceptions, due probably to the presence of an English or Scotch element, they display little or nothing of the malice and violence which in our land appear to be deemed meritorious. They can speak with decency of the religion which they do not themselves profess. They know that all Europe owes to that religion both its Christianity and its civilisation, and they perceive that it is still the most potent moral influence in this lower world. The higher classes in the United States habitually entrust the education of their children, in spite of the ineffectual protests of some of their own ministers, to Catholic teachers, and they do so because no other teachers inspire them with equal confidence. Even Mr. Ward Beecher, the type of prosperous American preachers, announces to his congregation, that if he gets to heaven, he expects to meet the Pope there. And his congregation see nothing extravagant in the anticipation. They have very odd opinions in religious matters, but they do not call the Pope Antichrist, nor suppose that Catholics are either serfs or idolators. They leave nonsense of that kind to the English.

The article in the *Anglo-American Times* is entitled 'Ca-

tholicism and Republicanism.' The ardent nationalism of our American friends, which is perhaps not more conspicuous in them, nor more mischievous, than in some of the older communities of Europe, impels them to regard the progress of the faith chiefly in its probable effects upon their own institutions. 'We are of the class,' says our contemporary, 'who consider that Catholicism is hostile to liberty and progress,'—he has probably acquired that delusion in England,—'and is therefore inimical to the institutions of the United States.' Thus far he resembles the contributors to the *Standard*, the *Daily News*, or the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but in the next sentence he shows how little the American Protestant has in common with such writers. He may share unavoidably their ignorance of the true effect of Catholic dogma on the liberties of mankind, of which it is the only impregnable defence, but he is quite willing to admit that he is perhaps in error. Which of our self-complacent journalists would add, as he does, such a confession as the following? 'We have lived long enough to have learned that it is to *the other side* we should give careful attention, rather than to our own; that it is presumption in any man, or in any class, to dogmatise, as if the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, had been confided to his or their keeping.' For such intelligent modesty, which has both moral and intellectual merit, the journalistic Boanerges of these favoured isles has no esteem. He does not trouble himself about 'the other side.' He has a clear conviction that there ought not to be any other side. 'Nothing tends more,' says our American contemporary, 'to make men tolerant, than the careful consideration of what the other side has to say.' Nothing is more superfluous, replies our English journalist. The best plan is to pay no attention to the other side. Besides, it saves time. If we are to weigh the arguments of those from whom we differ, and endeavour to deal with them fairly and justly, we shall have to think before we begin to write. But we have no leisure to think. Our

newspaper must appear at a certain hour, and our personal contribution to its columns must be ready. It is quite enough to produce what our readers like, without troubling ourselves about 'the other side.' There is evidently a marked contrast between this view of the subject and that which is put forth by our American contemporary.

The advantages of a free and unrestricted press are of course incontestable. Who ventures to dispute them? Yet it is lawful to wish that they were still more complete. In spite of the enormous merits of our journalists, they have perhaps some trifling defects. There is not always an exact proportion between the end at which they aim and their means of attaining it. They have not even any special training for the office of public guides and teachers. Any one who can write a given quantity of sentences in an hour thinks himself qualified to write in a newspaper, and considering what most of our newspapers are, we are far from disputing it. He also thinks himself qualified, not only to write, but to pronounce a peremptory judgment upon any subject whatever. This appears to us excessive. In our universities we do not find that the same man professes Greek, moral philosophy, music, medicine, and geology at the same time. He would not have many pupils if he did. But our journalists profess all these subjects at once, and fifty more. They are strongest, however, in the sphere of religion and morals. In theology nothing is too hard for them. Perhaps they do not even believe in Christianity; perhaps they are Pantheists, Materialists, Sadducees. But this makes no difference. A scholar who had spent most of his life in the study of Greek, if he were suddenly asked to give an opinion about the planet Saturn, or the flora of Japan, would probably reply: 'I know nothing about it.' And no one would think the worse of him. Such modesty has no place in the mind of the journalist. He is supposed, by virtue of his office, to know everything. And he acts as if the supposition were true. Especially is his know-

ledge universal, his judgment unfailing, in all which relates to religion. It is probably for this reason that, day after day, our newspapers pronounce confident decisions upon all Churches, all doctrines, and all religious policies. And the merit of these decisions is enhanced by the delicacy of phrase, and tenderness of spirit, with which they are announced. Thus the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which does not care much about 'the other side,' and does not admit that it has any right to exist, calls the parliamentary opponents of Mr. Fawcett's Bill 'a docile band of Ministerial Mamelukes,' and complains that they 'mass themselves with Cardinal Cullen's Janissaries.' 'The Irish Ultramontane members,' says the same eloquent journal, 'dislike the Bill because it "cuts the ground from under their venal agitations, and their traffic in noisy disloyalty."' In such appropriate fashion 'the other side' is promptly and decisively extinguished. They may have a good deal to say on their own behalf, but nobody wants to hear it. In the same way the *Saturday Review*, though not hostile to every form of Christianity, as its admirable article on Mr. Matthew Arnold's latest work proved, dismisses the Catholic religion in a sentence as 'the superstition which gives his dangerous foothold to the priest.' Another article in the same number, alluding to a recent speech of the Archbishop of Westminster, affects to suppose that he 'wishes to see both Houses of the Legislature abolished,' and calls his avowal that he 'cares nothing about politics,' in which he probably resembles the first teachers of Christianity, 'political scepticism.' We should have thought this a compliment, but it is intended to be a severe reproach. Week after week, and day by day, floods of this shallow and intemperate rhetoric are poured out, and still the stream flows on. And the people maintain their confidence in such teachers. Yet even in matters of fact, to say nothing of principles, our journalists are always contradicting themselves and one another. In the last six weeks we have carefully noted the telegraphic reports con-

tained in one of our daily papers, and have found that out of thirty-four pieces of intelligence communicated to the public during that period, twenty-seven were retracted in its own columns. They give the lie to themselves with the same reckless composure as to 'the other side.' Thus the *Standard*, after reporting twenty times the fictitious atrocities of the Spanish priest, Santa Cruz, without a hint of their wild improbability, winds up the history with this remarkable confession: 'The cruelties set down to the account of the priest Santa Cruz have probably no foundation but the disappointed and vindictive humour of those who find themselves baffled by the persistent activity of thousands of hardy and fanatical mountaineers.'

It is pleasant to turn from the partial and violent judgments of the English press to the more sober and candid style of our American contemporary. His article is suggested by the reissue of a well-known Quarterly Review, of which the venerable editor, as he truly observes, 'has long occupied a distinguished place in American literature.' Dr. Brownson, in the first number of the revived periodical, ventures to tell his fellow-citizens that, unless they become Catholics, 'the Republic is doomed,' and of course gives his reasons for that opinion. The *Anglo-American Times* quotes the following passage: 'I confess, therefore, though my interest in my country and countrymen is as great as ever, I do not consider it a high compliment to be credited with an intense Americanism. Where the people are Catholic and submissive to the law of God, as declared and applied by the Vicar of Christ and supreme pastor of the Church, democracy may be a good form of government; but combined with Protestantism or infidelity in the people, its inevitable tendency is to lower the standard of morality, to enfeeble intellect, to abase character, and to retard civilisation, as even our short American experience amply proves. Our Republic may have had a material expansion and growth; but every observ-

ing and reflecting American, whose memory goes back, as mine does, over fifty years, sees that in all else it is tending downward, and is on the declivity to utter barbarism.'

A few years ago, the Republic of the United States had no more enthusiastic champion than Dr. Brownson, and it is creditable to his critic that he can notice the modification of his opinions without anger or abuse. 'The tendency of young countries possessing large tracts in a state of nature,' he observes, 'is towards materialism.' Their characteristic is 'intense self-reliance,' which is opposed to 'veneration and reverence.' The influence of New England Puritanism has died out, and the prevailing sentiment, he adds, 'has doubtless produced a materialism hostile to spirituality, which it would have been well to have checked. So far we agree with the *Quarterly*.' But our contemporary makes his reserves. It would be far better, he thinks, that the States should be Catholic than Materialistic, but 'Catholicism is in its essence opposed to free thought,' and 'we cannot conceive a Republic the citizens of which are by priests termed "good Catholics."' Here are two considerable mistakes. Catholicism permits and encourages freedom of thought in every matter which has not been already decided by a Divine authority, and even this limitation, far from restraining true liberty, does but secure it, by preserving us from error and delusion. Man is not free so long as he is subject to be imposed upon by every untruth which human fraud or ignorance can suggest, and Catholics alone are safe from such ignominious bondage. As to the second point, we know a good many American priests who are perfectly satisfied with the piety and devotion of their flocks, and have not the slightest doubt that it is possible to be at the same time a 'good Catholic' and a sincere Republican. The doctrine of 'Divine Right,' our contemporary adds, 'has been the ridicule of Republicanism,' but 'always upheld by the Catholic Church.' He will perhaps be surprised to hear that it is a doctrine invented by Protest-

ants, and always scouted by Catholic theologians. St. Thomas, Suarez, and Bellarmine would tell our American friend that the sovereignty of the people, when they are, as Dr. Brownson says, 'submissive to the law of God,' is the only one existing directly and immediately by Divine Right, and that forms of government are determined, not by ecclesiastical or any higher law, but 'by the will of the people.' It is true that most Catholics think, as do most Protestants, that monarchy tends to order and liberty, Republicanism to corruption and tyranny, but this is a long way from the foolish idea that only Kings reign by Divine Right.

We are glad to learn, in conclusion, that 'the pendulum,' after swinging from enthusiasm to materialism, 'is now going back, and there are signs that it goes in the Roman Catholic rather than in the Puritan direction.' In this fact, as Dr. Brownson says, is the only hope for the United States. The liberties of that rising country, as of older ones, will be secured exactly in proportion to the progress and influence of the Catholic faith, and the resistance which that faith alone enables men to offer to a brutal Cæsarism, whether lodged in a mob or an autocrat. If our contemporary desires, as we do, the welfare of the American Union, he will wish, when he knows a little more of Catholic theology, that the alliance of Republicanism with Catholicism may become more intimate, so that the human may be fortified by the Divine, and thus saved from the ruin which nothing but the healing power of the Church can avert.

No. XIII.

THE BLESSINGS OF A FREE PRESS.

TWICE within a week the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been compelled, by force of public opinion, to retract unbecoming language. It does not add to the dignity of the Press that the necessity should have arisen. We have already alluded to the first occasion, when the *Spectator* rebuked the 'nonsensical bounce' of our evening contemporary; the later instance deserves perhaps a moment's notice, before it is added to the common heap of forgotten journalistic blunders.

An intemperate writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* accused 'the Irish Ultramontane members' of 'venal agitation,' and 'traffic in noisy disloyalty.' Nobody is really ignorant, though Mr. Disraeli affected to be, what such writers mean by 'Ultramontane.' Mr. Bernal Osborne gave the true interpretation of the word when he said, with the marked concurrence of the House: 'It is one of those big words which are forged on these occasions;' and then added: 'A set of Roman Catholic gentlemen, who vote as honourably and as conscientiously as their Protestant fellow-countrymen, have been grossly insulted.' It was intended to insult them, as everybody in the House understood; and the question arose whether the offence should be treated as a Breach of Privilege. Mr. Disraeli, who has spent his time in fabricating more or less ingenious epigrams, thought it a suitable occasion for a joke, and made one. The author of *Coningsby* and *Lothair* was not rewarded with success. As the *Saturday Review* pertinently observes, 'Jocosity *needs* success to be pardoned, and this jocose mode of shirking the question failed to please.' It only provoked remonstrance. 'If a man's honour is attacked,' replied the Attorney-General, 'it is not a matter to be got rid of by a joke.' The leader of the Opposition should bear this in mind. It may be useful to him hereafter.

His ill-timed jest was fitly rebuked by the 'cheers' with which the House responded to the statement of Mr. Agar-Ellis: 'We must all agree that the language which has been read from the table is, to say nothing more, disgraceful.' 'It is,' said Mr. Bernal Osborne, 'an insulting article, and let it be treated with the contempt it deserves.' 'It is totally unjust and unfounded,' added Mr. Gladstone; and his censure was still more cutting when he remarked, apologetically, that 'the intemperate expressions' of newspaper-writers are probably due to the fact that they 'often write very quickly.' Mr. Munster has every reason to be satisfied with the debate, and with its result. The *Pall Mall Gazette* prudently disavows its indiscreet contributor, and his 'rude, ill-chosen words,' confessing itself 'obliged to end with an admission that the language complained of was too rough and ungracious, and such as would not have been allowed to pass but for a rare, brief, and accidental failure of editorial supervision.'

Our readers may perhaps imagine that this incident, following so closely upon a similar one, will suggest wholesome doubts of the good taste, discretion, and general infallibility of our magisterial journalists, who guide public opinion with such rare wisdom, and instruct it with such unfailing truth. Upon the gentlemen of the Press it produces exactly the opposite impression. It only confirms *them* in the conviction of their own immunity from error, and of the unspeakable benefit which they confer upon human society. In jubilant chorus they proclaim their enormous superiority over mankind in general, and the evident necessity that they should continue to say, without hindrance from Churches, Courts, or Parliaments, just what they please. The discomfiture of the *Pall Mall Gazette* only augments their serene self-confidence, and enlarges their claims to a more complete emancipation from the vulgar restraints by which poets, artists, orators, preachers, and statesmen, consent to be fettered. They are quite unanimous in this view of the

subject. 'The freedom of the press,' says the *Morning Post*, nobly conscious of its own services to humanity, 'is still more valuable to the interests of the country than the privileges of Parliament;' and perhaps the ladies who read the agreeable record of their own movements in the pages of that eminent journal are of the same opinion. In fact the freedom of the press, though some people may not know it, is 'the strongest safeguard of the general welfare.' This is so clear, that 'it may be doubted whether in *any* case the privileges of Parliament should be invoked against the press.' Such is the doctrine of the *Morning Post*. Let Parliament and its privileges be lost, but—to parody the verse of Lord John Manners—'leave us still our *Morning Post*.'

The *Morning Advertiser*, the very superior organ of the Licensed Victuallers, appreciates in jaunty and defiant terms the merits of the press in general, and its own merits in particular. It 'reminds' the House of Commons, and all whom it may concern, 'that futile and arbitrary attempts to interfere with the liberty of the press in free countries are not likely to succeed, except in rendering their authors ridiculous.' Let the House of Commons reverently weigh that suggestion. Things 'would have come to a pretty pass indeed,' adds our contemporary, if the very distinguished persons who are so good as to teach mankind in the columns of newspapers, and are so well qualified to do it, were not at liberty to use language which foolish members of Parliament ignorantly described as 'grossly insulting,' 'disgraceful,' and, as Mr. Gladstone observed, 'totally unjust and unfounded.' The only possible breach of privilege which anybody can commit in our time is to question the right of journalists to say anything they please. As the *Daily News* impressively puts it: 'A printer at the bar of the House of Commons is now nearly as much of an anomaly as a printer in the pillory.'

It is evident, then, that whatever blessings modern society

may consent to forfeit, and it is losing a good many with great composure, it cannot too carefully preserve 'the liberty of the press.' Therein lies, the *Morning Post* assures us, 'the strongest safeguard of the general welfare.' Parliaments, Churches, and Statutes, are very well in their way, but only on condition that their mistakes are corrected, and their defects repaired, by the newspapers. It is true that the *Saturday Review* told us not long ago, and very nearly convinced us, that nothing tends to debase the intellect like the habitual study of newspapers. It is true, moreover, that their writers are always correcting and contradicting one another, and put forth every day totally different opinions on every imaginable subject, philosophy, history, religion, and politics. But this no more diminishes their imaginary claims to be the universal teachers of mankind, than the profession of twenty different creeds in the Establishment impairs its shadowy title to be the 'National' Church. They have, however, one feature in common, in which they resemble that valuable institution, that they agree in hostility to the Catholic faith, and in describing the Catholic Church as the special adversary of freedom and enlightenment. If they knew the nature of either as well as they imagine, their verdict would perhaps be decisive.

They are, however, in fact, no more the friends of liberty than the Church is its enemy. 'Their conception of freedom,' as the *Saturday Review* says of the Nonconformists, 'is found to include a considerable degree of interference and coercion with regard to others.' It might almost be said of them, as Burke said of the New England Puritans, that 'they have no notion of freedom at all.' And for the most part they have quite as little notion of either courtesy or Christian charity, especially in dealing with Catholics. They can only repeat, day after day, idle calumnies, contradicted by the whole course of history, while they refuse to take any notice of any fact or argument which tells against them. A distinguished living

Rationalist, Mr. Lecky, candidly confesses, like many writers of the same school in other lands, that 'the authority of the Pope' was undeniably 'favourable to liberty,' while the grossest forms of tyranny and oppression were introduced by the so-called Reformation. The contrast is due to the fact, that the authority of the Church is founded on that of God, and limited by the precepts of the Gospel, and therefore leads directly to secure true liberty, as far as it is possible to creatures; while the pretended liberty which people out of the Church attempt to snatch for themselves is simply an ignoble bondage to the arbitrary whims of a sect or a school, the coarse caprices of Cæsarism, or the tyranny of their own passions and prejudices. St. Peter described this familiar delusion long ago, when he spoke of those who 'promise liberty, while they themselves are slaves.' At this day, and in our own country,—in one or two lands they still know how to keep ambitious journalists in their proper place,—the most tenacious of all popular superstitions is this, that the 'liberty of the press' is, as the *Post* teaches, 'the strongest safeguard of the general welfare.' As the liberty of the press appears to mean the right of every one to utter any absurdity, on any subject whatever,—to teach before he has learned,—to revile what he does not understand,—and to pour forth crude opinions to the confusion of all who accept him as a guide; we cannot conceive what possible connection there can be between the general welfare and such 'liberty.' It seems to us, on the contrary, a sound maxim, that no man has a right to mislead his fellow-creatures, stimulate their prejudices, foster their imperfections, or perpetuate their divisions. Yet this seems to be the most evident result of the liberty of the press. It is sometimes said indeed that a sufficient check to the license of journalists is supplied by 'public opinion;' but when that opinion is itself blind or corrupt,—and no one pretends that mankind in general are conspicuous for wisdom,—it is precisely the most noxious newspapers which best represent it. Public

opinion in England leans to the idea that the Christian Church is hostile to liberty, and the press is chiefly occupied in confirming the delusion, to the extreme detriment of the 'general welfare.' The Church is hostile to the liberty of mankind exactly in the same sense that God is, and in no other. If she refuses to tolerate error, this only secures her own children in truth; if she warns them not to obey false teachers, she does so to preserve them from bondage. She is in fact the sole guardian of the liberties of mankind, and nations have always been free—as our own was many ages before the 'Reformation'—exactly in proportion to her influence over them. When, therefore, our newspapers reproach the Church as unfriendly to freedom, they deceive themselves and their readers. The very limitations which she assigns to the liberty of the creature are precisely those which secure the largest possible measure of it. And men despise her laws, which they are quite free to do, from the same motive which makes them revolt against the law of God. We have heard of a gentleman who explained his continual absence from the parish church by the candid observation that he 'objected to the Ten Commandments,' and considered them personal. We are reminded of this ingenuous parishioner whenever we open a newspaper. It is intolerable to our journalists that there should be any authority in the world which represents God and speaks in His name. Its voice is odious, for it reminds them of duty and of judgment to come. It dares even to warn men against the 'liberty of the press,' which Gregory XVI. called 'impious,' and Pius IX. 'ruinous.' It is probably too late to restrain it now, and no one proposes to accomplish that salutary but impossible work. But this is only an additional reason for wishing, in the interest of the 'general welfare,' that gentlemen who write in the press would submit to the same laws which control teachers appointed only after adequate proof of capacity,—decline to write about things which they do not understand, and acquire at least so much knowledge

of history as to master the elementary truth that the Catholic Church has been in all ages the only efficient guardian of human liberties—the only invincible antagonist of human tyrants.

No. XIV.

CÆSARISM AND JOURNALISM — CÆSAR ON THE BENCH — THE IRISH SYNOD—THE ENGLISH CONVOCATION.

THE English panegyrist of Cæsarism has just now a difficult task. He told us not long ago that the State has better titles to our veneration 'than any Church whatever,' and still more recently that it alone is qualified to 'form the mind and character.' The old pagans would perhaps have accepted the first proposition; but even they would have disputed the second. Our contemporary now gives us a powerful motive for rejecting both. In a report on the 'Press Regulations in Germany,' suggested by an article in the *Cologne Gazette*, he says a good deal to discourage, perhaps inadvertently, the unlimited admiration of Cæsarism to which he is in the habit of exhorting us. Some years ago Mr. Mayhew observed, in his work on modern Germany, that while its people boast that they gave the world both Protestantism and printing, Germany has profited very little by either, since it is now 'without a creed, and without a free press.' This has always been one of the motives of our own slight esteem for Protestantism, that wherever it has free course it is sure to kill religion on the one hand, and liberty of thought on the other. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, the chief pontiff in England of revived Cæsarism, calls our attention to a fresh proof of the fact.

The censorship of the press, of which we are for our part more disposed to lament the excessive tenderness than the rare and exceptional stringency, has been confided in Germany to the police. Formerly it was committed to officials, who at least

possessed a certain cultivation of mind, and were not wholly removed from the salutary influence of public opinion. We are not surprised to learn that our German colleagues of the press do not rejoice in the change of system. It certainly appears to produce unpleasant results. A copy of every newspaper must now be sent to the police 'at least an hour before it is published.' If the members of that useful public force detect, or think they detect, any objectionable matter, they suspend the publication provisionally. There is no appeal, and remonstrance is received with contempt, when it does not provoke a sterner menace.

'Even supposing that a favourable judgment is delivered in four days after the paper has been seized (observes the *Cologne Gazette*) and the confiscated copies are returned, what can a publisher do with 10,000 copies of a paper four days old? The political news had to be republished on the day of the seizure; most of the advertisements are obsolete; and thus the loss falls on all concerned—the staff, the advertisers, and the subscribers. . . . When the censorship existed all the articles of a paper were sent to the censors on slips. The censor then erased either whole articles, or, which happened much more frequently, single passages in them. The passages objected to had to be taken out and replaced by others; and this was all the material loss suffered by the proprietors of the paper. Under the present system, on the other hand, thousands of copies of a newspaper are confiscated perhaps on account of a few lines; and besides this, the responsible editor is brought to trial, has to go through a long and costly action at law, and is threatened with fines and imprisonment. The censors, too, were educated men, while the suppression of a paper now often rests in the hands of a subordinate official of the local police.'

A particular example will make the matter clearer, and perhaps attract the sympathies of our readers towards Cæsarism. About Christmas 1870, the *Voss Gazette* in Berlin was confis-

cated, says the *Pall Mall*, together with eleven extra sheets, consisting mostly of advertisements. As the advertisers were chiefly tradesmen, 'to whom advertisements are of the greatest importance at Christmas time,' much loss and inconvenience was occasioned. The editor supplicated the chief of the police to relax his grip at least of the extra sheets, which could hardly contain anything obnoxious to Cæsar or injurious to the State. A haughty rebuke was all that he gained by his petition, nor has he any idea at this hour why his newspaper was seized. 'The police of course attains its object,' adds the *Cologne Gazette*, 'by suppressing the paper without waiting for a judicial decision, for it is a matter of perfect indifference when an article, whose importance may have depended entirely on the day when it was to appear, is declared innocent by a court of appeal six months afterwards.'

Cæsarism has no doubt its attractive features, since the able writer in the *Pall Mall* is ravished in beholding them, but we incline to the opinion that if one of his own eloquent contributions were ignorantly confiscated by policeman X 140, without any thought of the benefit which the human race might derive from it, his enthusiastic devotion to the State would be sensibly diminished; yet if the State has the right, as he so often contends, to dragoon the Church, with what force can he argue that it has no right to fetter the Press? If it would only confine its tyranny to the correction of journalists our own resentment would be greatly mollified, but since it justly claims, according to our contemporary, 'to form the mind,' he at least has no right to complain if it deals with journalists as it does with priests. Perhaps a little reflection on this point may induce the writer in the *Pall Mall* to reconsider the whole subject of Cæsarism.

There would be more hope of his changing his opinion but for the satisfaction which he has just derived from the action of the State in the Case of Mr. O'Keeffe. He does indeed suggest

that 'the language of the Chief Justice (Whiteside) might have been more or less toned down,' in which opinion he is probably not quite alone; but that language proves that 'the free Church' invented by the defunct Cavour 'is in fact a subject of the State, like a free railway company or a free joint-stock bank,' and this he considers an ideally perfect arrangement. If the Church were a newspaper he would think otherwise, for although, as he observes, 'the State and its laws are the unquestioned and unquestionable masters of the Church,' it does not follow that their dominion includes the more valuable property of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. As to the point at issue in this particular trial, we will only say that the doctrine of St. Paul, who would not hear of Christians appealing to a worldly tribunal,—in spiritual cases he did not even suppose it possible,—was not that of the *Pall Mall* or of Mr. O'Keeffe. The former will differ from the Apostle without any misgiving, but the day will come when the latter will regret that he appealed to Cæsar against the Church. It is to be observed, however, that when a similar case occurred about two years ago in the diocese of Scranton (Pennsylvania), the Court of Appeal, though composed of Protestants, decided that it was not open to a priest—the plaintiff was in this case also an Irishman—to repudiate his contract with his bishop, and therefore ruled that he must submit to his authority. In the United States they do not think much of Cæsar.

The *perfervidum ingenium* of the Irish is just now displayed to much advantage in the Dublin Protestant Synod. 'There are disquieting rumours afloat,' says the Irish correspondent of the *Standard*, 'as to the discontent of certain of the bishops with the course matters are taking.' They have certainly some reason for apprehension, and they probably regret that disestablishment has brought into such very clear light the fundamental differences of religious opinion in a Church which they wish, but evidently do not expect, to save from ruin and chaos. 'In the meantime,' adds the correspondent, 'the Dublin pulpits on

Sundays are occupied by clergymen who preach doctrine as various as the most comprehensive principle could admit in an extreme of charity and toleration.'

When the Church of England is disestablished in its turn, we shall see still more curious results. The dogmatic unity of Anglicanism, which is one of its most persuasive charms, and, we suppose, the clearest proof of its descent from the 'Primitive Church' in which it professes to see its own portrait, was effectively illustrated the other day in the Upper House of Convocation. A petition was presented to the Anglican bishops, signed by nearly 500 clergymen, 'praying for the issue of special licenses to clergymen to receive sacramental confession.' As these gentlemen, or some of them, have been hearing confessions for some years past, not only without any license, and without asking for any, but even in other dioceses than their own, it is probable that their petition was not inspired by the tardy conviction that episcopal sanction was necessary to the validity of their acts. We have often reminded them in the columns of this journal that even a true priest has no authority to hear confession, until he has received, in addition to his orders, the faculties which only a true bishop can convey. We should be glad to think that they have at length arrived at such a conception of the office of the Christian priest as to admit that, whatever else he may be, he cannot be his own bishop. But if they expected to derive any encouragement from the successors of Parker, the illusion has been rudely dispelled. The Archbishop of Canterbury assured the public the other day that 'not one' of the bishops was friendly to Ritualism, and it now appears that they are equally hostile to Confession. The Bishop of London, in whose diocese the practice chiefly prevails, is so little disposed to grant the license which his clergy have hitherto deemed superfluous, that he bluntly rejected the petition 'which their lordships were not prepared to sanction.' The Archbishop of Canterbury said 'he had revoked Mr. Poole's license for using sacramental confession

when he was Bishop of London, and should not hesitate to do the same in a like case.' He had indeed so little respect for the petitioners that he added, with unusual severity, 'they would like to entrap their lordships into saying something sanctioning the practice.' It is due to their lordships to say that the trap was set in vain. The Bishop of Salisbury, nobly disdainful of the practice of the whole Christian Church, and even of the separated Greek, Russian, and Oriental communities, said that 'habitual confession was unholy, illegal, and full of mischief,' from which we infer that it has no existence in the Protestant diocese of Salisbury. The Bishop of Ely was of opinion that 'there ought to be some check upon persons who, without any authority whatever, constituted themselves the confessors of a whole neighbourhood.' It might, perhaps, have occurred to him that gentlemen who treat with contempt the authority of the Catholic Church, with his entire approval, were not likely to care much for his own. The Bishop of Rochester, who lamented that 'the evil was spreading far and wide,' insisted that 'some steps ought to be taken to restrain' the authors of it, and 'instead of considering how to issue licenses for the purpose of hearing confessions, he should prefer considering how to put an end to a practice which was disapproved of by all their lordships.' Whether the laity who go to confession will be impressed by this unanimous condemnation of their bishops we cannot tell, but we are afraid it will produce no effect whatever upon the clergy. They will probably continue to be a Church to themselves, and to ridicule their bishops in the future as they have done in the past. The Bishop of Peterborough thought that 'if their lordships attempted to remove the evil of irregular and unauthorised confessions by appointing duly authorised persons to the office, they would be merely destroying one evil by the substitution of another and a greater one;' and this very striking view of the subject the Bishop of Winchester, who saw which way the stream was going, cordially adopted: 'He entirely

agreed,' says the report, 'with every word that had fallen from the Bishop of Peterborough,' and added, perhaps superfluously, that 'they must take care not to encourage the spread of that which was doing great mischief at the present time.' It is in such language that the bishops of the Established Church speak of a practice recognised as part of the Divine scheme for the salvation of souls by every Church except their own, and which some of its most pious members wish to introduce in a sect where it has never had a home in the past, and where it is reviled by all its chief authorities in the present. It is not too late for members of the Church of England to make the following reflection. Confession is either good or evil. If evil, why do they practise it? If good, why do their bishops condemn it?

No. XV.

ANGLICAN CONFESSION—THE *PALL MALL GAZETTE* ON CANON LAW—THE FOURTH ESTATE.

We have anticipated with a certain interest the comments of the Ritualistic organs on the latest manifesto of the Anglican Bishops. Not that we expected any amount of heretical teaching on the part of those gentlemen, whether about confession or anything else, would open their eyes to the real character of their sect. There is no reason why it should. As they believe that the Church founded by God may be divided into various hostile communities, and defiled by any number of grievous corruptions—upon which devout plea they defend their own revolt against her—they may easily believe also that all her Bishops may be heretics. There is nothing, therefore, to disturb their tranquil composure, or to suggest a still meaner opinion of the Christian Church than that which they already avow, in the fact that the rulers of their own sect condemn with so much vehemence the practice of confession, that one of the

most eminent of their number, the Bishop of Lichfield, could only relieve his mind by saying that 'he would rather resign his office than hold it, if he supposed he was giving young men the right to practise habitual confession.' The Bishop of Salisbury thought the practice 'unholy, illegal, and full of mischief;' and the general concurrence of the whole body of Bishops in this view of the matter was so apparent, that the Archbishop of Canterbury was encouraged to say, amid general tokens of sympathy, that 'the *evil* of habitual confession should not be allowed to go on for want of the attention of the Bishops.'

We turn to the *Church Review*, to see how the Ritualistic clergy appreciate this new evidence of the 'Catholicity' of their communion. We did not doubt that men who think it a small matter to despise the admonitions of Catholic Bishops would be serenely indifferent to the worst errors of their own. The clergy of this school are, in fact, Presbyterians of the most advanced type; and no Scotch Covenanter ever professed a deeper disdain of 'Prelacy' as an accursed thing than they who affect to revere it as a Divine institution. The only difference between the two classes of rebels is, that the Scotch revile men whom they consider intrusive usurpers, while the Anglicans upbraid those whom they affect to call successors of the Apostles. As these so-called Bishops never go to confession themselves, and are not likely to do so, the *Church Review* considers that 'setting up their opinions against "those who do" is utterly monstrous, and the extreme of presumption.' Perhaps it is, but we think the accused prelates could retort the charge with considerable effect. They might ask, for example, if habitual confession is such a salutary discipline, and so essential to a healthy spiritual life, how it was that for many generations nobody ever thought of practising it in the Established Church? They might inquire further, and some of them showed a disposition to do so, what can surpass the 'presumption' of administering the sacrament of penance, so tardily revived, without any authority what-

ever, or the pretence of it, and in spite of the declaration of the Archbishop of Canterbury, for himself and all his colleagues, that 'every one of them reprobated the practice'? Anything more 'utterly monstrous' than thus to become a church to themselves, these worthy Bishops might reply, and for every raw curate to act as if he combined in his own person all the authority of the Popes and all the prerogatives of the Patriarchs, it was impossible to conceive. Nor could the case be much improved by the solitary example of an Anglican confession, which the *Church Review* is able to record, and which it calls, with infelicitous emphasis, 'the celebrated case of Hooker and Saravia.' If it could have cited a better one, this lamentable example would hardly have been selected. Considering that Saravia, even on Ritualistic principles, was both a layman and a heretic, the fact that Hooker made his dying confession to him rather than to an Anglican minister does not seem to be a precedent which the *Church Review* can consistently approve. At all events, the Bishops whom it condemns might triumphantly respond, that if any Methodist or Calvinist, like Saravia, who has never received episcopal ordination, can absolve people from their sins, it was idle to petition their lordships to 'license' anybody to do what, in the judgment of Hooker, a layman could do as effectually as a priest. But apparently the *Church Review* is a good deal more lenient in the matter of Christian doctrine than its profession of 'Catholic' principles would have led us to suppose. Its writers can remain in peaceful communion with Bishops who call that evil which they call good, and will perhaps be able to give in the day of account an excellent reason for doing so; but we were hardly prepared, in spite of our familiarity with their constant betrayal of truths which they profess to revere as sacred, for such an illustration of it as the following, which occurs in the same number of the *Church Review*. After quoting the new rubric adopted by the 'Irish Synod,' which is to be appended to the Baptismal Ser-

vice, and which permits the members of the Anglo-Irish sect to deny that the grace of regeneration 'is received by all who receive baptism, or that they who receive such grace do of necessity receive it at the time of the administration of that holy ordinance'—our Ritualistic contemporary offers an unexpected comment. 'Was ever,' he asks, 'anything more ridiculous?' The absurdity of the new rubric appears to ourselves its least obnoxious feature; but the *Church Review* has a right to its own estimate of this valuable appendage to the Anglican Prayer-Book. No doubt it is difficult to conceive 'anything more ridiculous' than the whole history of either the English or the Irish Protestant sects; and if any man can believe that such chaotic communities, in which the clergy lead their Bishops, and both clergy and laity believe exactly what they please, are a part of that Church which was founded on Peter, and which was to be to the end of time 'the pillar and ground of the truth,' we can only say, in the words of one of her greatest saints: *Quod ludibrium de ecclesia facis!*

From the *Church Review* to the *Pall Mall Gazette* is not so abrupt a transition as some people might suppose. The view which the latter entertains of the Christian Church is not a whit more disparaging than that which the former defends in every number. If we believed with the *Church Review* that the Church can be divided into various hostile sections, that all the Apostolic Sees 'have erred even in matters of faith,' and that it is a Christian duty to communicate with heretical Bishops, we should cordially agree with the *Pall Mall Gazette* that Christianity is a farce, and that the sooner the Church is subjected absolutely to the State the better. As we do not believe anything of the kind, but are firmly assured that the true Church is utterly incapable either of division or error, and that, as St. Cyprian said, 'adulterari non potest sponsa Christi,' we reject with the same abhorrence the opinions of the *Church Review* and those of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, because we fail to see any essential difference

between them. Both are equally fatal to the claims of the Christian Church as the teacher of the nations; for a Church which is liable, as all Anglicans contend, to division, corruption, and error, is simply a human sect, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* has nothing worse to say of it. In their criticism of the Church, her pontiffs and her decrees, both display the same malignity and the same ignorance of her true nature. There is nothing to choose between them. Perhaps the *Pall Mall* is the least criminal of the two, for at least it does not dishonour the Christian Church under the pretence of defending Christian doctrine. The *Pall Mall* offered lately some observations on the Conference of the German Bishops at Fulda. As they are contending only for truth and liberty, and say to Prince Bismarck what their great chief said to the Jews and Pharisees, 'we cannot obey men rather than God,' they are not likely to be approved by our evening contemporary. 'Their answer,' he says, 'to the Legislature and the Government, is a decided and somewhat defiant "Non possumus."' What else should it be? Did he imagine that true Bishops, who derive their office from God and their jurisdiction from his Vicar, would be terrified by foolish menaces of fine, imprisonment, or death? These men are not hirelings, but shepherds of the flock of Christ; and if Prince Bismarck chooses to make Prussia the China of Europe, the Catholic prelates and clergy will deal with it as a missionary country, evangelise it as the Apostles did Greece and Rome, and lay down their lives in the work, if called to do so, as St. Peter and St. Paul did before them. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, and all who share its opinions, may cry once more *Christianos ad leones*, but we venture to predict that the lions will be tired first. 'The Prussian Bishops,' he continues, 'have replied to the ecclesiastical laws by which the supremacy of the Government is applied to the Churches by reasserting the absolute supremacy of the Pope,' which is equivalent, he considers, to placing the Church 'under a pure despotism.' When people write about

what they do not understand, they are likely to make blunders of this kind. 'Canon law,' he adds, 'is obviously held to be of no effect.' What these words mean we do not know, nor the writer in the *Pall Mall* either. They are a specimen of the random talk which is thought weighty enough in discussing such subjects. The susceptibility of the *Pall Mall* about encroachments on canon law, and its admonition to the Bishops to respect its authority, are very impressive. It would be ungenerous to ask him what precept of canon law either the Pope or the Bishops propose to violate, and he would probably reply that when he talks nonsense he is not obliged to give it a meaning.

Journalism has already done what the Prussian bureaucrats are only trying to do, and has full possession of that universal supremacy which the Bismarcks and Falks of our day wish to claim for the State. Mr. J. A. Froude described the other day its claims and pretensions. 'We cannot,' he said, 'contemplate an intelligent existence without newspapers;' from which we conclude that Bacon, Milton, and Newton, to say nothing of all the other sages of the past, only vegetated. 'The functions which now belong to the press,' he added, 'were once exercised by the Roman Catholic Church.' But she was only the precursor of an illuminating power far greater than her own. 'Who now sits in judgment on kings? Who arraigns ministers?' The newspapers. 'Who inflicts penitential discipline? Once offenders were made to . . . stand in white sheets in the church aisles. They escaped that form of penance, but they exchanged it for a worse.' The confession is instructive. And if we ask who are the omniscient judges who have assumed, in every sphere of life, 'the authority of the Church,' Mr. Froude will tell us. 'In other professions men learn their business first,' he says, but in the press 'the practice is just reversed. A young writer commences with sitting in judgment on others, and having served his time on the bench, descends to practise on his own account at the bar.' And it is such capable teachers

who are good enough to supply the world, for the first time in its long history, with 'an intelligent existence.' 'Of course,' he adds, they 'are all infallible, but then they are not unanimous.' In this respect, as in others, they far surpass the Church which they have superseded, for they give the public a privilege which she never allowed, and permit it to choose among many equally infallible guides the one it likes best. In spite of these merits, they are not quite faultless, and perhaps are hardly equal to discharge all the functions 'once exercised by the Roman Catholic Church.' The *Standard*, for example, which is itself an efficient substitute for all possible churches, describes an Italian contemporary, the *Capitale*, as 'one of those prints which cause thoughtful men to doubt whether a free press be an institution having more of good than of evil in it.' Perhaps thoughtful men have also reason to doubt, with the permission of Mr. Froude, whether human society first awoke to 'an intelligent existence' under the guidance of men who, as he confesses, teach before they have learned, and sit on the bench before they have been called to the bar.

No. XVI.

QUARRELS OF UNBELIEVERS—APROPOS OF M. LITTRE—FREEDOM IN GERMANY — JOURNALISM IN EXCELSIS — A TEACHER OF RELIGION.

A LIVELY conflict has been raging in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette* between two conspicuous Agnostics, Mr. F. Harrison and Mr. J. F. Stephen. If they agree in wishing to put Christianity aside, they are far from agreeing what to put in its place. Mr. Harrison ridicules Mr. Stephen for believing in such exploded fictions as 'hell' and 'everlasting damnation.' Not at all, replies Mr. Stephen, who resents such an impeachment of his critical faculty, and tells his readers 'why Mr. Harrison flings those words at my head.' He does it because 'he is so

thoroughly determined to scout the idea of any future state at all,' whereas Mr. Stephen wishes to leave it an open question. When a scientific colleague told M. Babinet, of the Institute, that there was no God, the latter replied: 'You are more advanced than I am, for I know nothing whatever about it.' Mr. Harrison in like manner is more advanced than Mr. Stephen, but not much. The common idea of everlasting damnation, the latter says, is one 'which most educated men reject.' It is a common practice of writers in the *Pall Mall* to assume that most educated men will agree with them, and this delusion appears to afford them much satisfaction. Mr. Stephen insists that you may believe in some sort of retribution in the next world without believing in hell, and that all who deny this view of the matter are just as much 'fanatics' as they who affirm that 'unless you swallow whole the most extreme form of the Roman Catholic creed you have no right to believe in God.' Catholics are so far from holding such an opinion, as Mr. Stephen imagines, that they are bound by a decision of the Holy See to believe that reason is able by itself to find out God. Mr. Stephen may know something of law, but he knows nothing whatever of religion. When he is provoked to talk about it, he would answer, if he were wise, as M. Babinet did, 'Je n'en sais rien du tout.' But a newspaper writer must pretend that he knows everything. Of the two combatants we prefer Mr. Harrison; he at least is not a blind worshipper of Cæsarism, nor a fanatical reviler of the Catholic religion. Of both of them it may be said, as Hugh Miller said of Lord George Gordon and his mob: 'They were very bad Christians, but excellent Protestants.'

M. Littré, who believes in nothing whatever but himself, is naturally a hero to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. His reception the other day at the Academy afforded an occasion to the latter for a characteristic article. 'M. Champagny,' as the *Pall Mall* calls the Comte Franz de Champagny, apparently because the

latter is a Christian as well as a scholar, 'assured M. Littré that it was the writer and not the philosopher whom the Academy crowned, and then accused him of having placed the human intelligence under an interdict.' A good many educated people, not of the school of Mr. Stephen, are of opinion that that is the chief service which the human intelligence owes to unbelief. 'Be sure, sir,' added M. de Champagny, 'that humanity will retain its instincts, which not only require the world, but something more. Science strictly confined to the material element —that dry science which studies effects without going back to the Supreme Cause—will never suffice for humanity. Man requires another exercise and another satisfaction for his reason, other consolations for his life, other hopes for his sufferings.' It was very indiscreet in M. de Champagny to remind the old infidel of such truths, and the *Pall Mall* hastens to add, with evident satisfaction, that 'the Republican papers,' whose writers are such excellent judges, 'speak very harshly of this academical sermon,' which does not surprise us, and that 'M. Littré listened with a good deal of impatience,' which surprises us still less. But the *Pall Mall* has a word of comfort for its afflicted friend. 'It may be some consolation to the new Academician,' the writer observes, 'that while every one knows M. Littré, hardly any one knows M. Champagny.' He is at all events well enough known to have been elected a member of the French Academy long before M. Littré, and if the contributors to the *Pall Mall* are not acquainted with *Les Césars*, *Rome et la Judée*, and *Les Antonins*, the sooner they remove their ignorance the better.

Our thanks are due, however, to the *Pall Mall* for calling our attention to the progress of liberty in Germany. The new Government Press Bill will perhaps startle our English Liberals, and may even shake their faith in Prince Bismarck. 'The German Parliament,' says our evening contemporary, 'will hardly stultify itself by passing the bill as it stands.' We would advise the *Pall Mall* not to be too sure on that point. People

who gag the Church generally end by being gagged themselves. It certainly seems a very nice bill. 'Its effect would be to introduce in the Empire a system of press surveillance and press prosecutions which would leave little or no room for liberty in giving expression to any opinions unacceptable to the Government.' One of its clauses, we are told, 'places the whole intellectual life of the country at the mercy of the Government.' 'This law,' says the *Börsen Zeitung* of Berlin, 'is arbitrary enough to please an Oriental Ruler;' but as it was elaborated before the late visit of the Shah of Persia, he cannot be supposed to have had any hand in it. German Liberals must make the best of it. They have so cordially approved the Chancellor's persecution of the Church that they cannot complain if he persecutes themselves. Some years ago Mr. Laing observed that the Catholic Church was 'the only safeguard of liberty in Prussia against the encroachments of the State.' German Protestants are beginning to make the same reflection. A few years more of the William and Bismarck *régime* will suffice to convince them; and then tumult and revolution, with all their horrors, will avenge the Church for the follies of her enemies. Where she is honoured, liberty is safe, and nowhere else. 'Cease, I beseech thee,' wrote the great Confessor Hosius, the glory of the Nicene Council, to the over-zealous and presumptuous Constantine, 'and remember that thou art a mortal man. Fear the day of judgment. Keep thyself clean against that day. Thrust not thyself forward into ecclesiastical matters, nor be thou the man to charge us in them; rather learn thou thyself from us.' Constantine and Theodosius were rulers of another stamp than the Emperor William and Bismarck. We wish the Germans joy of their masters. The Church would have saved liberty in Germany, but her people preferred to be, as Mr. Laing said, 'slaves, of enslaved minds.' They have got what they asked for.

The *Saturday Review*, which differs from the *Pall Mall* as

Mr. Stephen differs from Mr. Harrison, says of the Prussian Ecclesiastical Laws, that they 'are a negation of every claim which the Romish Church'—it says 'Romish'—'makes in its dealings with the State.' As the Church claims only what the Apostles claimed, the right to 'obey God rather than man,' and lived on excellent terms with the State for a good many centuries as long as that fundamental right was admitted, to the great profit and contentment of human society, the pretence that she is now claiming something new is a transparent falsehood, as the writers in the *Saturday Review* very well know. The Church always claimed, for example, the right to educate her own clergy, and Prince Bismarck claims that the State should do it for her. If he had lived in the days of St. Peter or St. Paul, we can fancy what they would have said to him. His new law, as the *Saturday Review* observes, apparently with approval, 'insists that priests shall be Germans'—we do not remember that the people of Corinth or Athens ever told St. Paul that he was not a Greek—'with a German lay education, and with their minds full of German philosophy'—which is of twenty different kinds, all contradicting one another—'German history, and German literature;' and its effect will be that 'the State will interfere with the priest at every turn, and will exercise over him a ceaseless control.' In other words, if Prince Bismarck can have his way, the priesthood shall be a department of the police, and religion a branch of German philosophy. But Prince Bismarck will not have his way. To-morrow or the next day they will put him in a grave, and he will be standing alone, with none to help him, before the face of Him who said of the Church, and has kept His promise: 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against her.'

The *Saturday Review*, for which no subject is too high or too hard, and which would discuss the Nine Choirs of the Angels or the Beatific Vision, if it had a mind to do it, with as much composure as the Chipping Norton magistrates or the Spanish

'Intransigentes,' has an article on the Jesuits. Of course it knows all about them, as about everything else. But it uses its knowledge with a certain moderation. 'There is manifest absurdity,' it says, 'in charging them with habitually plotting against the welfare and happiness of mankind,' but then comes the usual nonsense that 'they have completely ruled Pius IX.,' which is totally untrue, and that they have also 'ruled the Roman Catholic Church for three centuries past, and have ruled it with a rod of iron.' We know a good many of them, in various countries, including some of the most eminent, and they would certainly be surprised to hear that they have done what they neither could do, nor ever dreamed of doing. They are quite content to save souls, and are less anxious to rule than to obey. The only influence which they exert now, or ever have exerted, is that which is inseparable from great piety, great zeal, and great devotion; and whereas the writer in the *Saturday Review* says that 'they aspired, as royal confessors,' especially in the time of Louis XIV., 'to shape the State policy of Europe,' the private correspondence of such men as Père la Chaise and Père le Tellier proves that they were always begging to be allowed to retire from Court, and that instead of attempting to 'fill the sees of the French Church with their nominees,' they not only refused all dignities for themselves, but had the smallest possible share in selecting others, and then only when the general interests of religion could be promoted by preventing some dangerous or injudicious appointment. The *Saturday Review* asks, 'Why does mankind so vehemently and persistently detest them?' The answer is very simple. All who really know, amounting to several millions throughout the world, love and respect them, and as to the rest, the Jesuits are true disciples of Him who has said: 'If they have hated Me, they will also hate you.'

There has been a conference 'to unite Evangelical Churchmen and Nonconformists.' The *Standard* does not approve it.

'There is room and verge enough,' it says, 'within the Church of England for High, Low, and Broad.' Evidently there is, and for a good many more too; and the argument of the *Standard* is: 'Since you all believe just what you like, what more do you want?' In its own words, 'the Church of England tolerates diversities of doctrine to an extent witnessed in no other Church,' which is perfectly true, 'and thus corresponds to its obligations as the teacher of religion to the nation.' But people a little more particular about religion ask: 'How can a Church be called a *teacher* which teaches so many different religions at once?' We have no idea what answer the *Standard* would give them.

No. XVII.

A NEW FESTIVAL — AN OLD ONE — CONSISTENT LEGISLATION — HISTORICAL PARADOX.

SEVERAL of our contemporaries notice, but without comment, as if they did not quite know what to make of it, the quasi-celebration of the Feast of Corpus Christi in certain Anglican churches. Angry, puzzled, or amused, they take refuge in a discreet silence. Even the *Pall Mall Gazette* displays an unwonted reserve. Perhaps it occurred to the able managers of that instructive journal, which continually announces that 'all educated men' are renouncing Catholic doctrines and principles, that their ostentatious revival, even in an English sect which had been Protestant for three hundred years, was an unpleasant contradiction of its favourite thesis. This is the first reflection which the incident suggests to ourselves, but it is not the only one. The revival of long-banished truths, coarsely reviled during many generations by all Anglican Bishops and ministers, and which the Church of England had contrived to abolish with such complete success, that until the other day they were as little esteemed in her community as in Tartary or Tibet, is no doubt a notable fact. It proves, in spite of the

loquacity of false prophets, that the power of such truths is undiminished, and their vitality unquenchable, since they are beginning to prevail once more even in the cradle-land of religious prejudice and ignorance. But it proves a good deal more than this. Considering what has been the uniform history of the Church of England—that its formularies have been altered again and again, as Anglican Bishops have lately argued, in order to exclude more effectually the very truths which are now being revived—and that the whole body of Anglican literature has been a tumultuous chorus of malediction against them, it is difficult to imagine a more impressive condemnation of that guilty sect, or a more triumphant vindication of the Church against which her founders impiously rebelled, than is contained in these tardy retractations of the High Church and Ritualistic clergy. If ever there were impenitent sectaries of whom it might be justly said, 'Out of thine own mouth do I condemn thee,' they may be found in England at this day. When one of them tells his congregation, as reported in the *Standard* of the 16th, that 'the marvellous work of the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar,' of which the Church of England had destroyed even the memory, is to be ranked with the twin prodigies of Creation and Redemption; that 'this was why the Feast of Corpus Christi and the Sacrament were so dear to Catholics;' and that 'every time the Sacred Host was lifted'—which the Anglican Rubric expressly prohibits—'they knew that Christ Jesus was evidently set forth and crucified amongst them;' we feel that such language in the mouth of an Anglican is as congruous and intelligible as if Scotch Presbyterians should begin to exalt the Apostolical Succession, or Salt Lake Mormons institute an annual festival in honour of monogamy. As the whole aim of the Church of England has been to obliterate the Christian Sacrifice—and the Mystery of the Altar has nowhere been more horribly outraged than within her fold—such a declaration by one of her clergy is not only the worst accusa-

tion which could be brought against her, but is an immeasurably more shocking profanation than is committed by his own Bishop when he ignorantly denies that there *is* any Sacred Host. And when we consider further that this audacious elevation of an imaginary Host is practised in spite of the formal prohibition of their own formularies, and the impotent remonstrance of their own ecclesiastical tribunals; and that in the very act of thus justifying the Catholic Church from the senseless calumnies of a sect to which they still adhere, they never cease to condemn that Church by new libels, and to exhort the unbelieving world by their own examples to mock her claims and defy her authority; they seem to us more lawless and self-willed in pretending to revive Catholic truths in a Protestant sect than their fellow-ministers are in reviling them. Such men, who make a jest of their own Church as well as of every other, 'neither go into the kingdom of heaven themselves, nor suffer others to enter' whom God is calling; and while they seek to restore the worship of the Catholic Church, after three centuries of persistent blasphemy, they reject with such scorn her compassionate admonitions, that to most of them St. Stephen might have said, as he said to their fathers in revolt: 'You stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, you always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do you also.'

It is curious that while our contemporaries record the spurious Anglican festival without comment, they have only derision for that of which it was a mere burlesque. The *Standard*, as everybody knows, is an eminently religious newspaper, adapted for 'Sunday reading' in pious families. Here is the way in which it describes the awful solemnity of the *Fête Dieu* —which it calls the *Fête de Dieu*—at Brussels. 'The place was kept clear'—it contrives to make a second blunder in the gender of this word, which it calls *Grand* Place—'by gendarmes, the crowd being immense. . . . but the manifestation had evidently been got up by ecclesiastical agents'—which seems to us

very likely, as it was their business to do it; and it must not be supposed that the 'immense crowd' cared anything about it, for 'there was no sign of spontaneity about the affair.' We should like to know what this gentleman means by spontaneity in a religious procession, but he is not likely to tell us. What a poor 'affair' it was, in spite of the immense crowd, was proved by this, that 'the decorations were only observable along the line of the procession.' Where else should they have been? And why does this gossiping reporter presume to write about things so far above him? What had this jester to do with the 'Fête de Dieu,' which he cannot even call by its right name? His fellow-reporter at Vienna is quite as modest, and almost as reverential. He confesses that even 'the attractions of the Exhibition were forgotten,' to do honour to the Mystery of God's love for man, and then falls into quips and jokes, as if he were describing the opening of the Holborn Viaduct, or the Odd Fellows at the Crystal Palace. The Emperor was there with uncovered head, followed by the archdukes, the nobles, and the generals of his army; 'all the shops were shut, all the theatres were closed, no newspapers published;' twenty-seven parishes were represented in the procession, and a vast multitude of devout worshippers followed their Sacramental King; but the *Standard* reporter, who could only grin and chatter in that august Presence, was so little impressed by what he had neither faith to adore nor sense to understand, that he could scoff at the 'tawdry banners,' and the 'clean-shaven hangers-on of the various churches,' and when he saw 'those symmetric centaurs, the Hungarian Life Guards,' could only ask, with the exquisite tact of a newspaper correspondent, 'Were they not out of place?' If they had been prancing in a Lord Mayor's Show, the effect would have been almost sublime, but as they were only escorting the King of kings, the whole affair was feeble and ridiculous. We have long inclined to the belief that 'our own correspondents' are of great use to society, especially in promoting reli-

gion, modesty, and good sense, and the more we read the *Standard* and the *Daily News*, to say nothing of the rest, the more we are convinced of it.

It is this conviction which leads us to sympathise with the 'Collective Protest of the Berlin Press,' against the legislation by which Prince Bismarck proposes to gag journalists, after attempting, with imperfect success, to gag Bishops. The Imperial Press Bill, these gentlemen observe, has made 'a painful impression upon the entire German people.' It is certainly calculated to do so. 'This bill,' they say, 'is in open contradiction with the fundamental principles of our public law.' Very likely; but as they applauded Prince Bismarck when he set aside the Constitution in order to crush the Church, why do they complain if he tramples it under foot in order to muzzle the press? If they told him he might lawfully take away the rights of Christians, why do they ask him to respect those of citizens? They have got what they deserved. People who say 'we have no king but Cæsar' have lost the right to complain when Cæsar takes them at their word. The German Liberals have cried so long, like the Jews, 'we will not have this man to reign over us,' that the master whom they invoked has got them in his cruel grip. It is the inevitable fate of men who fling away the liberty which the Church alone can give them to find too late that they have fallen under the iron rod of German Bismarcks, Russian Tsars, or, like the schismatical Greeks, the grim protection of Turkish Sultans.

In spite of the inappreciable benefits which we derive from newspapers, we are not prepared to say that Prince Bismarck's contemptuous estimate of them is wholly unfounded. We need not look very far for some justification of it. We know what Spain has come to, and we ignorantly supposed that her shameful condition was due to the greed and lawlessness of her self-elected rulers, the decay of faith and charity, and the too frequent examples of treason and apostasy which have demoralised

a once noble and Christian nation. It appears that we were mistaken. 'In Spain,' says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 'we see worked out to their ultimate results the effects of the extreme and consistent application of Papal theories of government.' That is the true explanation of the present ignominy of Spain. It is 'Papal theories,' whatever they may be, which have done all the mischief. The writers in the *Pall Mall Gazette* profess to know something of history, and we should like to ask them how it came to pass that Spain was the mightiest power in Europe precisely at the period when she was most profoundly Catholic, and most completely saturated with Papal theories? The Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Charles V., and even of Philip II., was in such a condition of glory and honour as few nations have ever rivalled; and it was exactly in proportion as she fell away from Catholic traditions, and became infected with the bastard maxims of 'modern thought,' that she descended from one infamy to another, till she became what she now is. The same thing is true of Portugal. The writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* should renew his acquaintance with history. If he is too much occupied in teaching to have leisure to learn, he will find an admirable summary of its lessons in a single sentence of the last number of the *Saturday Review*. 'The whole organisation of society,' says that journal, in an article on Spain, 'appears to be crumbling to ruin since the doctrine of disobedience has been acknowledged as the rule of political practice.' We only regret that the *Saturday Review*, in condemning 'revolutionary upstarts,' who resolve 'to render no voluntary submission' to any authority whatever, did not observe that this is nothing but the introduction into the social and political sphere of the suicidal lawlessness which the so-called Reformation created in the moral and religious. The Spanish Intransigentes and the French Communists are as genuine Protestants as Dr. Tait or Dr. Cumming, though not quite so agreeable in private life.

No. XVIII.

UNCERTAIN SOUNDS—UNWHOLESOME SYMPATHIES—UNEXPECTED CONFESSIONS.

MEMBERS of the Church of England who appeal to the State Archbishops for guidance in matters of doctrine or ritual augment the embarrassments of the latter, but do nothing to diminish their own. 'Wonderfully safe men are our Archbishops,' says the *Echo*, and with the Church Union criticising them in one direction, and the Church Association pulling them in another, it is perhaps well that they are. Everybody knows to what side their sympathies incline; but, as the *Echo* feelingly observes, 'their position is trying.' They are rulers of a sect in which, from the beginning, every conceivable opinion has been tolerated, except the ancient faith which one section of its clergy are now attempting to revive. The Archbishops, says the *Times*, ought 'to exert their whole influence in opposition to a party which is avowedly disloyal to the reformed formularies and doctrines of the Church.' It is very easy to say so; but no one is more conscious than these distracted Archbishops that such disloyalty is too general and too inveterate to yield to any measures which they can employ against it. People are sick of 'reformed doctrines.' They have had their day. Wherever they have prevailed, men of active minds have either fallen into total unbelief, as in Germany and Switzerland, or are striving to restore the very truths which the 'Reformation' banished, as in England and the United States. The Reformation, one Anglican clergyman has lately declared, was 'a miserable apostasy,' and a good many of his co-religionists evidently agree with him. Thirty years ago, the Established Church was as exclusively Protestant as the New England Congregationalists or the Scotch Presbyterians. It is so no longer. Hundreds of its clergy now call themselves 'Catholic priests,' hear confessions, talk of 'saying Mass,' wear vestments, use thuribles, and

generally conduct themselves in a way which does not harmonise at all with the 'reformed formularies,' and suggests the idea that the Reformation itself was the work of the devil. The discovery has been tardily made, but so effectually that England will never be again what it was thirty years ago. 'The Ritualistic movement is not dying,' as the *Echo* remarks with regret; 'far less is it dead. It is becoming more audacious. It menaces the Reformation principles. . . . In spite of denunciations and rebukes from Lambeth, Ritualism is invading buildings which never before knew anything of vestments and candles.' And thousands of the educated classes love to see it. It is also undeniable that the revival of Catholic doctrine has been accompanied by a higher Christian life. It is a new illustration of the eternal connection between dogma and morals. The *Times*, indeed, is not at all impressed by this fact, and protests against any conclusions being drawn from it. 'There is much misplaced sentiment expressed on this subject,' says what used to be the leading journal. 'We hear a great deal of the eminent virtues and pastoral labours of the Ritualistic clergy, . . . but no one doubts that Roman Catholic priests are earnest and self-denying; yet this is not considered any reason why they should be admitted to the privileges of the ministry in the English Church.' The *Times* need not be alarmed. True priests do not aspire to such doubtful privileges. They are glad to see pious Anglicans repudiating the crimes to which their own sect owes its being, and the horrible doctrines of which it has been for three centuries the passionate witness, but the only 'ministry' which they will accept is that of reconciling these wanderers to the Church against which their fathers rebelled. They are not in a hurry. Grace will do its own work at the appointed hour. At present, the chief care of the Ritualistic clergy is to detain their victims in a human sect, but they are constantly escaping from them, and we have not yet seen the end. We can wait. Men who are diligently seeking God will not long consent

to believe that their highest duty is to resist the inspirations of His loving Spirit as if they were temptations of the evil one. If some of the preachers are only too successful in doing so—we have heard of one who boasted that 'it took him eight years to silence his doubts'—a happier fate is in store for their disciples. They will learn, sooner or later, that the voice which is calling them to flee from their sect is not the voice of Satan, but of God.

Meanwhile, let us hear what their Archbishops have to tell them. More than 60,000 lay members of their sect have lately addressed those prelates against 'Romanising practices,' and particularly confession. After some delay they have received their answer. 'The language of this reply,' says the *Echo*, 'is not that of Hildebrands.' It was not likely to be. There is 'a considerable minority both of clergy and laity amongst us,' say the Archbishops, 'desiring to subvert the principles of the Reformation.' And they avow their wicked purpose openly. 'Since we had the honour of receiving your deputation, our attention has been directed to a petition presented by upwards of 400 clergymen to the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury in favour of what they designate as sacramental confession.' But the Archbishops are so convinced of the 'great evil' which it has wrought in Christendom, that, as they add, 'our reformers acted wisely in allowing it no place in our reformed Church'—which they did solely in the interests of religion and morality. Yet these unpleasant Ritualists want to revive it, and, as the *Echo* mournfully observes, 'they may boast with truth that their petition was heartily approved of by many who did not sign it.' In other words, the awakened Christian conscience, upon which 'reformed doctrines' had acted as a most dismal opiate, is too strong for these worthy Archbishops, and the reformers to boot. As soon as people begin to be in earnest about saving their souls, they remember that the Sacrament of Penance was instituted by Christ, and are so anxious to receive

it, that they call in their anxiety upon teachers who are only laymen like themselves, but who, as the *Echo* bitterly remarks, 'attempt to steal the secret of the influence of the Church of Rome by going to the same tailor.' The delusion is only a temporary one, and these sick souls will one day drink at a purer and more efficacious fountain. They are not likely to remain long in a sect of which the chief rulers tell their brethren that 'the very existence of our national institutions for the maintenance of religion is imperilled by the evils of which you complain.' If they could remain in communion with prelates who speak thus of a Sacrament appointed by God for the healing of souls, they would be immeasurably more false and guilty in professing to honour, than others are in presuming to denounce it.

We need not go through the whole document, of which the *Times* complains that 'circumstances so grave as those described by the Archbishops demand something more' than anything which they have ventured to say or to promise. Yet what more could they do? The Ritualists, with all their professions of subordination, care as little for their authority as they do for that of the Holy See, and are just as able to teach their own Church as they are to teach every other. If the Archbishops condemn their opinions, so much the worse for the Archbishops. 'We live in an age,' say the latter, 'when there is less inclination than there ever was before to respect authority in matters of opinion.' For this reason they prudently disclaim any use of their own. But they gain nothing by their forbearance. 'Our ecclesiastical dignitaries,' says the *Echo*, 'are perhaps a trifle too timorous. Their impartiality savours of hesitation and doubt. They apologise too profusely and too often for venturing to express an opinion.' They are themselves in open revolt against 'the pillar and ground of the truth,' and dare not use an authority which they do not possess, and which nobody would respect. They leave authority to that Church

which alone possesses it, and which never possessed it more fully, nor found it more religiously and lovingly obeyed than in the age of the Vatican Council. They are reaping what they have sown. But it is fair to add, that if other journals ridicule these unfortunate heirs of the reformers, the *Standard*, as usual, is enchanted with their impotent manifesto, and sees in it only a fresh proof that everything is for the best in the best of all possible churches.

We hope the Archbishops, who are much in need of consolation, will find comfort in the praises of the *Standard*. It is all they are likely to get. For our own part, we should have thought its patronage a cruel aggravation of their misfortunes. It is one of the evidences of the destruction of all first principles, and the confusion between good and evil, which 'reformed doctrines' have produced in England, that a journal professedly devoted to the cause of order and religion, and boasting the title of Conservative, is not to be distinguished in its general tone, nor in the display of its secret sympathies, from the worst organs of impiety and revolution in France, Italy, or Spain. In reading the *Standard* we experience the same shock, and feel the same profound disgust, as in the pages of the *Siècle* or the *Capitale*. It has not only the same ideas, but the same slang phrases. 'The chief organs of clericalism,' it allowed its Paris correspondent to say the other day, meaning by clericalism the religion of Christ, 'might do incalculable mischief if their circulation were at all commensurate with their violence. But fortunately they have no readers to speak of.' Yet this writer can scarcely be ignorant that the *Univers*, of which he is as little able to rival the talent as the elevation of thought, has a larger circulation than any daily journal in Paris, with one exception. The same writer talks, just as an Italian infidel might do, 'of the intense clerical reaction which has set in,' and reviles what he calls 'clerical prefects' for wounding 'the feelings of both the Protestant and the Freethinking community'—

he candidly classes them together—by forcing them to perform their irreligious interments at an early hour, that Christians may not be shocked by their contempt for religion. Yet, as an Italian peasant remarked at the funeral of Rattazzi, 'if a man dies like an ass, why should he not be buried like an ass?' The sympathies of the writer in the *Standard* are entirely with the ass. It is impossible to open the *Standard* without noticing the same absence of all Christian instinct. Of course it condemns the prosecution of Ranc, of whom the *Saturday Review* also observes, to our extreme astonishment, that if he was connected with the Commune, 'he was not involved in any of its most guilty acts.' Yet he was a consenting party to one of the greatest crimes of modern ages, the decree which eventually delivered to a cruel death the Archbishop of Paris and his innocent companions. Does the *Saturday Review* consider this a meritorious, or the *Standard* a Conservative action, that they wish to screen its author from the vengeance of human justice?

Perhaps it is to compensate for the virulence of his Paris colleague, that the Roman correspondent of the *Standard* laments the gross errors of 'newspaper writers naturally not much versed in matters ecclesiastical,' and accuses his rival in the *Telegraph* of 'absurd and complacent ignorance.' But if these gentlemen abuse one another and their common habit, as the former says, of 'not knowing what they are talking about,' in which they all attain equal distinction, the *Pall Mall Gazette* is surprised into a still more curious confession. 'It was wonderful,' it says, speaking of Ampère, 'to find one of the profoundest of French mathematicians and discoverers devotedly believing in God, and steady in the practices of Catholic worship.' It relates also a conversation of Manzoni with Von Raumer, in which the former avowed that in all which relates to religious conviction, 'the main point to be recognised is the infallibility of the Church, or rather of the Pope,' and that 'the smallest deviations are damnable heresies if it be denied.' And this he

said thirty years before the Vatican Council. Yet the *Pall Mall* is always telling us that 'educated men' no longer believe in Catholic doctrine; a statement which the Archbishops of Canterbury and York would be very glad to believe if they could, but to which the events taking place in their own communion give as rude a denial as the robust faith of Ampère and Manzoni, and the dying confessions of two such different witnesses as Cousin and Montalembert.

No. XIX.

EXETER HALL — DIFFICULTIES OF BISHOPS — THE *SATURDAY REVIEW* ON THE REFORMATION — THE *TELEGRAPH* ON BISMARCK—THE *STANDARD* ON THE CHURCH.

'LORD SHAFTESBURY and the other orators of his school,' observed the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in anticipation of the recent gathering at Exeter Hall, 'have probably made more converts to Rome than any equal number of Roman Catholic priests in the kingdom.' We once heard the same truth announced by an aged priest, who had often witnessed the actual results of Dr. Cumming's harangues, in these terms: 'My experience convinces me that among the influences most conducive to the spread of the Faith we ought to count (1) the Cholera, and (2) the Protestant Reformation Society.' During the ravages of the first, people have an opportunity of comparing the hireling with the true shepherd, and they find the contrast instructive. As to the second plague, the language of the popular fanatics, as the *Pall Mall* remarks, 'is so utterly absurd, that moderate people are at once disposed to lend a friendly ear to the advocates of any institution thus ludicrously assailed.' It is pleasant to know that even such scourges as the Cholera and the Reformation Society are not without their good uses.

The meeting announced at Exeter Hall has been duly celebrated. The orators were equal to themselves, with whom

alone they can be compared. If they do no harm to any other community, they will certainly not do much good to their own. But this, as they frankly confessed, will trouble them very little. 'Who were to blame,' asked the well-meaning Lord Shaftesbury, whose only fault is that he takes his own morbid opinions for revealed truth, 'for all the scandal in the Church? (Cries, which lasted for some time, "The Bishops, the Bishops.") If the Church of England wavered in allegiance to her principles, then let her go (loud cheers), and all the Bishops with her. (Renewed vociferous cheering, which lasted for some time.)' And this is all that these much-tried Bishops have gained by their desire to suppress nothing and offend nobody. They find, like the ingenious M. Thiers, that it is not possible to govern long without any principles at all. 'As is usual with indecisive answers,' says the *Times*, 'their reply has pleased no one.' The substance of that episcopal document, as the *Saturday Review* remarks, is this: 'Ritualism is an unpleasant visitation while it lasts, but, after all, where can the cause of Divine truth be so safely left as in the hands of its Author? Heaven, we feel sure, will ultimately help you, and in the mean time we see no objection to your helping yourselves. The one thing that you ought not to do is to ask us to help you.' People, as Horace said long ago, are never contented with their lot, but who can fairly expect an Anglican Bishop of our day to be content with his? There are many things one would not like to be—deaf and dumb, General Butler, or King of Greece—but of all intolerable positions that of a Bishop of the Established Church seems to us the worst. He is not only a sham in the judgment of everybody else, which would be comparatively endurable, but even in his own. He is requested to say what is the genuine belief of a Church which, as he rejoices to know, never had one; and to exercise an authority which he does not possess, and would not use if he did. As the *Saturday Review* pleasantly says, in an article on 'the Principles of the Reform-

ation,' the solitary dogma which can be 'not unreasonably called a doctrine, or even the doctrine, of the Reformation' is, 'that the Pope is Antichrist,' while 'Dr. Cumming' is almost the only man who really believes 'this very genuine principle of the Reformation, which is fast growing obsolete among educated men.' It is mere cruelty, therefore, to ask Anglican Bishops to decide anything whatever, when everybody knows, as well as they know themselves, that there is nothing to decide. A good judge assures us that they would turn out both parties in the Establishment, if they could, and reign contentedly from that day forth amid the tombs of a theological necropolis. 'At bottom,' says the writer in the *Saturday Review*, 'the Bishops have as little sympathy with the Sixty Thousand as with the persons against whom the memorial is directed. In their secret hearts they probably think that the Church would be well rid of both of them.' We are not in the confidence of Anglican Bishops, and have no idea how far this is a fair representation of their sentiments; but if peace can only be obtained in the Establishment by excluding all who disturb it, perhaps the sooner it is composed exclusively of Bishops, bound over to keep the peace towards one another, the better the chance of avoiding dissensions which contribute neither to the dignity of religion nor to the decorum of the official Church.

Meanwhile, the combat between the two most active parties —there is a third composed of men, as the *Saturday Review* says, 'without strong opinions of their own'—becomes every day more violent. To us who are simply spectators, the battle suggests various reflections, but chiefly this, that the Church of England is so little adapted to be the home of the Catholic truths against which it has always protested, that every attempt to revive them within her pale has always led to the same furious convulsions. Our own sympathies in this savage strife, which threatens to tear the Establishment to pieces, would of course be with the Ritualists, in spite of their continued revolt

against the Catholic Church, if we were not forced to believe that they are still more indifferent to dogmatic truth than their rivals. Even the language of Lord Shaftesbury and his friends, and their passionate attempts to silence teachers whom they consider adversaries of the Gospel, seem to us more worthy of respect, founded though they are upon a total misapprehension of the nature of Christianity, than the indifference with which the Ritualists remain in communion with Bishops and clergy whose religion is the denial of their own. The Low Churchman at least strives to cast out what he believes to be deadly error, while the Ritualist cares so little about the most sacred truth that he cheerfully communicates with all who blaspheme it.

It is evident that the so-called Reformation, considered as a definite religious belief, is dead and buried. What is called in our day 'the higher criticism' has done much harm, but in showing the true character of Protestantism it has partly atoned for its destructiveness. Even the *Saturday Review* makes a jest of the 'double absurdity' of talking of 'the principles of the Reformation.' The expression, it truly observes, has no meaning. 'Dr. Pusey and Dr. Cumming, Archbishop Laud and Prynne, Hengstenberg and Strauss, could appeal with equal sincerity, but with the most widely diverse intention, to these hardly worked "principles," which seem somehow or other to form a common bond among them all.' In other words, the principles of the Reformation, if it ever had any, being purely negative, are the common religion of all, from Dr. Pusey to Dr. Cumming, however widely their private opinions may vary, who proclaim the right of revolt against the Vicar of Christ. The Ritualists, as the *Saturday* notices, are in fact contending for 'private judgment' against the Sixty Thousand. But the *Times* fairly replies: 'As a nation we support in the position of an Establishment a Protestant Church; we should certainly not support it for a single day if it ceased to be Protestant;' and 'we now learn, from an unexceptionable source, that "a

considerable minority," professedly belonging to the Church, are really doing their best to subvert "the principles of the Reformation."' Not at all, answers the *Saturday*, for it had no principles, except the right of persecution, which was considered 'a sacred duty' by 'almost all the leading Reformers, British or foreign.' The only sense, our contemporary continues, in which the Reformation was favourable to private judgment was this, that it 'broke down the principle of authority,' and thereby gave full scope to the most unrestricted license of belief. Voltaire was the lineal descendant of Luther; Deism, Pantheism, Darwinism, and all the other advanced theological 'isms' of the day are the natural varieties of Protestantism, and the common spawn of the Reformation. The Reformers indeed, he adds, 'would have cursed their spiritual progeny,' although there was not 'a detail of doctrines or ritual on which they were not themselves divided, except it be the duty of repressing error by the secular arm.' And Ritualism only differs from all the other isms in this, that it proposes to reform the Reformation, without giving up the right of disobedience and revolt, and to restore Catholic doctrine on Protestant principles.

We are so seldom able to thank our contemporaries for any wholesome contribution to religious or political truth, that when we find ourselves under that obligation it has all the charm of a surprise. The *Daily Telegraph*, generally distinguished by a certain *bonhomie* and absence of malignity, is candid enough to point out the true spirit of Prussian legislation. Prince Bismarck's new law for the regulation of the press has opened 'a wide breach between him and the bulk of the Liberal party,' who are quite willing to oppress others, but prefer to be free themselves. 'It required no keen sight,' says the *Telegraph*, 'to detect that this new measure and the Act for the suppression of Ultramontanism were inspired by the same ideas. "The State above all" is the Prussian motto; and when Li-

berals applauded State control of the pulpit, they forgot the possibility of State control of the press. . . . The journalists were delighted to see the priests bridled, and in their transports did not observe the bearing-reins quietly prepared for themselves. . . . It is quite possible Liberals in Germany may recognise the fact that freedom of opinion means equal freedom for the publication of all opinions.' Perhaps at least they will comprehend before long that Cæsarism means the suppression of all individual liberty, especially of mind and conscience, and that the most brutal tyranny under which man was ever crushed is the tyranny of the State.

There is, however, one power on earth, and only one, which is able to survive all that Herod, Julian, or Bismarck can do against it. In our own age, as in all which have gone before it, the persecutor rages for a little while, and passes away. When they have put all that remains of him into a grave, the Church, which he thought he could destroy, is found to be stronger than ever. For a good many years past all the forces of evil have conspired together against her, and not a single Government in Europe has offered to help her. She has proved once more that they have more need of her help than she has of theirs. 'In number, in zeal, in concord, in unity, in spiritual power,' says the Protestant *Standard*, 'never was the Roman Church more powerful and formidable than at present.' Twenty years hence the *Standard*, if it lasts so long, will be saying exactly the same thing.

No. XX.

THEOLOGY OF PEERS AND JOURNALISTS—CONFESSION IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Most of the truths of revelation, after being tossed backwards and forwards for three centuries, turned inside out like a child's toy, and considerably damaged by a too active manipulation, have at length arrived in the Church of England at the dignity of repose. They have become 'open questions.' That is their ultimate form. You may believe them or not, just as you please. Whether they are true to-day, or will be true to-morrow, is a question of heads or tails. In the Anglican Church, the most vital dogmas of religion,—such as the Real Presence and the Christian Priesthood, to say nothing of Baptism or the Inspiration of Scripture,—are either true, or not true, or partially true, or it does not matter which, according to the private tastes of the various sects composing that united and harmonious community. Confession and Absolution, which just now occupy the field of debate, are struggling to become open questions in their turn. Perhaps they may succeed eventually, in spite of the feeble opposition of the Anglican Bishops, in attaining that bad eminence. It is the highest to which Christian dogma may venture to aspire in the Church of England. Hitherto they can hardly be said to have reached it. If peers and newspapers fairly represent public opinion, they are not even likely ever to do so. 'If there are persons still in the Church,' said Lord Salisbury the other day, 'who think they can persuade the English people to adopt the practice of confession, I will tell them that they are undertaking the most chimerical and the wildest scheme that ever entered into the head of any one.' This oracle may speak truly, but as the English people, including those who fought at Poitiers and Agincourt and won Magna Charta, went to confession for a thousand years, and the practice agreed with them, it is just possible that

they may resume it. Never, replies Lord Salisbury, for it is 'opposed to their peculiarities and idiosyncrasies;' which apparently means that, in their present advanced condition, they have no objection to sin, but positively decline to confess it—an 'idiosyncrasy' which is much to be lamented. When Lord Salisbury adds: 'There can be among thinking men no difference of opinion on this subject of confession,' he is perhaps a little venturesome. Bossuet and Fénélon, who went to confession all their lives, were able to think to almost as much purpose as Lord Salisbury; and even among living Catholics there are a good many 'thinking men,' including some of the ablest of our time, who could give Lord Salisbury excellent reasons for going to confession.

The subject is much debated in the newspapers, and the journalists are quite as peremptory as Lord Salisbury. Perhaps it is one of their 'idiosyncrasies.' There is a controversy about it between the *Spectator* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The latter owes a debt to the former, and is anxious to pay it. It is not pleasant to be accused of 'nonsensical bounce,' and the *Pall Mall* lies in wait to trip up the heels of the *Spectator* whenever it sees a chance of doing so. The odd suggestions of the latter about confession afford a welcome opportunity. They are certainly a curious example of the nonsense which an able man can talk when he gets out of his depth. If you could get rid of the 'magical property pertaining to priestly absolution,' says the *Spectator*, and reduce the whole thing to what the Negro calls 'talkee talkee,' confessors might do a great deal of good, without being clergymen at all. They need only be 'moral physicians,' 'not cramped by the clerical spirit,' provided they are 'of very high moral calibre,' and with some security, if you could only get it, for 'such a seal of inviolability as the Roman Church has contrived to impress upon its confessors.' We are afraid Lord Salisbury will object to this particular idiosyncrasy, harmless as it is. The *Pall Mall* makes merry over it, and the

writer no doubt felt a thrill of vindictive pleasure in calling it 'languid subtlety' and 'refined clumsiness,' especially as the obnoxious *Spectator* 'always speaks with considerable respect of Roman Catholics,' even in talking of confession, an error to which the gentlemen of the *Pall Mall* are not liable, and which they rebuke with severe displeasure.

In this journalistic duel the *Pall Mall*, we are sorry to say, is victorious. A man who believes nothing, and knows it, is sure to vanquish one who believes nothing rightly, but thinks he believes quite enough. 'The real truth is,' says the *Pall Mall* with indisputable logic, 'that there are two, and only two, distinct and intelligible views of confession. One is the magical one, of which the writer in the *Spectator* appears to think as we do.' The other is that it is 'simply asking advice,' which has evidently nothing magical in it, and is about as likely to purge a man from sin as a shower of rain, or a smile from the Shah of Persia. As poor Lord Strafford used to say, 'it wants warmer water than so.' Apparently Almighty God is of the same opinion. When the Most High said to St. Peter, 'To thee do I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven;' and added, 'whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven;' the 'magical view' of the power of the keys was so clearly set forth, that for fifteen centuries Christians never dreamed of any other. They did not think, with Lord Shaftesbury, that there is any 'bestiality' in confession, but rather in the sins for which it is the appointed remedy. They knew the Scripture which says, 'There is a shame which bringeth confusion and death,' by hiding sin; 'and there is a shame which bringeth glory and grace,' by confessing it. Lord Salisbury thinks he pulverises this text by observing, that 'an Englishman values and cherishes as a precious treasure the privacy of his family and home,' and does not wish a confessor to know its secrets; but as the poor Englishman's privacy will be rudely disturbed on the day of judgment, and all that he had so carefully hidden will be 'pro-

claimed on the housetops,' it seems more prudent to whisper it now in the tribunal of penance, than to have it announced then to the whole world. That at least is our own idiosyncrasy, as it was of all our English forefathers for forty generations. They went to confession, like all other Christians, because God had said to every priest in communion with Peter, 'Whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven,' and it seems to us that they were never more truly 'thinking men' than when they did so. When Lord Salisbury says that the practice is 'injurious to morals,' we leave him to settle the matter with God who commanded it; and when the writer in the *Pall Mall*, falling into convulsions like the fanatics in Exeter Hall, calls it 'a monstrous and degrading suggestion, essentially immoral both in theory and practice,' he libels the wisest and purest of the human race, indulges in intemperate nonsense, and makes an assertion to which the actual experience of all Christian nations gives the lie. But as a writer in the same journal tells us that, a few years ago, 'Hell had not yet been "dismissed with costs," and it was wrong to hint at anything but the unquenchable fire,' he may well despise a Sacrament which was given to save us from its imaginary torments. We have no doubt the writers in the *Pall Mall* would be glad to 'dismiss' Hell, with or without costs, if they could, and that any success in that direction would be highly appreciated both in England and elsewhere; but the unquenchable fire might say to them, if it had an articulate voice, what a French statesman lately said to the atheists in the Chamber: 'You did not cause our existence, nor does it belong to you to terminate it.'

When the *Saturday Review* does not talk of Christianity in general, or of the New Protestants whom it calls 'Old Catholics' in particular, it is often, as most people will admit, acute and instructive. Many articles in its latest number deserve this praise. When it says, for example, that 'to be amusing, not to be true, is the aim of the aspiring journalist,' it appreciates

these public instructors at their real value, though it leniently omits to add that most of them are no more amusing than they are truthful. Of course the weekly critic has something to say about the Church Association, the two Archbishops, and the other palpitating questions of the hour. Here is what it says of our highly esteemed National Establishment, and its actual prospects. 'What with the conspirators laying trains to blow up the edifice, and the guardians and leaders taking "new and vigorous" measures to blow up the conspirators, the hapless Establishment, sore beset by friend and foe alike, might be expected before long to tumble about their ears, and to involve both parties in a common ruin.' So far we agree with the *Saturday*, and still more with what it observes of Lord Russell's shallow and ignorant book about Christianity, of which it seems inclined to say, as another critic once said of an equally valuable performance: 'there is only one sentence in this volume worth reading, and that is a quotation.' But there is another article in which the *Saturday*, like the aspiring journalist whom it condemns, aims to be amusing rather than true. After explaining, in an article on 'Americanisms,' that 'hickory' means anything which 'will stand any amount of wear and tear,' the writer goes on thus: 'Perhaps it is owing to the hickory nature which the Roman Catholic Church puts on in the States that it gets on so well with all the other strange sects,' apparently because 'a hickory Catholic is one free from bigotry and asceticism.' It is natural that our contemporary should try to account for the astonishing progress of the Catholic Church in the United States, but he should not give 'amusing' explanations of it. The *Echo*, though anything but friendly to the ancient faith, is more truthful on this point than the *Saturday*. After noticing what it considers the 'singular fact that in the United States, where the Roman Catholic Church has simply had a fair field, and no favour, that stupendous religious organisation has developed itself with unusual rapidity and success,'

so that it counts about 5000 priests, and 521 Religious houses, and already claims one-fourth of the whole population; the *Echo* continues thus: 'It must further be remembered that American Catholics'—though many of them were formerly Unitarians, Episcopalians, or New England Puritans—'are thorough Ultramontanes, "Gallicanism" being entirely unknown among them.' This is so true, that when the ex-monk Loyson went to America, expecting to be embraced by a crowd of 'liberal' Catholics, he was received everywhere with such contemptuous aversion, that in a few days he fled to more congenial regions. We will add, for the information of Lord Salisbury and the orators of Exeter Hall, that even Americans who are of no religion will tell you in chorus, that Catholics who go to confession are so notoriously more pure and virtuous than Protestants who do not, that it is for this reason they gladly entrust to them the education of their own children. Yet these Republicans value 'the privacy of family and home' quite as much as Lord Salisbury does, and perhaps more wisely. They would tell him how confession works among themselves, and might even convince him, if he were as ready to hear as he is to speak, that it is as mighty to heal nations as families, and that without it repentance is a dream, and virtue a chimera.

No. XXI.

TEMPORAL THRONES—THE WORLD WITHOUT THE CHURCH—THE GOSPEL OF THE *SATURDAY REVIEW*—COMEDY MONKS.

If most of the Princes and Rulers of the earth, as exulting journalists proclaim, have fallen away from the Church, and are now either traitors or persecutors, they can hardly be said to have gained much by their defection. Their own thrones, which in other days defied all enemies, have become curiously unstable since they ceased to serve the Vicar of Christ. Fugitive and

discrowned Kings, who in former times existed chiefly in poetry and romance, are a common spectacle in our own. Nothing is more ephemeral than human dynasties since they voluntarily separated their fortunes from the imperishable dynasty of Peter. They lasted longer when he was their ally. But they thought that they could reign without God and His Vicar, and resolved to try the experiment. It has not succeeded. The man who the other day encouraged robbers to assail the Pontiff-King, in the name of a bastard nationalism, was hurled from his own throne by a still stronger enemy of the Church, and wise men see God's awful retribution in the fact that the day on which the French troops quitted Rome the German hordes entered France. When the latter have done their appointed work, they will be smitten in their turn. Perhaps some who have seen the first hour of the German Empire will see its last. Nothing is strong without God, as the Bismarcks of our age—dwarf Neros, compounded of a Turkish Pasha and a Chinese Mandarin —will find to their cost. The Most High will laugh them to scorn. He has not ceased to love His Church, 'as a man loveth and cherisheth his own flesh,' and the word still stands: 'upon whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder.' While her enemies are asking one another with glee how long she will survive their impotent assaults, her children are only curious to know how long *they* will escape the judgment which is prepared for them.

But if thrones and those who sit upon them have not had a good time since they divorced their cause from that of the Church, the peoples who have given ear to the tempter have fared still worse. They were told three centuries ago, and statesmen and preachers still repeat the assurance, that men are perfectly free and independent in all matters of religion. The 'logic of the masses' has consistently developed this valuable proposition. *A fortiori*, they say, men are free and independent in every thing else. If it is lawful to revolt against

God and His Church, it is a mere impertinence to claim obedience to the king or the magistrate. The argument seems to us peremptory, though its practical results have been inconvenient, and threaten to be still more so. What they are, no man who lives in our age can affect to doubt. Wherever they prevail, government becomes impossible, and revolution permanent. We see it before our eyes. The application of the principles of the so-called Reformation,—which may be all summed up in one, the right of revolt,—after dividing Christians into a hundred discordant sects, is now creating the same hopeless chaos and disorder in civil society. From the Reformation to Antichrist is as natural a progress as from the egg to the scorpion, from the root to the flower. All the principles of the final apostasy were contained in the devilish maxim, first announced in the sixteenth century, that man may believe what he chooses, and that though the Church can err, the individual cannot, or that it is of no importance if he does. From that starting point, it was easy for men to arrive at their present condition, and will be quite as easy to improve it still further.

The only definite results of Protestantism as it is now applied in the sphere of politics—that is, of revolution, or what the world calls 'Liberalism'—are tyranny, disorder, and national bankruptcy. The latest example is seen in Spain. 'We know nothing of Peter,' said her modern rulers, imitating the enlightened statesmen of other lands, 'and as to the Church, which may have done great things for the human race in past ages, we are wiser now and can get on very well without her.' As a matter of fact, they do not get on at all, or only from bad to worse. Even the *Saturday Review* describes truly enough the state of things in Spain, once so great and powerful, since her degraded statesmen adopted the maxims of 'Liberalism.' It is 'insurrection, not so much against the Government and the Cortes, as against any possible authority.' They used to talk about the excesses and abuses of royalty, but 'now vie with

each other in exhortations to the Government against the exercise of unseasonable clemency.' Like the leaders of sects, they wish to keep the monopoly of rebellion for themselves. Their kings and queens were at all events gentlemen and ladies; since they cast them out, they are ruled by 'the dregs of the populace.' The highest posts in the State are held by 'unknown and undeserving upstarts,' and the chivalry of Spain cowers before an unclean rabble. Such are the beneficent fruits of lawlessness and revolt, which the 'Reformation' proclaimed to be, even in the highest sphere of religion, the most sacred right of man.

Yet the very journal which gives this truthful account of the results of revolt against 'any possible authority' is itself the loudest English trumpeter of the latest religious sedition, the most assiduous advocate of the newest sect which human lawlessness has begotten. Week after week the *Saturday Review* makes itself the herald and apologist of a few conceited apostates, solely because they have invented a new form of Protestantism. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is always announcing, and perhaps believes it, that everybody is ceasing to be Christian; the *Saturday Review* proclaims with the same patient iteration that the 'Old-Catholics,' as it styles the new heretics, are carrying all before them. To support this farcical statement the writer of these articles, a worthy rival of 'Our Own Correspondent,' has at his fingers' ends any number of tales which suit his purpose, and supplements them by anecdotes, which no doubt satisfy his readers quite as well as if they were true. After saying, with unwonted moderation, 'we are not aware that anything of great importance has taken place in direct connection with the Old-Catholic movement,' he consoles himself by raving for the fiftieth time at the wicked German Bishops, who basely abandoned their own private opinion to submit to 'the pillar and ground of the truth.' The Cardinals Rauscher and Schwarzenberg, he says, together with the Archbishop of Gran and all

the rest, 'have proved faithless.' They ought, if they had been such excellent Christians as Dr. Reinkens and Dr. Döllinger, to have preferred their own judgment to that of the Universal Church. The writer in the *Saturday Review* would have done it, and cannot forgive them for not imitating his own virtues. It was an unpardonable error on their part to 'hear the Church.' They should have heard Dr. Döllinger instead. A man who is as much superior to the Munich professor in genius as he is in virtue tells us that he was never capable of the 'intellectual absurdity' of setting up his own judgment against that of all the world. What Dr. Newman thought impossible, the writer in the *Saturday Review* thinks admirable. He shares with the German Döllingerists, the Dutch Jansenists, and a good many other mushroom sects, the highly intelligent conviction, that the Church of God fell at the Vatican Council, as she had often fallen before, into deplorable errors; but that fortunately Messrs. Reinkens, Döllinger, the Abbé Michaud, and a few other very superior persons, possessing the infallibility denied to her, easily detected, and are now engaged in the pleasing duty of correcting, her mistakes. It is in this way that God keeps His promises to the Church. She indeed is always blundering, teaching lies for truths, and generally conducting herself in a feeble and unbecoming way; but it does not in the least matter, since God is always raising up some acute individual,—a Wickliffe, a Luther, a Loyson, or a Reinkens,—to do what she cannot do, so that it comes to exactly the same thing in the end, and His promises are substantially fulfilled. And this almost impossible absurdity, worthy at best of the *Rock* or the *Globe*, finds its chief exponent in the *Saturday Review*.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Echo* are perhaps a little too severe on Mr. Lyne, and what the latter journal calls 'the Comedy Monks of Llanthony.' The gentleman who has admitted himself into the Order of St. Benedict, and elected himself Abbot, may be a little more self-asserting than most of his

co-religionists, but has as much right on 'reformation principles' to come out in his line as they have in theirs. The *Pall Mall* accuses him of 'revolting nonsense,' and 'the coarsest buffooneries,' while the *Echo* suggests the application of the 'Adulteration Act' to him and other Ritualists. But what is really worth noticing in the comments of these and other journals is their protest against the 'shams' of Ritualism. The *Pall Mall*, for example, while admitting that 'in the Roman Church, once granting the truth of the Roman system, there is nothing monstrous or absurd in religious vows,' calls attention to 'their inherent absurdity in the Church of England, and to the contrast which they exhibit to vows taken in the Church of Rome.' 'The fact is,' bluntly adds the *Echo*, 'the clergy of the Church of England are not priests in the Roman Catholic sense of the word;' while the *Spectator* tells them, as we noticed last week, that, as they exist themselves only by virtue of the right of schism, 'Anglicans should cease to maunder about schism, or cease to be Anglicans.' So well is the real character of the Establishment understood by these guides of English opinion, that the *Pall Mall* says of 'the High Church theory and practice,' comparing it with the system of which it is a travesty, 'the whole thing is an unreal dream.' And it will pass away like a dream. Many will make their submission to the Church, and begin at length to practise the Christian obedience, for lack of which all their virtues are now barren; while the rest, always genuine Protestants in temper and spirit, will relapse into one or other of the hundred forms of unbelief which find a home in the Church of England. Shams last for a time, and then pass away. Only the truth abides for ever. 'The Church of England,' as Mr. Vernon Harcourt told the House of Commons on Monday last, 'is essentially an Act of Parliament Church, and a Church standing exclusively on lay foundations.' No amount of 'Comedy Monks' will alter the fact; and when the present movement has done its work, and brought into the Church all

for whom that grace is destined, this will only be more apparent than ever.

No. XXII.

FRENCH PENITENTS AND ENGLISH CRITICS — THE *SATURDAY REVIEW* ON ANGLICANISM — FRUITS OF THE ESTABLISHMENT.

THE spectacle of a nation humbling itself before God, and seeking to propitiate His favour, seems to us impressive. It hardly suggests ridicule. The last thing which a rational being would do is to laugh at it. Man is never more truly noble than when he repents, and what is true of the individual is true of the nation. After a chastisement almost unexampled in its suddenness and severity, and miserably contrasting with a long previous history of glory and renown, France seems to have made salutary reflections, and has witnessed a revival of faith and piety full of promise for her future welfare. It is displayed even in the councils of her Legislative Assembly, where an act of solemn reparation, opposed by the godless and impure, is affirmed with acclamation by a majority of four to one. The incident is full of significance. Parliaments have usually been more solicitous, in France as elsewhere, about their own privileges than about those of God and the Church. Even among those who lately voted for the erection of a church, as a national homage to an offended God, on the summit of Montmartre, many would have rejected with anger or indifference, before sorrow fell on their land, the proposition which they have now eagerly accepted. They have understood that it is time to repent, and that if an era of anguish and humiliation is to be closed they must first fall on their knees and ask victory from God.

It is a dismal revelation of the spirit and temper of English journalism that the very acts which ought to win for France the

respect and goodwill of men, as they will certainly win the favour and compassion of God, excite only rage and contempt. If our newspapers, including those which loudly profess respect for religion, were in the pay of a Ranc, a Gambetta, or a Félix Pyat, they could hardly discuss the new manifestations of religion in France with a coarser or more malignant ribaldry. According to the *Standard*, they are nothing but a clerical 'reaction,' and the language of its Paris correspondent, one of the most profane jesters of his class, would be read with approval only in the worst French pot-houses, where the *Siècle* has supplanted the Gospel, and the Holy Name is heard only in oaths. The *Daily News*, whose writers would apparently like to see England a Republic, with a cabinet of Dissenters, has a special reason for disapproving the revival of religion in France. It is attended, as that journal explains, 'by a decided hostility to Republican institutions.' Of course it is. People begin to see what are their invariable fruits. Even the late Mr. Grote, who was at one time almost the only Republican in England, was cured, like Charles Dickens, of that malady, by his observations of the results of democracy in the United States. They have been far worse in France, Italy, and Spain. The recent book of the Spanish demagogue, Señor Castelar, on Italy, 'shows among other things,' as the *Standard* truly observes, 'the identity of the modern Republican and modern infidelistic movements.' For this reason religious men in France are royalists, and for this reason the *Daily News* scoffs at them and their works, which, it says, with a placid effrontery worthy of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 'all religious persons in France, whether Catholic or Protestant, must deplore.' 'They are nothing,' it adds, but 'the enthusiasm of a crusading party, which in its most religious emotions and enterprises never separates the altar from the throne.' It has no temptation to do so. France, like other Christian countries, dwelt in peace for a thousand years, and owed her long career of honour and prosperity to the alliance between the altar and the

throne. She has not done quite so well since they were divorced. Perhaps when England is a Republic, with a cabinet of Nonconformists, and universal secular education,—a pleasing combination which does not seem likely to be realised in the immediate future,—France will adopt the ideal of the *Daily News*. But we may be permitted to wish her a better lot.

We cannot understand why the *Standard*, which lauds the Establishment, and professes to be Conservative, should emulate the organ of Radicals and Dissenters. Why does it always call Christians 'the clerical party,' and describe the revival of religion as a 'clerical reaction'? As a matter of fact it is the laity who chiefly distinguish themselves, by a perfectly spontaneous movement, in the manifestations of the national repentance, and even in the 'pilgrimages' which are so odious to English journalists, and which are chiefly designed, according to the *Daily News*, 'to gratify political passions.' Why do these people write about things which they cannot understand? And why do they rail at Christianity while affecting to honour it? If they had been present at the Crucifixion they would probably have called the Apostles 'the clerical party.'

The hopeless confusion of mind, and perversity of judgment, which our newspaper writers display in matters of religion, are no doubt partly due to the presence among us of a national religious Establishment, of which one main purpose appears to be to bring Christianity into contempt, by teaching that there is no such thing as definite truth, nor any authority on earth able to proclaim it, and that its own best title to national support is precisely this, that it allows everybody to believe whatever they please. The *Saturday Review* is, like the *Standard*, an advocate of the Establishment. It tells us in its last number, in an article on 'Ecclesiastical Appeals,' what is the real character of that institution. Referring to the recent letter of 'the eminent ecclesiastic who writes under the signature of "Anglicanus,"' the *Saturday Review* says: 'We are as convinced

as he can be that the continuance of the Church of England as an Established Church depends upon the permitted existence side by side within her pale of the three great parties into which her members are divided.' In other words, the Church of England would be deservedly disestablished if it ceased to teach in the same breath three totally different religions, each of which is the formal negation of the other two. Never, since the tidings of redemption were first announced, did any Christian sect claim the support of its adherents on such a ground, nor assert, as a title to respect and confidence, that positive truth has no existence. This is the special and peculiar infamy of the Church of England. And her clergy, of all schools, are proud of it. 'Anglicanus,' continues the *Saturday Review*, 'would have regarded a decision which had rejected Mr. Bennett from the Church of England as a mischievous narrowing of the bounds of the Church of England; that is to say, though Anglicanus himself is no believer in the sacrificial character of the Eucharist, he does not wish to see those who are believers in it driven out from the National Church.' And the latter cheerfully reciprocates this pleasing toleration, by which God and His truth are deliberately mocked, and the most solemn mysteries of religion treated as open questions, with respect to which Bishops and clergy may lawfully maintain an attitude of serene impartiality. For this reason, says the *Saturday*, it is a matter for congratulation that the new Supreme Court created by the Judicature bill, is 'composed entirely of lawyers,' because 'the Anglican rubrics are usually vague, and occasionally contradictory, and a lay court will be pretty certain to give them the utmost possible latitude of interpretation.' There is, therefore, less danger than ever lest the Church of England should lose its distinguishing merit, or cease to proclaim that the highest truths of revelation are simply matters of opinion. The new tribunal, as the *Echo* also observes, 'will be liberal and indulgent to all shades of belief. It may convert a church into a

band of dissidents;' it has never been anything else; 'but it will at least prevent schism. It may keep together what some think ought to be apart; but it will maintain outward unity.' In other words, nobody need desert the Established Church in order to maintain any opinion whatever, since it is open to them to hold even those which are mutually contradictory within her pale. And this her members consider her peculiar merit. She ought, they say, to continue to teach Christian truth to the English nation, because she alone wisely proclaims that Christian truth has no existence. Dr. Newman expresses in his *Apologia* his 'extreme astonishment' that he could ever have regarded the Establishment as part of the Church of God. Yet what can be more natural than that men who consider that the chief function of the Christian Church is to secure, not truth, but the right of denying it, should see in the Anglican sect the most perfect form of that institution?

It is a logical result of the continued existence of a national community which candidly avows, as its chief title to esteem, that it is apostate from the faith, and that everybody is at liberty to believe what he chooses, that total unbelief should be making rapid progress among educated Englishmen. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is their prophet, and the 'vague and contradictory rubrics' of Anglicanism find their truest interpretation in its pages. If we believed with Anglicans that 'the Church of the living God' is what they deem it to be, we should believe with the *Pall Mall Gazette* that the State is far more worthy of our respect and obedience 'than any Church whatever.' The paganism of the *Pall Mall* is the natural reaction from the humanism of the Establishment. It can avow a certain respect, mingled with fear and hate, of 'the Catholic Church,' with her 'long duration, powerful organisation, and universality,' but having fallen back upon the old pagan idea of the supremacy of the State, it considers the spiritual power 'a most dangerous enemy under all conditions.' It is 'an abstract ideal, and an

ideal which is the negation of the State.' The same thing might be said, with certain limitations, of Christianity, of whose fundamental principles the *Pall Mall* is one of the chief opponents in England. The purpose of Christianity was to fuse all nations into one, so that, as St. Paul says (Coloss. iii. 2), there should be 'neither Gentile nor Jew, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free. But Christ is all and in all.' The true glory of the Christian is to belong, not to any human confederation, Empire or Republic, but to 'the kingdom of God,' which is the Church, and in which she invites all the children of men to a higher citizenship than any earthly kingdom can offer them. And the truest patriots in every land are they who have accepted her invitation. When the *Pall Mall Gazette* says that English Catholics 'confessedly plotted for the delivering over of the country to Spanish oppression,' it talks nonsense, for English Catholics, in spite of the brutalities of Elizabeth, were enthusiastic defenders of their country against the foreign invader; and when it says that the atrocities of the English Penal Code, which Dr. Samuel Johnson declared were not equalled 'even in the ten persecutions' of the heathen emperors, were only an example of 'just intolerance,' because it was necessary to 'put the authority of the State above all contest,' it proves that modern Liberalism is not only identical with unbelief, but also with the foul spirit of persecution as it was manifested in pagan times. The *Pall Mall* appears anxious to hide the fact, since it is careful to say that 'the expulsion of Mgr. Mermillod and the Bernese curates from Switzerland, and of the Jesuits from the German empire, are acts which not only jar on our modern conventional ideas of toleration, but they will prove totally ineffectual, and worse.' If there were any chance of their succeeding, it is evident, from the text of the article, that the *Pall Mall* would cordially approve them. It confesses that wherever the Church has liberty, she is sure to prevail.

No. XXIII.

SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS—HOW THE NEXT POPE WILL BE ELECTED—RELICS—FUNERALS—THE BOSOM OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

It is pleasant to acknowledge the virtues of an enemy. Perhaps the enjoyment is the more intense because it is so exceedingly rare. It is often our duty to remonstrate with the *Standard*, not because its language about the Catholic Church is worse than that of other journals, but because it is more inconsistent with its own professions. There is nothing so 'conservative,' in the best and truest sense, as the Church, yet there is nothing which the *Standard* treats with so little respect. By this imprudence it makes itself the unconscious ally of Socialists and Communists, and forfeits the honourable title of Conservative. Pitt was wiser, and so was Frederick II. But for the Church which, as Guizot says, 'saved Christianity,' there would by this time be nothing in the world to 'conserve,' and nobody left to do it. Social order, the stability of human institutions, and the mutual respect without which men would be only a community of wild beasts, find in the Church their only unfailing support. But for her they would have perished long ago, and the reign of brute force would not in our day be confined to Prussia and Switzerland, and the equally privileged regions of Corea and the Ashantees. The leading Tory journal should bear this in mind, even in the interests of its own cause.

But to-day we have to praise the *Standard*, and to offer thanks instead of remonstrance. We would perform the same duty every day if we could. In an article on the 'Month of Pilgrimages,' which 'has commenced all over France,' our contemporary addresses a tardy but frank rebuke to the scoffers against pilgrimages, and all their fellows, and calls upon its Christian readers to 'reprobate the stupid, offensive, and mischievous attacks upon all practices of piety alike.' It does not

suggest, like the cynical *Pall Mall Gazette*, that the human founder of devotions to the Sacred Heart 'was probably insane,' nor agree with its own Paris correspondent that pilgrimages are a 'clerical reaction.' Of the 'great gathering and movement of people' towards holy places and shrines, our contemporary judiciously observes, that 'as there is no real ground for the allegation that its leading members are outrageously clerical in their sympathies, the suggestion must in fairness be dismissed.' We hope the *Pall Mall Gazette* will take the hint. 'Not a finger has been lifted up officially,' the *Standard* truly adds—and the same thing may be said of the projected pilgrimage from England —'to set these pilgrimages going. They are thoroughly spontaneous.' And whereas the *Daily News*, casting up its eyes like the Pharisee, affects to lament that they are designed 'to gratify political passions,' the *Standard* honestly confesses that 'their object avowedly is to implore and obtain the Divine protection upon France,' and that 'there are few who will deny that the object is a good, and even an excellent one.'

We thankfully accept the coöperation of the *Standard* in defending religious truth and liberty against 'stupid, offensive, and mischievous attacks,' from whatever quarter, but we offer to our contemporary a friendly suggestion. Let him begin by a severe admonition to his own irrepressible correspondents. He has one in Rome, a great improvement on his predecessor, and still more on his flippant colleague in Paris, but who should not pretend to tell us who will be the next Pope. It is pushing omniscience too far. He really does not know, nor we either. It is true that he relies upon the acute suggestions of a certain Signor Bonghi, who professes to know all about it; but if his own predictions are as accurate as his facts, they are not worth much. Thus in the beginning of his fourth article on 'the College of Cardinals,' he speaks confidently of Cardinal Riario Sforza as 'belonging to the party of Zelanti;' but in the middle of it he has so completely forgotten his previous classification

as to say of the same Cardinal, with true journalistic levity, that he 'can certainly hardly be said to deserve a place in the list of Zelanti.' This chronicler of the future Conclave evidently resembles the showman, who, in reply to the enquiry which of his figures was Napoleon and which the Duke of Wellington, benevolently observed, 'whichever you please.' Cardinal Riario Sforza belongs to the Zelanti, whatever they are, and does not belong to them, and you may take your choice. If this correspondent must guess who will be the next Pope—we do not see the necessity—we advise him not to put so completely out of sight the only Elector whose vote will be final and decisive. When the last of the Apostles was elected, the rest offered this prayer: 'Thou, Lord, show whether of these two Thou hast chosen.' Exactly the same thing will happen when the next successor of St. Peter is elected. He will be chosen, as Pius IX. was, not by any astute statesman, nor even by the most sagacious of newspaper correspondents, but by Almighty God. The appointment of His Vicar is His own affair, and nobody will take it out of His hands.

It would be too much to expect that the *Standard* should offer to its readers a wise and excellent article without adding such prudential qualifications as their morbid prejudices require. If, therefore, it condones pilgrimages, it announces a strong repugnance to 'miracles,' especially those which are 'childish and child-born fables.' We are quite of the same mind. But when our contemporary assumes, without even the pretence of examination, that a certain relic of St. Anne is 'a preposterous pretension,' which 'can only offend cultivated minds,' he falls into several errors at once. We will say nothing about relics in general, except that there are notable examples of their efficacious use both in the Old and the New Testament; but we will remind our conservative contemporary, in the most friendly spirit, that Christians who make a religious use of relics are more likely to be critical and fastidious in accepting than unbe-

lievers in rejecting them. They are more deeply concerned about their authenticity. Nor must our contemporary too lightly take it for granted that 'cultivated minds' are found only among English Protestants. He should leave agreeable delusions of that kind to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It may be very pleasant to believe that everybody who respects what you despise is totally deficient in acuteness, but to do so is more often a sign of complacent ignorance than of superior wisdom. There are a good many keen observers and cultivated minds among both French and English pilgrims, who would not be more easily deluded by a sham miracle or a 'preposterous pretension' than the most jaunty journalist in England. Let our respected contemporary permit this thought to sink into his mind, and let him consider further, that faith is an intellectual power, which does not enfeeble, but singularly illuminates and fortifies the understanding. If he will apply his vigorous intelligence to this reflection, we should not be surprised if it led him to quite a new view on the subject of relics—and perhaps on some others.

We noticed last week the candid statement of the *Saturday Review*, that if the Church of England should cease to teach three different religions at once, she would inevitably cease to be established. The *Spectator* takes the same view of the terms upon which our invaluable national institution is allowed to prolong its existence. Indeed, it goes much further, and adds that the Anglican Church must not only continue to affirm that there is no positive religious truth, but must also deny that any one can possibly be lost. It is curious that all critics of the Establishment, both friends and enemies, but particularly friends, concur in the opinion that any attempt to teach a definite doctrine within its pale would be immediately fatal to it. It appears, further, that to require any definite conditions of salvation would produce the same disastrous effect. Certain members of the Lower House of Convocation having proposed a new rubric to the Burial Service, by which the 'sure and certain

hope' of universal salvation hitherto expressed by the Anglican Church should be slightly modified, the *Spectator* rejoices that 'this utterly illiberal rubric' was rejected 'by fifteen to thirteen.' The Church of England having always taught 'Universalism,' the *Spectator* protests against any illiberal doubt being thrown upon this comfortable doctrine; and a majority in the Lower House of Convocation echoed the protest. It is quite clear that everybody has a right to be saved, and what is the use of having a National Church if it does not secure that delightful result? It is her business to throw open the gates of heaven as wide as possible, or perhaps to remove them altogether as a needless impediment to free circulation. Canon Seymour suggested indeed a faint misgiving in the case of persons who die 'in open and notorious sin;' but sin is as great a bugbear as faith, and if his romantic idea had been adopted, the *Spectator* is quite sure that 'it would have brought the Church down in ten years.' It is not enough, therefore, that the Church of England should teach three different religions at once, which she is quite content to do, unless she also perseveres in asserting that everybody will be saved, whether he believes either of the three or not. On this condition alone she will be permitted to live. But the dangers which the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator* anticipate are visionary and chimerical, especially that which is indicated by the former. The Anglican clergy may possibly all profess the same religion in another world, but they will certainly never do it in this.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* does not love churches in general, and would cheerfully dispense with them, but, like the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*, it makes an exception in favour of the Church of England. Even the non-theological *Pall Mall Gazette* cannot quarrel with a Church which affirms nothing and denies nothing, but leaves everybody to believe what he chooses, and buries everybody with the same sanguine expectation of 'a joyful resurrection.' Such a Church exactly suits our journal-

ists, and they do it justice. 'We have a Church Establishment,' the *Pall Mall* feelingly observes, 'and we do not wish to see it destroyed.' Why should they? They know that they are never likely to get such another. It is not every country which possesses a National Church in which every conceivable religious opinion finds a welcome. 'One of its chief advantages,' continues the *Pall Mall*, 'is the compulsion under which the clergy lie to administer its ordinances for the benefit of all alike.' It has not forgotten that not long ago they gave the Anglican sacrament even to Mr. Vance Smith, a little to that gentleman's astonishment, in Westminster Abbey. No wonder the *Pall Mall* becomes almost tender, an unusual weakness with that journal, in speaking of what it calls 'the ample and charitable bosom of the English Church.' Does not that Church offer her breast to all comers, and suckle anybody who has a fancy for such nourishment as she can offer? Even the *Pall Mall Gazette* can sleep placidly on one side of her large bosom, while the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review* are seen reposing on the other. The evening journal, anxious to preserve such a 'charitable' Church, which wisely allows her members to profess any religion or none, is very severe on the minority of the Lower House of Convocation, who wished to introduce 'a new Protestant Inquisition,' and commends the present Dean of Westminster, who 'strenuously opposed,' as might be expected, 'Churchyard Excommunication.' We never could understand why people should resent excommunication when dead, who did not care a straw about it when alive. What does it matter to them how they are buried? The sensitive *Pall Mall* admits, however, that 'it is unquestionably very hard upon' an Anglican clergyman 'that he should be bound to say what he now has to say in every possible case that can be imagined.' Yet the remedy is very simple. Why does he remain in the sect which forces him to say it? But if his conscience is not hurt by remaining in a community which teaches three opposite religions at once, and declares

that they are all equally worthy of belief, he may well consent to bury everybody, and declare that they are all equally worthy to be saved. A clergyman who can swallow a camel need not strain at a gnat.

No. XXIV.

THE *TIMES* ON RITUALISM AND PILGRIMAGES—ENGLISH JOURNALS AND ANGLICAN BISHOPS—ACADEMICAL SERMONS.

THE Ritualists are too few in number, and exert too faint an action upon the current of public thought, to merit the support of the *Times*. If they could carry an election or two, or in any indisputable way assert the possession of political influence, they would receive from the whole English press a more sympathising recognition. Our journalists only praise the strong. The *Times* thinks the Ritualists are not strong, and therefore crudely suggests that the day for 'quiet measures' against them has gone by. The Bishops, it says, must 'act with a higher hand.' Unlike the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which are entirely satisfied, as we saw last week, with the Establishment as it is, and quite content that it should continue to teach any number of religions at once, because that is the same thing as teaching none, the *Times* considers that 'the eccentricities of the clergy' have become intolerable. Their practical results, it observes, are these: 'All landmarks are gone. On one side we find ourselves launched on an open Polar sea of pure Rationalism; on the other side we are urged, with all sails set, into the Tropical ocean of Mediævalism.' Distinguished ecclesiastical navigators are steering portions of the Anglican fleet towards the inclement regions of perpetual winter, while others have detached a convoy in quest of the light and warmth which are found only in tropical climes. Owing to this imprudent dispersion of naval resources, to pursue the

metaphor of the *Times*, the native shores are defended only by block-ships, hardly capable of motion, and rather a subject of jest than of terror to enterprising enemies. Old-fashioned Church of Englandism has struck its flag, and slumbers on the stagnant water like a feeble and dismantled hulk. But the newer models of ecclesiastico-naval architecture are lively enough. They travel fast, and seem likely to travel far. A good many, as the *Times* relates, have reached the remote Polar sea, where they are too solidly frozen to have much chance of escape; and the southward-bound vessels have been not less expeditious in their movements. Most of them are already on the other side of the theological equator, and still pursue their headlong course, 'with all sails set,' towards the antipodes. 'One after another,' exclaims the *Times*, with real or feigned stupefaction, 'every invention of mediæval superstition is revived in our churches, till Convocation receives with placidity a petition from 480 priests that the Bishops will make provision for the consecration of holy oil. After that we can be surprised at nothing.'

Surprise is no doubt an uncommon emotion in an age which furnishes so many occasions for it. Nobody can afford to live in a normal state of astonishment, but we do feel a little surprise that the *Times* should require the Bishops to put down Ritualists, or imagine that they have the power to do it. Ritualism is as genuine a product of the so-called Reformation, —*i.e.* of the right of lawlessness and self-will,—as Rationalism itself, and is perhaps still more intensely Protestant. The Bishops may not like this particular development of the right of private judgment, but what can they do with it? For this reason other journals appear to us to appreciate more fairly than the *Times* the difficulties of their position. 'The ever-multiplying sections,' the *Globe* considerately observes, 'into which the National Church is dividing itself have increased, and are increasing, the difficulties by which its leaders are beset. It requires, indeed, a steady will and a consummate tact to unite

under the standard of the Rubric the divergent parties who profess allegiance to it.' Yet the *Times* expects the Bishops to be at the same moment in the Polar sea and the Southern ocean, and to use the same code of signals in both which nobody obeys in either. It is not reasonable. If you will have private judgment you must accept its consequences, to which ever pole they may happen to conduct you. 'Latitudinarianism has set in,' says the literary *Athenæum;* and it seems to agree with the philosophical *Spectator*, the caustic *Saturday Review*, and the cynical *Pall Mall Gazette*, that this is the chief merit of what the latter calls the 'charitable' Church of England, and the chief reason for perpetuating its honourable existence. 'Creeds are subscribed in a general way,' continues the *Athenæum*, 'without their contents being carefully scrutinised.' And then our weekly contemporary lays down a theological canon which appears to us to deserve admiration even though it should not command assent. 'It is felt that they'—that is creeds—'are commonly too long to command the hearty approval of inquirers.' We have heard other objections to creeds, but not this. It is difficult to speak seriously of the Church of England, especially as it is painted by its own friends and admirers; but we submit that the *Times* should be more indulgent to its perplexed rulers, and imitate the toleration which they and their clergy mutually display. As long as they are content, in spite of their fundamental differences, to remain in communion with each other, and fear nothing so much as turning each other out of the common fold, no member of the Establishment has a right to complain. 'The principles of religious freedom,' as the Bishop of Manchester lately observed, may be pleaded by Ritualists, even in defending opinions which Dr. Fraser considers 'fruitful of the most mischievous consequences.' Why should the *Times* be more fastidious than the Bishops? Here is one who says—and they all use more or less the same language—that Ritualists are 'victims of a morbid and enervating sensationalism, relax-

ing the fibre of their moral forces,' and who bluntly adds that their 'craving for the supposed strength and comfort of the Confessional is merely one symptom of a wide-spread consuming disease.' That is Dr. Fraser's opinion of absolution and the power of the keys. Yet he remains, in spite of a little harmless vituperation, in close communion with both Ritualists and Latitudinarians, and they with him. Why does the *Times* require the Church of England to tolerate only one form of religion, when its Bishops and clergy are content that it should tolerate a dozen?

Perhaps we may also ask, though we do not expect to receive a reply, Why does the *Times* offer to instruct us about pilgrimages? They are 'sufficiently astonishing,' it tells us, 'even in France,' where the pilgrims are 'ignorant peasants,' and 'unscrupulous priests.' We thought they numbered a good many deputies, soldiers, and others, quite as keen and intelligent as the writers in the *Times*, especially in matters of religion, and perhaps a trifle more so; but it is more convenient to call them peasants. 'What are we to say,' continues the *Times*, 'of the spread of such fanaticism to England?' Perhaps it would have been wiser to say nothing. Let our contemporary confine his attention to politics, finance, and sewage. He is more at home in such subjects. He should not write about mystical theology, and 'a woman named Marie Alacoque.' The pilgrims who are going from England are better informed on that subject than he is, and have paid more attention to it. The projected pilgrimage, he says, 'is a lamentable commentary on our boasted intelligence.' We think we could cite one which is a good deal more lamentable. The biographer of George Grote, whose intelligence the *Times* has often exalted, tells us that on one occasion he went out of his way to see a house 'dear to us both as the residence of Voltaire. But in this pious pilgrimage we were defeated'—by failing to obtain a conveyance. If this was a 'pious pilgrimage,' worthy of an intelligent man, we are not

surprised that the *Times* should think the pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial a reproach to our civilisation.

Between the *Times* and the *Saturday Review*, the Anglican Bishops are rudely handled. The *Saturday* has an article on 'Episcopal Letter-writers,' which is not flattering to the Bishops of Durham and London. The latter is said to be 'a conspicuous instance of episcopal fondness for blowing hot and cold in the same sentence, and saying nothing while appearing to say much.' Yet he seems to us to have said a good deal when he informed the rector and churchwardens of St. George's, Hanover Square, that 'the laity who habitually confess are at least as culpable as the clergy who hear habitual confession.' It must be almost as consoling to them to be told by the same prelate, that 'to resort occasionally to their pastor in private for advice,' —which is the only kind of confession, he adds, not positively condemned by the Church of England,—is lawful, for to this extent 'many Nonconformist ministers are called upon to hear confessions.' The utmost privilege which he will allow Anglicans is to practise confession as the Dissenters do; to which the *Saturday* scoffingly replies, that 'it would be as well if he would make good his title to the office of infallible expounder of the Book of Common Prayer'—which is even more than the *Times* asks from any of his order.

The Ritualistic papers are, if possible, less flattering to the Bishops than the profane journals which we have quoted. The *Church Times*, after rebuking, with filial tenderness, 'the well-worn commonplaces' of its own Bishop, Dr. Jackson, flies for consolation to Dr. Selwyn, and seems to find it. 'The Church of Rome,' it reports him to have said, 'requires confession. The Church of England does not require confession. The Church of England, I should say, does not encourage confession'—an opinion which most people will share who know anything of her history. Yet if confession is as salutary as Ritualists contend, why was the practice abolished in the Anglican

Church for three centuries? And if she does not encourage it now, why is the *Church Times* grateful to Dr. Selwyn for calling attention to the fact?

We regret to observe that the Ritualists who exalt confession speak of it with as much ignorance, and a great deal more flippancy, than the Bishops who condemn it. The *Church Review* has an article on 'Casuistry and the Confessional,' which not only shows that it knows nothing about either, but which Dr. Cumming might read with envy, and Lord Shaftesbury might have quoted with rapture in Exeter Hall. For pert self-conceit, united with total ignorance of the whole subject, and serene confidence in judging all saints and theologians, it could only be matched by the harangues in some 'Bethesda' or 'Ebenezer' conventicle. After a tirade against casuistry, and some lively denunciation of 'the dry bones of scholastic theology,' the writer rejoices that he 'has not defiled his mind with the utterly useless analysis of moral filth to be found in the modern Roman casuists,'—whom he considers that he can teach quite as easily as he can teach his own Bishops,—and winds up with the assurance that he and each of his colleagues, though he has 'never read one single line of a moral theologian,' is 'a far safer guide of souls than' a Catholic priest 'who has muddled and messed his moral and spiritual being with the rubbish and the dirt of foreign casuists.' Dr. Cumming could say nothing finer.

Yet in the same number of the *Church Review*, which is more vehemently Protestant in tone and temper than even the *Rock* or the *Record*, we find an article on the 'Oxford University Pulpit,' with specimens of various 'academical sermons,' in which 'the most contradictory doctrines upon vital points are preached by recognised ministers of the same Church.' Upon this fact the *Church Review* observes as follows: 'What is the inevitable tendency of such an irreconcilable *farrago* of teaching from the same pulpit but either to confuse the intellect

and blunt the moral sense, or to sow the seeds of infidelity, . . . or to make religion a mere butt for ridicule?' The University of Oxford is in this respect, as the writer in the *Church Review* very well knows, a faithful mirror of the chaotic sect of which he is himself an ornament. Even infidels deprecate its disestablishment precisely because it is what it is, and makes Christianity, as they easily perceive, 'a mere butt for ridicule.' That a member of such a sect, of which the world never saw the like, and a writer in a newspaper which is chiefly occupied in jesting at the Anglican Bishops, should think himself at liberty to revile the Catholic Church, and speak of her priests with ribald scorn, is a curious example of that combination of conceit, irreverence, ignorance, and self-will, which is the most notable feature of the Ritualistic press.

No. XXV.

JANSENISTS AND DOLLINGERISTS—THEIR ENGLISH PANEGYRISTS—THE SPIRIT OF RITUALISM.

THE newspapers report, for the most part with lively sympathy and approval, a recent ceremony at Rotterdam, in which a few German Protestants, who call themselves 'Old Catholics,' contrived to effect an amalgamation with a few Dutch Jansenists, no doubt to their mutual satisfaction. The true character of the whole proceeding, and of those who took part in it, is so accurately appreciated by our English journalists, whose instinct in such matters is infallible, that the *Rock* 'requests the prayers' of its ultra-Protestant readers for 'the Divine blessing' on the new sedition,—very odd petitions are sometimes addressed to heaven,—while the *Standard* rejoices to see in it 'a resolute battle against the pretensions of Roman power'—that is, in less ambitious prose, against the authority of the Church and the Vicar of God. We have no reason for surprise that Anglican and

other Protestants should welcome any new example of the lawlessness and self-will to which they owe their own separation from Christian unity. Nothing can be more natural. It is said that the only consolation of fallen spirits is to greet the new arrivals in their dismal abode. Why should sectaries not rejoice in each fresh addition to their ranks? It is pleasant to see others brought to their own level, and to be able to say: 'You have become like us.'

Dr. Döllinger and his companions have made the important discovery that the Church of Christ was 'the pillar and ground of the truth' up to the Council of Trent, inclusively, but has been very much the reverse since the Council of the Vatican. From that date,—other Protestants fix it a good deal earlier,—it became the duty of a few German professors to teach the Church, which had quite lost the power to teach anybody, and they were fortunately equal to the task. She could err, but not they. Indeed it has always happened, to the great advantage of the world, that whenever the Church fell into error,—an evil habit of which it seems impossible to cure her,—some ingenious person has been found—a Donatus, an Arius, a Luther, or a Döllinger—to detect her mistakes, and revive in its original perfection the constantly defaced image of what all sectaries call with equal confidence 'the Primitive Church.' It has been done very often, and we may entertain the cheerful expectation that it will be done again, whenever the need arises. It is evidently a providential arrangement, worthy of particular admiration, for correcting the incorrigible frailties of the Christian Church, that very superior individuals, quite exempt from her infirmities, should always be at hand to employ the eminent gifts for which otherwise no sphere of action would be found, and to do for the Church what she is unable to do for herself. This is the theory of Anglicanism, Jansenism and Döllingerism. It has had, as all the world knows, considerable success. Just now it is a Munich professor who says, after the example of

numerous predecessors: 'Lo, here is Christ,' though he is probably too shrewd to believe it himself; and a few silly sheep run after him, just as the swine in the Gospel 'ran violently down a hill,' and got drowned for their pains.

There is nothing new in Döllingerism. It is the old story, as old as human shame and sin, of the vanity which is a law to itself, and the pride which will not stoop to obey. And this newest sect is a joy to all the rest, however much they may differ from it in belief, and in token of welcome all the children of revolt clap their hands together. Even their recourse to Jansenists for the help which they could obtain nowhere else—for they seem to have despised the pretended Bishops of our national Establishment—and their nuptials with a dwindling and effete Dutch sect, only give occasion to characteristic rejoicings, and Ritualists and Latitudinarians dance together, singing a Jansenist litany. Thus a writer in the *Saturday Review*, who would ridicule a miracle if it were attributed to St. Bernard, or St. Alphonsus, assures his readers that 'Jansenist miracles are supported by a stronger weight of testimony' than any of which modern Catholicism can boast; while the *Church Times* announces in more fervid language, 'that the sect was illustrious by many true saints,' and that 'the orthodox party,' that is the Catholics, had not 'the smallest spark of true zeal for religion.' It seems that hate can bind together as well as love, though in a different way, and that the children of the lawless one have their unity as well as the children of light. We are not surprised to learn that the founder of the sect did not go to Rotterdam. We know what Dr. Döllinger thought of Jansenists some years ago, and he has hardly had time yet to change *all* his opinions. But his disciples have got beyond their master, and leave him to cultivate the fine arts. He appears to be already shelved. The demon of revolution, in religion as in politics, uses up his agents quickly.

The English trumpeter of the sect sounds a loud blast in the

Saturday Review, and is sure that multitudes are 'coming'—he prudently uses the future participle—to the true Gospel according to Dr. Döllinger and his Dutch allies. This agreeable writer is subject to fits of what the French call 'cold enthusiasm,' of which the access always coincides with the publication of the *Saturday Review*; and when the last of the Döllingerists has assisted at the interment of the last of the Jansenists, he will still be conducting their imaginary hosts to equally real victories.

It will be noticed that Dr. Reinkens, fresh from the fount of a sacrilegious consecration, found no more urgent topic on which to address his flock than the primary obligation of submission to the civil power. Heresy always allies itself with the powers of this world, and is quite content to give to Cæsar, not only the things that are his, but also 'the things that are God's.' If by such subservience it can obtain leave from the civil magistrate to persecute the children of faith, it tastes the highest joy of which it is capable. Prince Bismarck will not refuse it this consolation. A writer in the *Saturday Review* tells us that his courts 'have decided that the Old Catholics are not Dissenters,' thus denying to the Church even the right of determining who are her own members. 'The Government,' the same writer adds with undissembled glee, 'has appointed an Old Catholic to be an inspector of schools in a district where a large portion of the schools he will have to inspect belong to Catholics;'—an act which even the Berlin correspondent of the *Times* calls 'mean and spiteful,' but which seems to the generous writer in the *Saturday Review* delicate and praiseworthy. The same Government, which rules, not in heathen Pekin, but in Protestant Berlin, announces that the Archbishop of Posen shall be heavily fined, and that even the purely spiritual acts of an ecclesiastic appointed by that prelate shall have no effect, so that 'marriages celebrated by him shall be considered invalid, and children baptised by him will need to be rebaptised.' In the long history of

persecution there is probably nothing which can be compared for stupid brutality with these decrees of Prince Bismarck and his obsequious courts. The *Standard*, a little scandalised by such proceedings, as well as by the singular admonition of Dr. Reinkens in such a country and at such a moment, tries to console itself by the suggestion that they are perhaps only a rough protest against 'the insolent scorn of civil authority so constantly paraded by Ultramontane prelates.' Our contemporary too easily falls into this intemperate style. Civil authority derived all its strength for a thousand years from the influence of the Church upon human society, and the habit of loyalty and submission which was created solely by her teaching. It is not Catholics, as all European statesmen know, who conspire against public order, and overturn thrones. In persecuting them Prince Bismarck is as improvident as he is lawless and unjust. When he has passed to his judgment, Germany will be reaping the bitter fruits of his policy.

A few years ago a German Protestant, holding high office, publicly announced, after a review of the moral and religious condition of his country, that 'Germany is ripe for the coming of Antichrist.' On the 15th instant the *Pall Mall* quoted from the *Cologne Gazette* the significant statement that the 'number of Protestant theological students in Germany' is diminishing so rapidly, that in various districts 'it is found difficult to fill the vacancies among the Protestant clergy.' The same journal adds, on the authority of Dr. Messmer, editor of the *Neue Evangelische Kirchenzeitung*, that the falling off is due to 'the contempt with which pious youths at the German colleges are treated by their fellow students,' to 'the lukewarmness with which religion is viewed even in the families of the clergy,' to the fact that 'preaching seems to have lost all its influence,' and the many other beneficial results of the so-called reformation in Germany. To be quite sure of the applause of such a population in his attempt to stifle the conscience of Christians might well

seem a safe assumption to a less acute observer than Prince Bismarck. And we may be sure that Dr. Reinkens agrees with him.

It appears that certain correspondents of American journals who profess to have 'interviewed' Prince Bismarck, report to their employers that he announced to them his intention to 'suppress the idea of God, and substitute that of the State.' The *Standard* suggests, after the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, that these reporters are employed by the Jesuits. It seems to be well known in England, and particularly in the office of the *Standard*, that the leading American newspapers, such as the New York *Herald*, *World*, and *Times*, are organs of the Jesuits. The American public, and notably American journalists, will perhaps be a little surprised to hear it. But the story does very well for the English.

From the Döllingerists to the Ritualists is only a change of name. In motives and ideas they are identical, as they are in their attitude towards the Catholic Church. It is probable that if our readers should ever become acquainted with Ritualistic journals, any charitable hopes which they may have formed for their writers would be fatally discouraged. We are assured that the mass of High Churchmen disclaim all sympathy with them, and we can easily believe it. They appear to consider that the first duty of a Christian is to rail at all mankind, and to acknowledge no authority but his own conceits. It is thus that they speak of the rulers of their own sect: 'We find,' says the *Church Review*, 'violent, mild, ignorant, unctuous, and other varieties of Evangelicalism, flourishing in the Episcopal Garden,' as well as 'fine specimens of well-developed Latitudinarianism.' 'Every single thing,' says the *Church Times*, 'which has been done to vivify the Church of England has been accomplished . . . . in spite of almost, if not quite, the entire Episcopal body.' In their remarks upon individual Bishops they are still more contemptuous.

In speaking of Catholics, and Catholic institutions, they

habitually use language which even professed unbelievers would blush to employ. They are equally void of humility and reverence, and nothing is sacred to them but their own eccentricities. Thus they openly sneer at the growth of Catholic religious houses in England, and assure their readers, in the words of the *Church Review*, that 'they may maintain a sickly existence for a little while, but will never thrive,' and that they 'are selfishness itself compared with Anglican sisterhoods.' In the same spirit of truth and meekness the *Church Times* says of one whose hymns are sung by its own sect, and who did more to win souls to God than any man in England of this generation: 'The writings of the late F. W. Faber perfectly swarm with heresies of various kinds,' but that the Church 'does not care a jot for heresy which is compatible with violent Papalism.' And the men who say such things, without fear of judgment to come, remain in contented communion with Bishops and clergy whom they themselves proclaim to be formal heretics. It would be only too easy to multiply these specimens of frantic malice, but they are neither profitable nor amusing. These writers are so blinded by rage and conceit that they forget even to be gentlemen. Thus the *Church Review*, which is not more offensive than the rest of them, after reviling the Anglican Bishops for their language about confession, adds: 'Monsignor Capel will not be slow to avail himself of their admission to the increase of the number of his dupes.' If any of our readers should care to hear more of this sort of thing, they know now where to find it. For our own part, when we hear Ritualists talk about Catholics, we are always reminded of Semei cursing David.

Meanwhile the Church continues on her Divine course, calm and unmoved, and is no more affected by the discordant clamour of Anglicans, Jansenists, and Döllingerists, for whose conversion she does not cease to pray, than the Alps are disturbed by a village squabble at their foot.

No. XXVI.

THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH—A STAGE BEYOND IT—A NEW PATRIARCH—A HINT TO THE *SATURDAY REVIEW*.

THE great crime of the Church of Rome, as every right-thinking Englishman knows, is to have 'corrupted' both the form and the creed of the Primitive Church. The newspapers say so, and they are not often mistaken. A good many preachers agree with the newspapers. Yet as nothing seems to be easier than to 'revive' the Primitive Church, an operation which a multitude of 'pure and reformed' communities have effected with complete success, the Church of Rome has not done so much harm after all. At all events the mischief has been extensively repaired. It is quite astonishing what a number of undoubtedly Primitive Churches there are just now in the world. In certain soils they seem to be a natural growth, and spring up spontaneously. There are said to be about one hundred and twenty Christian sects, each of which, though differing from all the rest, boasts to have reproduced, to the great confusion of the Church of Rome, exactly the faith and discipline of the Primitive Church. And they are all equally confident, by clear demonstration of Holy Writ, that theirs is the true and genuine article, and that every other is spurious.

There is our old friend the Church of England, which everybody admits—at least everybody who has the good fortune to belong to it—to be an exact copy of the original institution. The resemblance is perfect in every particular. We must suppose, therefore, if we have the privilege to be Anglicans, that in the Primitive Church, which we have so happily revived in our England, it was usual to practise Confession, and to revile it at the same time; to exalt the Priesthood, and to laugh at it; to adore the Real Presence, and to ridicule it; to believe in Regeneration by Baptism, and to deny it; to abhor heretics, and to remain in communion with them; to call schism a crime,

and to rejoice in every fresh example of it; to consider unity essential, and to be in communion with nothing and nobody. The Primitive Church may have been all this, as its Anglican restorers appear to believe, but perhaps the evidence of the fact is not quite decisive.

Then there is the great Russian, or 'Orthodox,' communion, which is also entirely Primitive, though it owes its present form to Peter the Great, and is divided into at least as many irreconcilable sects as the Anglican. It has not only separated itself from Constantinople, which it used to call its source and mother, but has persuaded Greece and Bulgaria to do likewise. According to the Russian view of the Primitive Church, that institution was governed by a Tsar, with an official 'Holy Synod,' submissive to his faintest whisper, and directed by one of his aides-de-camp. No doubt the Apostles would recognise this at once as the very Church which they founded. St. Petersburg would be to them an improved Jerusalem. Perhaps the aide-de-camp would puzzle them a little, particularly if he treated them as he does his own Bishops—which would hardly be a safe proceeding — while the Tsar might possibly suggest unpleasant reminiscences of another Cæsar with whom they were more familiar.

Other Primitive Churches, which are neither national nor official, and have no wish to be so, consider priests a delusion, Bishops an abomination, and Sacraments 'a fond thing vainly invented.' Is it not so written in the Scriptures? Their prophet is the mild Calvin, the diffident Knox, or the respectable Wesley. They all profess to be disciples of 'Paul,' and do not care much about Peter.

The Döllingerists have just made quite a new Primitive Church, which differs a good deal from all the others, but has special merits of its own. According to its more or less inspired founder, the original Primitive Church remained in its perfection till after the Council of Trent, of which the canons

ought to be reverently received by all Christian men; then was totally lost to view till about the year 1872; when it was gloriously revived by a few German professors, the only people in the world who really knew anything about it, aided by some gentlemen of Holland, particular favourites of Heaven, and almost as wise, modest, virtuous, and 'not as other men are,' as the *illuminati* of Bonn and Munich.

Amid so many Primitive Churches, by which the corruptions of the Church of Rome are happily repaired, and of which we may hope to see a good many more if we live a few years longer, we must not forget the Quakers, whose only fault is that they claim to be *more* Primitive than all the rest, which is perhaps invidious. Let us notice also respectfully the Irvingites, who justly resent the pretensions of the Quakers, since they alone have revived, not only the Primitive Church, but even the original Apostles, besides angels and archangels, and we know not what else besides. If any restoration might seem to defy competition, it is surely this. Yet while doing full justice to the Irvingites, and to a host of others, among whom our admiration is impartially distributed, it must be admitted, if there is anything in a name, that the 'Primitive Methodists' beat them all.

It is evident, then, that nothing is easier, as we have already observed, than to revive the Primitive Church, in spite of the impotent stratagems and general misconduct of the incorrigible Church of Rome. And this is surely a consoling fact, upon which our fallen race may be warmly congratulated. Let Rome do what she likes, she cannot extinguish the Primitive Church, but only creates a dozen in place of one. People may say, indeed, for there is no limit to human perversity, that as these new Primitive Churches differ from one another quite as freely as they do from the Catholic Church, and on questions of the most tremendous gravity, they cannot possibly be all true portraits of the same original; and further, that if any one of them

is a good likeness of it, all the rest must be horrible caricatures. But the objection may be dismissed as weak and trifling. May it not have been the particular merit of the Primitive Church that it could resemble a hundred different things at once? We offer this suggestion as our personal contribution to the general subject. It is true that, as far as we know, no one has yet discovered an animal which is at the same time a fish, an ox, a rat, a zebra, and a pelican. If the Primitive Church really resembles the multitudinous sects—Russian, Anglican, Irvingite, and the rest—which claim to be its mirror and faithful presentment, it must have been all these animals at once, and a good many more. But in that case we must shift our conclusion and say, we hope with the concurrence of our Protestant readers, that the Roman Church can hardly be blamed for 'corrupting' it off the face of the earth, and substituting for such a Primitive Church a less grotesque monster.

On the whole we advise our contemporaries, who will certainly not take our advice, to say as little as possible about the Primitive Church. They will only get themselves into difficulties. No man living can belong, in any sense whatever, to the Church of the first century, unless he belongs to that of the nineteenth. It is not permitted to the British citizen to transfer his allegiance from Victoria to William Rufus or Canute, in spite of the great merits of those remote sovereigns; and the British Christian is subject to the same law. If he is not loyal to the Church of his own age, he is a rebel against the Church of every other. She is no more capable of change or corruption than her Founder; and if St. Peter, who was the first Vicar of Christ, should revisit the earth, it is certain that, in spite of the attractions of so many Primitive Churches of recent origin, he would recognise that one alone against which all the rest are in revolt, and would take up his abode with the Prisoner of the Vatican. We supect that in their secret heart most Protestants are of the same opinion.

If some, for whom the living and incorruptible Spouse of Christ is not sufficiently pure and chaste, have gone back to what they call the Primitive Church, others, by a more violent recoil, have gone a little further. Weary of so many 'pure and reformed' Churches, of which the multiplicity only serves to convince them that Christianity is a fable, they have relapsed into the paganism which was an older form of human belief. We must avow a certain sympathy with these ex-Christians, who have strayed like comets beyond our theological orbit, and passed into the far-off regions of space. They are not wholly without excuse. If we believed with them that the Christian Church is one of the most contemptible of human institutions, always falling into errors and corruptions, as Anglicans teach, and only existing to be periodically 'reformed,'—like a house in want of whitewash, or a bungling Act of Parliament,—by any adventurous spirit, Anglican, Döllingerist, or Irvingite, who feels moved to undertake the job, we should probably think of the Christian religion and its Founder pretty much as they do. Men who have been gravely assured, for example, ever since they were born, that the Anglican Establishment, with its twenty different religions, is a genuine representative of the Primitive Church, may well refuse to admit that the latter has any claim to their respect, or that the Almighty could have had anything to do with it. Our esteemed contemporary the *Pall Mall Gazette* is evidently of this opinion. He goes in for 'Magna Roma,' and that sort of thing. The State, he says, is more sacred than any Church, and, considering what he understands by a Church, we quite agree with him. He also objects to any revival of religion, particularly in France, which ought to know better, and accounts for it in a very ingenious way. 'Religion has become a respectable and a loyal thing since the Government are religious.' He admits indeed that the explanation only augments the difficulty, 'for it used to be said that the French would accept anything on earth from their Government

except spiritual dictation.' But he is not obliged to explain his own contradictions. That a Christian nation, chastised for its sins by an almost unexampled humiliation, should comprehend the lesson which it has received, and endeavour to make its peace with God by works of penance and renewed faith, does not even occur to this ex-Christian as a possible explanation of the present attitude of France, for whose regeneration prayers are now being offered throughout Christendom. He does not much believe in repentance, an emotion to which he is not personally subject, and so proceeds to account for its existence in France by 'the influence of the clergy,' and of 'the numerous charitable associations under priestly control;'—the hundred deputies who lately addressed the Holy Father being probably in receipt of parochial relief, and grateful for it. They are paid to be pious. Like a writer in the *Standard* whom we have often the advantage of quoting, he considers that religion is only 'clericalism,' and that when a man begins to say his prayers he is the victim of a 'clerical reaction.' This able journalist has evidently got a long way beyond the Primitive Church.

We noticed last week, and shall probably have to notice again, the rabid rhetoric of the Ritualistic prints. Candour obliges us to record a creditable exception. The *Church Herald*—which repudiates, with evident sincerity, the maudlin ferocity of the *Church Times*—styles the Archbishop of Canterbury 'the Patriarch of the whole Anglican Communion,' but laments that 'his opinions are tinctured, if not saturated, both with Presbyterianism and Erastianism,' which is perhaps unusual in a Patriarch. There is probably not a man in the world who would be more astonished to find that he had become a Patriarch than the amiable Dr. Tait himself. He may be a Presbyterian and an Erastian, about which the *Herald* is better informed than ourselves, but he is certainly not a Patriarch, nor even a priest, and would be very sorry to be either, though he is an excellent Archbishop of Canterbury. This, however, is not the point

which we desired to notice. Speaking of 'the German and Dutch people who call themselves "Old Catholics,"' the *Church Herald* observes that 'a new schism—for that is what it amounts to—has been formally inaugurated by the consecration of Bishop Reinkens.' We commend this remark of the Anglican journal to the irrepressible theologian of the *Saturday Review*, whose own particular 'Primitive Church' began yesterday and will end to-morrow, and whose judicious creed contains only this article: 'There is one God, and Reinkens is His prophet—*vice* Döllinger superseded.'

No. XXVII.

THE MILLENNIUM—THE TRUTH ABOUT DOLLINGERISM—BISHOPS AND RITUALISTS.

THE approach of the Millennium is announced in an unexpected quarter. It is in the columns of a contemporary, often accused by the world of excessive malice, but evidently without reason, that we are invited to enter upon a new era of universal peace and concord. A serene toleration is to be everywhere substituted for unprofitable religious animosities. Like the old Romans, we are to give a place in our temples to the gods of all nations—with one exception. Let the claims of Astarte, Vishnu, Mahomet, and the Grand Lama, be weighed with candour; but if any one talks of the pretended Vicar of Christ, let the lictors deal with him. It is *à propos* of a new Life of Mahomet, by Mr. Syed Ameer Ali, 'a Mahometan of India,' but also a 'Barrister-at-Law, of the Inner Temple,' that the *Saturday Review* heralds the coming epoch, not with its customary clang of drums and trumpets, but with the soft breathing of flutes.

'Nothing but good,' observes our mild and peace-loving contemporary, 'can come from impartial critical efforts made by the adherents of one creed to correct or remove the misconceptions

formed of that creed by others'—provided the creed so misjudged be Mahometan, or anything whatever except Catholic. There is no need to be critical about *that*. Happily, some progress has already been made towards 'a more truthful and generous appreciation of Mahomet, both of the man and of his work'—which is a clear gain. The too severe estimate of Prideaux has been reversed, and 'all have seen and acknowledged that Mahomet has been charged with many offences which he never committed, and been made responsible for some doctrines which he never propounded.' Mr. Syed Ameer Ali, Barrister-at-Law, has proved this 'with an ability and earnestness which should command respect.' Indeed, it would be well if 'Christian missionaries'—we are still quoting the *Saturday Review*—could 'plead the cause of their Master with the eloquence and force of Mr. Syed Ameer Ali.' If this is too much to expect, let them at least understand 'that the points on which the most thoughtful and educated among the adherents of the two faiths'—which apparently only differ from one another as a brown horse differs from a white one—'are agreed are by no means insignificant either in number or importance.' When the partisans of Christianity have mastered this fact, they will perhaps abandon their 'intolerance and uncharitableness,' and learn 'to exhibit their adversaries in a less repulsive light.' In this improved state of mind they will be willing to confess, with the *Saturday Review*, that as to the ignoble use of brute force, with which Mahometans are unfairly reproached, 'even less can be said for the professors of Christianity than for the followers of the Arabian prophet;' while 'the iniquitous laws passed to defend the Reformation or the Established Church in England fully surpass anything done at any time by propagators of Islam.' Nor can they justly refuse to 'appreciate fully the benefits which on the whole Islam has conferred upon the Eastern world'—particularly in Egypt and Asia Minor, which it has transformed into a moral and physical paradise. If Mr. Syed Ameer Ali should decide to follow up

his controversial triumph by building a mosque on the vacant site in Leicester-square, he will confer an additional benefit upon the metropolis of his adopted country, and especially upon Leicester-square, and subscriptions for the new building will no doubt be received in the office of the *Saturday Review*.

It will be seen that our contemporary displays himself the large toleration which he requires from others,—but, as we have said, with one exception. The 'critical' mind will never fail to do justice to Mahomet, 'both the man and his work,' and will courteously examine the claims of Buddha or Confucius; but may reasonably console itself by any amount of insolence and calumny towards the insignificant Catholic community, whose services to Europe and America cannot for a moment be compared with 'the benefits which Islam has conferred upon the Eastern world.' It is no doubt for this reason that the same number of the *Saturday Review* contains one of its characteristic articles, in which the Catholic Church is warned that it must expect no share in the coming Millennium. That boon is reserved, in the counsels of the *Saturday Review*, for Islamism and Döllingerism, and it is hard to say of which our contemporary is most enamoured. He warmly resents the 'contemptuous remark' of the *Times* about the new Bishop Reinkens, whose insane ravings against the Church of Christ are far more worthy of praise, he considers, than any idle talk about 'sin, prayer, and the immortality of the soul' in which the *Times* vainly supposed that any one pretending to be a Bishop would be likely to indulge. Dr. Reinkens had something else to think of than questions of religion, and the *Saturday Review* quotes with rapture the following gems from his 'Pastoral.' 'Christianity has become even more degenerate than Judaism at the time of Christ.' The prospect would be gloomy, but fortunately there is a Reinkens at hand who, with the help of 'the civil power,' which everybody ought to obey, will soon reform this lamentable religion, and restore its original purity. The Ca-

tholic Bishops, he tells his Dutch and German friends, 'are as mere creatures of their master the Pope, and have abetted him in distorting the Faith,' which Reinkens and the *Saturday Review* naturally disapprove. There is a good deal more of the same kind,—revolting nonsense dear to the 'critical' mind,—and the *Saturday* rejoices to announce in conclusion that the number of 'Old Catholics'—they are called by another name in their own country—'is continually increasing, and is likely to increase more steadily.'

We will not oppose our own information on this subject to that of the *Saturday Review*, and it would not believe us if we did, but our readers will be glad to hear what a Protestant eye-witness, who has lately been surveying the operations of the sect both at Cologne and Rotterdam, reports to the Anglican journal by which he was employed. We quote the account from a letter of Mr. Orby Shipley to the *Church Review*. The few members of the sect, this gentleman says, are of 'the hard-featured middle class, *and of no other*—no poor, and none of any position.' The agreeable enthusiast of the *Saturday Review* is overwhelmed by their prodigious numbers and 'continual increase;' but a more temperate witness says, as Mr. Shipley quotes him, 'Alt-Catholicism will not advance. There is in it none of the vitality of a sect, not even the strength of a party, nothing of the cohesion of a new creed. . . . That it has no root among the people, so far as Cologne represents it, no one can doubt who contrasts the gathering at the Rathhaus Capelle with the concourse at the cathedral. On asking my way to St. Pantaleon for the Alt-Catholic Mass, I had twice over the same laughing rejoinder: "*Alt-Catholic oder neue-Protestant.*"' After quoting the foolish boast of Dr. Heykamp, that 'thousands and tens of thousands were joining' this expiring sect, the Anglican reporter says: 'The congregation of 155 (some in families with their young children) on Sunday week, in one of the head centres of the schism, the population of which numbered thirty years

ago 90,000 persons, affords a striking commentary on Bishop Heykamp's words,' and 'confirms the report made to me by one who has lived all her life in Cologne, and affirms that in her own rank of life, as a lady, she was acquainted with no single Alt-Catholic.' Finally, Mr. Orby Shipley says of the pastoral of Dr. Reinkens, with which the writer in the *Saturday Review* is enchanted, that 'his words have the ring of the truest Erastianism—an Erastianism worthy of a Bishop of the English Church of the Hanoverian dynasty.'

It is, perhaps, to the well-known mildness and generosity of the *Saturday Review* that we ought to attribute its benevolent espousal of hopeless causes. It would no doubt patronise even the Catholic Church if she showed any symptoms of decay. But the extreme tenderness of our contemporary towards the weak things of the earth, amiable as it is, may perhaps be carried too far. We say nothing of his apology for Islamism, because that system has still some vitality, chiefly among the negro populations of Africa; but even the *Saturday Review* can do nothing for Döllingerism. It is already dead, and among Germans is only a subject of laughter. The surest way to make it equally ludicrous in the sight of Englishmen is to continue to publish a weekly chronicle of its imaginary triumphs, with no other result than to provoke Mr. Orby Shipley, or some equally impartial witness, to reduce them to their true proportions. The *Saturday Review* is imprudent. It would be wiser to leave Döllingerism to its inevitable fate. People may be only amused by its defence of Mahomet, and suspect a latent irony, but a joke should not be repeated too often. We have all heard of *Athanasius contra mundum*, but *Reinkens contra mundum* is too much even for Englishmen, and may prove a dangerous motto for the *Saturday Review*.

If Ritualists are resolved to commit suicide, no one can help it. They profess to revere the Anglican Bishops, and prove their devotion by treating them like dogs. Day after day the

columns of the Ritualistic journals, which we cannot conscientiously recommend as pious reading for Christians, are filled with insults against their spiritual chiefs such as the following. 'The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol,' says the *Church Times*, 'has been maundering in his usual style.' The Bishop of London is described in the same journal as 'the tool of every clique of Bumbles in his Diocese.' The *Church Herald* deplores 'the intemperate and ignorant theological utterances of Lord Arthur Hervey, Bishop of Bath and Wells.' The *Church Review*, after observing that 'Dr. Ellicott adopts the claptrap of the uneducated street preachers,' and playfully ridiculing his colleague of London as 'the Rev. John Jackson, principal of an Islington educational establishment,' gives the following impressive account of the Anglican Bishops in general: 'They actually go knee-deep into the slaver poured forth by all the bad popular opinion of a heedless and unthinking public;' and 'put on the ragged garments which this evil popular opinion has provided for them.' It would be a waste of words to comment upon such language, but if any further evidence is required of the spirit which inspires it, another article in the same number of the *Church Review* supplies it. These scoffers at all authority are as insolent to the Catholic Church as they are to their own. Speaking of a pilgrimage which had not then taken place, but which they call 'the mock expedition to Paray-le-Monial,' they observe that 'the pilgrimage farce by first and second class does not seem to have answered very well in this country;' and then they discuss it in a tone which would disgrace the most impure journal in Europe. If the Church of England had the power to exorcise, it might be employed with good effect upon these unfortunate sectaries, who seem unable to do anything but curse, swear, and revile.

No. XXVIII.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND—A COMIC THEOLOGIAN—THE MILLENNIUM POSTPONED—NEWSPAPER PIETY.

It is a common saying with the more conspicuous unbelievers of our generation, who know how to express their convictions in emphatic language, that Christianity is a transparent failure if Anglicanism is one of its genuine products, and that the Church of Christ is a human institution if the Church of England is any part of it. It is true that these writers are equally hostile to the Catholic Church, but in a different way, and on totally opposite grounds. They do not confound her with purely national sects, such as the Russian or English Establishments, having quite another origin and history. They even celebrate, with a kind of transient enthusiasm, her 'immense services to mankind;' and writers of such different schools as Mr. Lecky and Professor Huxley openly contrast the majesty and unity of the Church of Peter with the feebleness and confusion of the sect of Parker, which sprang, as the former observes, 'from the intrigues of a corrupt court,' and has never ceased to be worthy of its origin. While Ritualists announce every day that the very truths impiously rejected by the so-called Reformers were really of divine faith, Rationalists justify the Church against which these impostors revolted in another way, by contending, that either she was the appointed teacher of the nations, or there never was one. It would be an easy task to prove, by the combined evidence of these independent witnesses, that Christianity is a fable, or that the Church of Rome is all that she claims to be.

It would not be more difficult to show, from the pages of contemporary literature, that the growth of unbelief in England is largely due to the contempt and aversion with which educated men have learned to regard the official sect. It is their own

daily confession. A recent example, which we find in the September number of the *Contemporary Review* (pp. 582-591), deserves notice. The writer, who appears to be a clergyman, thinks that disestablishment would be 'on the whole a calamity,' yet gives the following account of the National Church: 'Its blood-thirstiness in the reign of Elizabeth, its arrogance under the Stewarts, its slothfulness under the earlier Georges, and its worldliness under the later, must for ever preclude the impartial historian from according to it that praise which the learning and piety of some of its sons would else perchance have secured it.' And if its history in the past is one of shame, and of continual progress towards a lower level, here is his picture of its present condition, after an existence of three centuries: 'Her Bishops are appointed at the caprice of an Erastian Minister; her incumbents are those who have best known how to ingratiate themselves with their ordinary or his wife; if not, as is too often the case, simoniacal purchasers of their own preferment.'

We have often wondered how Anglican journalists can talk seriously of some unhappy Greek or Egyptian Bishop, who has bought his see by outbidding other competitors, and pays for it by fleecing his flock,—so that the phrase 'Phanariote Bishop' has become a proverb in the East—but it appears that they are quite as tolerant of simony at home, and are not likely to reproach in others what they practise themselves. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that the conclusion of the friendly writer in the *Contemporary Review* is this, that 'every day deepens in men's minds the conviction that, as at present constituted, the Church of England cannot much longer continue to exist.'

Yet at the very moment when the true character of this divided and decaying sect is becoming more and more apparent, even to those who love not the Church from which it revolted, so that they begin to ask why it is permitted to cumber the earth, to the permanent discredit of Christianity, we see men

going round the tottering fabric in a grotesque procession, to the sound of trumpets and cymbals, bidding all the earth admire its matchless proportions, and affecting to wonder that the whole universe does not begin to dance to their harmonious piping. While others are hiding their faces in expectation of the coming ruin, or warning all whom they love to fly while there is time, the people called Ritualists are singing fantastic litanies in their own praise, and inviting the whole human race to bow down before the graven image which they have set up. They do not scruple, indeed, to throw stones at it themselves, an exercise in which they appear to find extreme satisfaction, and their loudest songs of triumph are mingled with ribald invectives. They ridicule its chief custodians, flout its presiding architect as 'a Scotch Erastian,' and tell everybody that it would fall to pieces in an hour if *they* ceased to prop it up; but in the same breath they affect to speak of the uncouth idol with rapture, and repeat, at the bidding of the spirit who rules them, their new version of the old antiphon: 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' And the builders of this Babel have only scorn for an older and more enduring temple. The very sight of it afar off fills them with fury. Their habitual language towards the Church of God, whose doctrines they profess to have adopted, and whose ritual they pretend to imitate, is a shriek of rage and contumely. If she were not immortal they would gladly strangle her. More intemperate than Luther, more defiant than Calvin, more contemptuous of all authority than a Scotch Cameronian or a New England Puritan, they have only sneers for the True Witness who has been teaching for nearly 2000 years the very truths which *they* have been rehearsing for about twenty, which they learned by listening outside her door, and but for her would never have learned at all. And they repay the boon by insulting their teacher. 'There is something sad and humiliating,' says the Protestant writer whom we have already quoted, 'in the spectacle of the tamed lion of the English Church—

sans teeth, *sans* claws, *sans* everything, save constant but impotent roar.'

If it may be said of any living men that modesty, meekness, gratitude, and reverence are virtues unknown and unrecognised in their system of ethics, it is to the journalists of the Ritualistic school that the reproach may be addressed. In vain may we search in their pages for a Christian sentiment. They seem to value nothing in religion but its externals, and while they exhaust the vocabulary of laudation in speaking of themselves, they have only insult and mockery for all that is not themselves. The one thing of which they never seem to think is the glory of God, and all their aspirations tend to the triumph of a party and the glorification of a clique. They are quite willing to represent the Spouse of Christ as corrupt and impure, and make her the jest of the unbeliever, if the impious theory is necessary for their own defence—the interests of their sect being always dearer to them than those of the Universal Church. It is they who confirm the enemy in his opinion that the Church of Christ is a mere human confederation, by assuring him every day that it is lawful to revolt against her, that she has long since lost both unity and authority, that Christians can live without the one, and owe no submission to the other. And he takes them at their word. He only follows their instructive example, and laughs at the Church which they have taught him to despise. They tell him she has become corrupt and divided, so that it was their duty to separate from her, and he is quite willing to believe them. Yet even he is scandalised by the lesson which they teach him. 'Let Anglicans cease to maunder about schism,' cries the *Spectator*, 'or cease to be Anglicans;' while the *Westminster Review* adds, that 'if any revelation has been made,' it is evident that the Roman Church is its only witness. Even infidels are shocked by the ignoble man-worship of Ritualists, their constant outrages against the very Church of which they affect to be a branch, and their silence

about Him of whom the Church is the living witness and mouthpiece. Speaking of their characteristic comments upon the end of a lately deceased prelate, the writer in the *Contemporary Review* says: 'An ancient Greek would have been struck by the almost universal omission of any reference to a possible immortality of the soul.' But men who worship a sect are apt to worship nothing else.

On all sides the same comments are heard. Even the professional jester becomes serious in his judgment of Ritualism. We do not go to *Punch* for the highest wisdom, and should not find it if we did, yet he can discern truisms which are hidden from the sectaries in question. Speaking of one of their representative men, who has lately defied all the Bishops of the Anglican sect after defying all his life those of the Catholic Church, our comic contemporary says: 'Archdeacon Denison appears to repudiate the name of Protestant, but, in the eyes of every Catholic whose Catholicity is recognised by Catholics at large, he deserves it as much as Dr. Cumming (Scotus).' Such is the verdict of English common sense. What else can be said of a school in which, as the same writer observes, 'every man is his own Pope, and his Bishop's or any other Bishop's Pope too'? Yet these violently Protestant laymen, who scorn all authority, but profess to obey what they call the 'Primitive Church' because it does not exist to claim their obedience, call themselves, and entreat the world to call them, 'Catholic priests.' The world is ready to do many foolish things, but not that.

We are far from confounding the Ritualistic leaders and journalists, who are a law to themselves, either with their pious disciples, or with the mass of sober High Churchmen, many of whom, we rejoice to know, are inspired by true humility, refuse to revile the Church of God, and cherish already a certain reverence for the august Vicar of Christ. Such men deserve our tender sympathy, and we may regard their conversion as

only a question of time. The God whom they desire to love will break the chains which bind them, and when their hour of grace arrives, they will not turn a deaf ear to the compassionate voice for which they are already listening.

The Millennium announced last week by the *Saturday Review* is postponed till further notice. Old habits have proved too strong, and the luxury of reviling the Church has triumphed over the feeble attractions of the era of peace which we were promised by our relapsed contemporary. His virtue has yielded to temptation. It is much to be feared that he will die in final impenitence. In an article on the pilgrimage, of which even the *Times* speaks with unwonted reserve, and which the *Conservative* calls 'the greatest religious revival of the nineteenth century,' the *Saturday Review* contrives to surpass even its Ritualistic rivals in flippant mockery. If the pilgrims had gone to Munich or Mecca they would have merited praise. The whole article may be described as a sneer in two columns, and quite discourages any immediate hope of the Millennium. In another effusion, of which every line is either a blunder or untrue, the influence of 'the priest' in Rome and its neighbourhood, especially in the matter of education, is described in language which sounds like an echo from the conventicles of Holloway or Islington. 'He has not taught (the people) to read, for fear they might read heretical books. He has not taught them to write, for fear their daughters might write love-letters.' Yet the late Mr. Cobden told his friends that 'the best elementary schools' he had ever seen 'were in the States of the Church,' and Mr. Laing relates, in a well-known work, not only that 'there are as many schools in Rome as in Berlin,' with three times its population, but that 'the subjects taught in Rome are exactly those taught in Berlin.' This was thirty years ago. If the highest merit of the journalist is to affirm without regard to facts, and when corrected to repeat the affirmation, there is perhaps not a journal in Europe which has

acquired it in such an eminent degree as the *Saturday Review*.*

The only writer, as far as we have noticed, who maintains a feeble rivalry with the Döllingerist weekly organ in the matter of the Pilgrimage is the ingenious Paris correspondent of the *Standard*. His religious sensibilities are wounded, this gentleman tells us, because 'the Sacré Cœur has utterly displaced the Cross.' He laments it on purely conscientious grounds, being a man of solid piety. We should ourselves have thought that to adore the Heart which was pierced on the Cross was hardly a disparagement of the latter. But newspaper theologians have perhaps some special illumination not vouchsafed to ordinary men. We can only hope that their zeal for the Cross, however mistaken, may last a little longer than that of the *Saturday Review* for the Millennium.

No. XXIX.

GOD AND CÆSAR—THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND—A BISHOP AT BAY—ROMA PERICLITANS.

WHATEVER may be doubtful about the original constitution of the Christian Church, this at least is certain, that its Founder did not consult the civil authorities. Neither Herod nor Pilate was invited to approve it. If those eminent persons had not been in existence, they could not have been more completely overlooked. Cæsar and his satellites, potent as they were in their own sphere, had no voice in this. They had authority in the kingdoms of the world, but none whatever in the kingdom of God. It was established in spite of them. And as soon as it was established, the ruler of nations, and lord of many legions, though he had not been consulted at all, was

* It is really curious to see how the unscrupulous statements of the *Saturday Review* about the Pilgrimage are flatly contradicted, one by one, by the honest correspondent of the *Times* on Monday last.

bound to hear the Church, like the humblest peasant, and submit his soul to her guidance, on pain of eternal banishment from the presence of God. He might pretend to command, where it was his duty to obey, but the mistake was sure to be disastrous to himself, as indeed the final result proved.

When the Master had finished His work, and His Vicar reigned in His place, the independence of the spiritual power in its own province was, if possible, still more evident. We know what was the attitude of the Apostles towards the State. In questions of the soul they set it at naught. They taught loyalty to Cæsar, in all which religion does not condemn, as their successors do at this day—so that among Christians were found a host of martyrs, but not a single conspirator or assassin—but when Cæsar required disloyalty to God, they bade him defiance. They knew the penalty, and accepted it. It was perfectly understood that Cæsar, like other beasts of prey, had claws and teeth, and could use them. He did use them with considerable effect. He had soldiers, lictors, prisons, axes, and scaffolds. But such engines, destructive as they were, could only hurt the flesh; and Christians were told not to 'fear them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul.' They were warned that they would be 'brought before governors,' but that they were not even to take thought what they should say. The Master would teach them what to say, as He still does at this day in Germany and elsewhere.

For the conditions of the combat between God and Cæsar are not changed. The conflict now raging in more than one province of Europe is not so much between the State and the Church as between Paganism and Christianity. Most of our English journals have ranged themselves, consciously or otherwise, on the side of Paganism. Every fresh usurpation by the civil power of purely spiritual functions, every impious assault upon the most sacred rights of conscience, every cynical persecution of men whose only crime is that they are faithful minis-

ters of Jesus Christ, finds in our English press a sympathetic echo. Not a protest is heard on behalf of outraged liberty. Even the sacrilege of the Piedmontese usurpation, which displays its gross form on the very throne of Christ's Vicar, like an ape who has climbed on the altar, is greeted with cheers and laughter. With the exception of a faint remonstrance in one or two religious newspapers, timidly urged as if they blushed at their own temerity, or a feeble disclaimer on the part of some philosophical Radical solicitous about his own consistency, we meet in English writers only expressions of approval.

Yet the battle, as we have said, is really between Paganism and Christianity. This is so evident, that some of our contemporaries, of whose good intentions we are fully persuaded, will probably discover the mistake into which they have been betrayed. They are not yet definitely committed to the cause of Satan. They are far from denying the sovereignty of Christ, but they are so muddled by heresy and the gross delusions of what is called 'modern thought,' that they fight against God without knowing it. Their notions of the spiritual authority may be vague and confused, but that it has a sphere of its own, within which it is supreme, they readily admit. There is even in Great Britain a Church, established by law, of which it is a fundamental maxim that the spiritual is, and ought to be, wholly independent of the temporal power, and that to resist the latter unto death may become a solemn Christian duty. It was of this Church that Dr. Chalmers said, with the applause of his coreligionists, that if it perished in a conflict with the State, its proper epitaph would be: 'Here lies the non-Erastian Kirk of Scotland.' And the civil magistrate in our own day is so little disposed to take umbrage at these pretensions,—maintained in other days by the sword, and maintained with success, against the English crown,—that some who now reiterate them with most vehemence are styled 'Chaplains to the Queen,' whose statesmen habitually frequent churches from which any who

should question this first principle of Scottish theology would be promptly ejected.

If we ask why Cæsar, elsewhere so fiercely intolerant of the spiritual power, makes an exception in this case,—as he is also beginning to do in Russia,—the explanation is twofold. He comprehends that no human sect will ever really be his rival, and he knows that its spiritual pretensions are no more serious than his own; but he knows also that the disciples of the heresiarch will fight on sufficient provocation, and that, unlike the disciples of the Cross, the only martyrdom to which *they* aspire is on the battle-field. It is safer not to provoke them. And the journalists, who are Cæsar's friends, reason as he does. They make a treaty with the sects, but gnash their teeth at the Church; they joke with Simon Magus, but knit their brows at Peter. The claims of national or established churches they are content to tolerate, as long as no urgent political motive suggests a revision of their compact with the State, because they hardly even pretend to rest on a supernatural basis, and make religion little more than a department of police; but the serene majesty of the Church, which even to them seems unearthly, and upon which they look with mingled awe and rage, and that *imperium* which she exercises, by God's command, over the whole wide domain of the human conscience, in all lands and in all ages, moves them to cry out in a transport of fury: *Tolle, crucifige*. The same feeling makes them applaud acts done in other nations which they would be ashamed to see done in their own. There is no senseless brutality, worthy of an Asiatic prefect of the Roman Cæsar, which they are not ready to palliate. They tell us, for example, with evident glee, that the Cabinet of the new German Emperor 'has decided' that the sect of Dr. Reinkens still belongs to the Catholic Church. If the Bishops should decide that officers cashiered by a court-martial were still entitled to their rank and pay, it would be less odious and not more absurd; for these German freethinkers, who pre-

tend to tell Peter who are the members of his flock, do not themselves belong to it. Yet our journalists see in this grotesque assumption of Pontifical authority by a few unbelieving laymen only a noble example of 'resistance to the encroachments of the Church.' In the long annals of human folly there is nothing to surpass this. Even the pagans hardly attained to such a height of unreason. When it was proposed a few years ago to abolish the punishment of death in France, Alphonse Karr replied: 'With all my heart, but let the gentlemen who assassinate begin first.' In like manner we may say: 'If the Church is to be confined to her own functions, at least let the State set her the example.'

St. Peter was accustomed to say to the civil authorities of his day: 'If it be just in the sight of God to hear you rather than God, judge ye.' Both Jews and Pagans seemed to have been much impressed by this argument. Upon our journalists it would produce no impression at all. The most flagrant tyranny of the State in spiritual things is in their judgment an act of self-defence; the most essential exercise of authority by the Church an act of usurpation. She must not even determine who are her own members. Her modern accusers are more pagan than the pagans. If Pliny could read our daily papers—the *Times* or the *Daily News*, and much more the *Pall Mall Gazette* or the *Saturday Review*—he would think that Trajan was still Emperor; but he would think also that the old man had become more vindictive and anti-Christian than he used to be. The supercilious scorn of Tacitus, and the malignity of Celsus and Porphyry, are surpassed in our day. Here, for example, is what the *Times* can say, in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, about the friends of the Church and her enemies: 'The eminent ecclesiastics of North Africa were much given to the persecution of heretical sects, and the Arians and Donatists especially were pursued with furious bitterness by the Emperors Theodosius and Honorius, and by St. Augustine,

Bishop of Hippo.' If the *Times* can represent St. Augustine, in spite of his own treatise on the subject of persecution, as a furious persecutor, and the Arians and Donatists, in spite of their atrocities, as the amiable victims of that intemperate ecclesiastic, our contemporary may well call the German Bishops seditious, and consider Bismarck worthy of praise. The conservative *Standard* is hardly less ingeniously perverse. Scoffing at the 'dismal dirge of the Ultramontanes,' who ridiculously complain that they are fined, imprisoned, or exiled, for adhering to the See of Peter, the *Standard* says: 'There is a certain verse of Juvenal about the "Gracchi" and "sedition" which might be recommended to their serious meditation.' The Jews said much the same thing of the Redeemer of the world, and complained that His Apostles 'stirred up the people.' Why does the *Standard* imitate these perfidious men? Why does it exalt Cæsar above God? The only 'sedition' of the venerable Archbishops of Posen and Cologne, the Bishops of Fulda and Mayence, and their apostolic colleagues, whom St. Peter would embrace as worthy heirs of his ministry, consists in this, that they obey God's Vicar, believe what the Church teaches, claim the right to train their own clergy, and to decide who are members of their communion and who are not. If this is sedition, the Apostles were conspirators, and Christianity was built up on treason. Either the German Bishops are innocent, or the Apostles were criminal. If *they* had accepted the legislation of the Bismarcks of their age, or approved the maxims of our journalists, Christianity would have been stifled in its cradle. It is precisely because the Apostles of Jesus Christ acted in all things as the Bishops of Germany and Switzerland are now acting — regarded subservience to the State in spiritual things as equivalent to apostasy, and died rather than prefer Cæsar to God — that the Cross won all its victories, and that the heirs of their office and gifts have still at this hour an altar to serve and a faith to proclaim.

And the issue of the renewed combat between God and Cæsar will be in the nineteenth century what it was in the first. Nothing, observes a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*—April, p. 530—but an apostasy on the part of the Catholics, such as took place in the time of Luther, can give success to the German Diocletian. 'If the thirteen million Germans professing the Roman Catholic faith should present an unbroken opposition to (his) policy, ... then we must abandon expectations of any organic movement towards permanent emancipation'—he means towards State bondage; but if they remain true, 'the movement now a-foot in Germany will share the fate of the ephemeral efforts of Joseph II.' We accept the prediction. Our English contemporaries are warring, perhaps unconsciously, not simply against the Holy Roman Church, but against the Gospel of Christ and His scheme of redemption. Who can doubt the issue? The persecutors whom they applaud will have a temporary success; but just when they think that their work is done, and that they have at last overcome the invincible, God will 'put a hook in their nose and a bridle in their lips,' and the demon whom they serve will reward them, as he rewarded their predecessors, by scourging them into the abyss.

If any believe that our England is on the eve of returning to the faith which was her light and glory for a thousand years, we are not of the number. Yet the opinion finds support in an unexpected quarter. The 'Protestant Defence Association' announces 'the indisputable fact that the Church of England, as a system, and a large proportion of the English people, are becoming gradually and rapidly unprotestantised.' These gentlemen are too easily alarmed. The Ritualists, whom they dislike so much, are more violently Protestant than they are themselves. Thus the *Church Review* informs us that all who obey the Vicar of Christ are in the fetters of the most fearful heresy that has ever yet dominated over the spirits and minds of men. These people are becoming maniacal. What could

the Defence Association say better? Let them take comfort. Luther would have felt himself surpassed by the *Church Review*. If all other Protestants were extinct, the Ritualists would supply their place.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells, reproached by Canon Liddon for depreciating Mr. Keble, triumphantly replies: 'My view of the Church's doctrine on this mysterious subject (the Eucharist) is identical with that of my saintly predecessor, Bishop Ken. Perhaps some who are ready enough to censure me will be less willing to condemn him.' Only a Bishop of the Church of England could have used such an argument. He might have added that the rank Protestantism of Andrewes, Bull, and Laud is as much beyond controversy as that of Ken. They all used language as impious as the *Church Review*. The Protestant Association need not despair yet. It is quite true that Ritualists abuse the Reformers, but, as Plato said to Diogenes, 'with greater pride,' and a more unbridled lawlessness.

The *Guardian* is not favourably impressed by the recent pilgrimage. 'It is enough,' says our Episcopalian contemporary, 'to make a man despair of the Roman Church.' Let him keep up his spirits. We are touched by his sympathy; but long after the Anglican sect has ceased to exist, the Roman Church will be exactly what she is now—the Spouse of Christ, the teacher of the nations, and the ark of Salvation. Sects die, but the Church lives for ever. We are persuaded that the readers of the *Guardian* will before long have new evidence of the fact.

No. XXX.

LIGHT FROM THE PROVINCES—LUMINARIES OF RITUALISM—THE BRANCH THEORY—REINKENS IN EXCELSIS.

Our metropolitan journalists appear to think that the Christian Church as a whole, though founded for quite other purposes, has been chiefly occupied throughout its long existence in disseminating pernicious errors. This pleasing view of that unfortunate institution was first announced in England by the Anglican Article which proclaimed, to the great profit of Christianity, that even the Apostolic Sees, without exception, 'erred in matters of faith.' The whole thing, according to the compilers of the Anglican Prayer Book, was a failure from the beginning. We are not surprised to find that provincial journalists emulate their London contemporaries in strict fidelity to this cardinal precept of the National Church. The *Leeds Mercury* is particularly distinguished. In a single article it contrives to expand and develope the Anglican doctrine, and to maintain the honourable reputation of the English press in a very triumphant way. We can only notice a few of its instructive remarks. Speaking of the recent Pilgrimage, it observes that 'it is hardly necessary to say'—perhaps because its readers were already convinced—that 'it was intended to serve a political purpose,' and that 'it was an impudent attempt to involve the Roman Catholics of England in the conspiracies of the Legitimist and clerical parties of the Continent.' If the people of Leeds happened to read the letters of the *Times* correspondent who accompanied the Pilgrimage, they would learn that there was 'nothing political in it;' but perhaps they prefer the authority of their local journal. The *Mercury* has a still worse opinion of 'the temporal power of the Pope' than of the Pilgrimage, and considers it 'a blot upon our civilisation.' It is indeed the special merit of that eminent philanthropist Victor Emmanuel that 'he strove to break the chains of the Pope's miserable subjects' from

a pure motive of benevolence. The poor creatures did not know that they were miserable, but they ought to have done so, especially as 'Rome is *now* an orderly city, a city of liberty and of good government.' If the people of Leeds believe this, the people of Rome do not. They know too well what their city has become. Even the correspondent of the *Standard* noticed not long ago how bitterly they mourn the time when 'wealthy and devout Catholics flocked to the city,' which flourished under the paternal government of 'the Pope and his court,' while under that of the Piedmontese usurper 'gold is unseen and unheard of, and even M. Sella's paper money is rare.' In the moral aspect of the city the contrast is unspeakably more disastrous,—which the *Leeds Mercury* perhaps considers an improvement. It is better to be filthy and impious under Victor Emmanuel than pure and religious under the Pope. The *Mercury* reproaches the Archbishop of Paris for disputing such a truism, while the Protestant *Hour* observes: 'It is incontestable that the Archbishop of Paris has a right to do as he has done, and to publicly invoke the intervention of heaven against the impious Government which has taken possession of the Holy City.' But the felony is accomplished, and 'sincere Catholics may rest assured,' on the authority of the Leeds journal, 'that they might as well try to set up the worship of Juggernaut as to reëstablish the temporal sovereignty of the Papacy.' We advise our northern contemporary not to be too sure on that point. He knows nothing about it. It is rash to prophesy evil of one to whom the Omnipotent has said, at one time, *Tu es Petrus*, and at another, *Rogavi pro te*. Prophecies about the Vicar of Christ are apt to be falsified. The old heathen oracles were more prudent. They were discreetly enigmatical, so that, whatever happened, their credit was sure to be saved. Let Leeds learn prudence from Delphi.

The Ritualistic journals continue to instruct the world, in the style of the *Leeds Mercury*, as to the true nature of Christ-

ianity. They have unusual qualifications for the task. The Apostolic Sees might easily err in matters of faith, as their sect teaches, but not they. The very object of their creation was to discover the mistakes of the Church and correct them. It is impossible not to rejoice in this providential arrangement, which alone saves the whole Christian family from going hopelessly wrong, as it seems bent on doing. We hope our readers will try to do justice to the Anglican theory. Here it is in its naked simplicity. The Founder of the Christian Church never proposed to preserve her from errors, even the grossest, as Catholics idly suppose, much less to make her 'the pillar and ground of the truth,' as St. Paul fondly imagined, but secured the perpetuity of the faith by a much more acute device. Whenever the Church teaches lies, which she does about once a week, gifted individuals rise up, wholly exempt from her chronic liability to delusion, and considerably superior to her saints and doctors, who pounce at once upon the mistake, and thus preserve Christianity from becoming a mere bundle of errors. Such is the simple and compact theory of Anglicanism. The truth is triumphantly maintained, not by the Church, but in spite of her—which comes to exactly the same thing, but by a much more ingenious process. The very remarkable persons employed by Heaven, in successive ages, to correct the mistakes of the Church—which she was created to invent, and they to refute—have been called by various names, but have all had the same astonishing accuracy of perception. Donatists, Lutherans, Irvingites, Döllingerists, and Anglicans, have been sent in turn, by a merciful Providence, to do for the Church what she was totally unable, and never designed, to do for herself. If we could embrace this beautiful theory of Anglicanism, and the pleasing philosophy of the Nineteenth Article,—a conclusion to which we do not at present see our way,—we should agree with certain writers of great repute that the Christian Church is the most ignominious failure, and Christianity the most dismal farce the

world has ever seen. Infidels are much indebted to Anglicans for teaching them so persuasively how much reason they have to despise both the one and the other. Here is a recent example of Anglican piety and doctrine, which we take from the *Church Review*.

The Rev. R. F. Littledale first acquired a sort of notoriety by calling the Anglican Reformers scoundrels and reprobates, which people thought a little odd on the part of one of their heirs. Such language has since become common, and the *Church Review* itself gaily announces that 'the blessed Reformation is "a gone coon."' But it appears that its real defect was, in the judgment of Ritualists, that it was not Protestant *enough*. We ventured to console the 'Protestant Defence Association' last week by assuring them that Ritualists are a good deal more Protestant than themselves. If they can beat the following words of Dr. Littledale we are prepared to retract. If they can find anything superior to them, in the whole range of diabolical literature, from Simon Magus to Joe Smith, we accept their reproaches beforehand. 'The plain truth is,' says this Ritualistic luminary, 'that the Vatican decrees are an overt act of rebellion and apostasy from the Divine constitution of the Church Catholic,'—with which he is much more intimately acquainted than the Church herself;—'that they are entirely revolutionary and subversive of the faith; and, finally, that they are a lie, and that their framers knew perfectly, without any manner of doubt,'—and probably confessed it privately to Dr. Littledale,—'that they were a lie, and are a lie.' If our friends of the 'Protestant Defence Association' are not satisfied with this, and do not request Dr. Littledale to become their president, they are both ungrateful and unreasonable.

Upon the language itself we will make no comment. We leave its unhappy author to the judgment of God. But we may ask High Churchmen,—at least such as are not quite so practically Protestant as Dr. Littledale,—what has become of the

Branch Theory? If the biggest branch of all is a mere mass of disease, what about the tree itself? If the Holy See, and the whole Church in communion with it, is 'apostate,' as this person announces, and its faith a deliberate and conscious 'lie,' we must either suppose that the Christian Church has come to an end, or that it maintains a feeble and spasmodic life in a few fragmentary bodies, miraculously preserved from its deplorable fate, such as the English Establishment, or the sect of Dr. Reinkens. If, however, people decline to admit this hypothesis, and prefer to think that Christianity is not a complete failure, and that anybody who calls the Church of the living God 'apostate' is a profane and impudent heretic, we have of course no objection to that view of the subject.

We must admit, however, that Dr. Littledale's idea is quite in harmony with the Nineteenth Article, and with the whole theory of Anglicanism. He has the merit, such as it is, of being a faithful witness of Anglican tradition. We are also prepared to admit that if 'the Vatican decrees' were not inspired by the Holy Spirit, the words of Dr. Littledale express an incontestable truth. If the Vicar of Christ is not infallible in matters of faith and morals, as his Master proclaimed that he should be, the Church which he rules is manifestly 'apostate,' and her faith a transparent 'lie.' Consistent Anglicans, like Dr. Littledale, will assert both without hesitation. Their theory obliges them to do so. They are quite willing to dishonour God, defile the Christian religion, and make the Church the jest of the unbeliever, if the interests of their own sect require it. They will have their reward.

It is curious that while these gentlemen are proving every day, to their own entire satisfaction, how utterly the Church of Christ, by the divisions and corruptions which they attribute to her, has forfeited all claim to the respect of wise men, they are as busy in discussing minor questions, in themselves of very small importance, as if the Church were without flaw or stain, and her

authority admitted by all mankind. What should be 'the pattern and material of a pectoral cross,' and where that ornament 'can be bought specially made for priests' wear,' who have no business to wear it at all, interests them keenly. Should priests or deacons, when in choir, 'wear the stole over their surplices,' is a question which agitates them more deeply than such trifles as heresy or blasphemy. The proper use of a 'Biretta,' and the 'correct shape of Hoods,' are points which claim rapturous attention, though separation from Christendom is not worth a thought. 'The Portuary, or Choir services,' is a theme which sets in motion a torrent of eloquence, in which float such imposing words as the 'epitrachelion,' which is 'worn at the hours,' and the 'phelonion,' which, it is consoling to know, may be worn when the 'stoicharion' is not to be thought of. One would have thought that the poor Church of England might find something to discuss just now a little more to the purpose than the portuary or even the phelonion. But the Greeks were hotly debating such matters just when the Saracens were knocking at their gates, and about to chastise their schism by depriving them of both liberty and faith.

The *Daily Telegraph* reports that the sect of Dr. Reinkens is already *in extremis*, in spite of the patronage of that excellent Christian Prince Bismarck, and of 'all the continental governments with the exception of Belgium.' For the civil power, which it sues so humbly that even Protestants cry 'shame,' cannot help it to victory. 'What sign is there,' asks the *Telegraph*, 'that it has given the Church one vital wound? None whatever. . . . . Old Catholicism has not obtained in the whole of Germany as many supporters as the population of a fourth-rate provincial town.' A correspondent of the *Hour* gives an amusing account of the gathering at Constance. 'Nothing could be more composite.' He was elbowed on one side by an American Protestant Bishop, and on the other by 'the celebrated *pasteur* M. Pressensé.' There were Swiss and Dutch sectaries

of various sorts, and the Anglican Dean of Chester, who was quite at home in such company; but though no two of these lively Christians could agree together about religious truth, 'all were present to do honour to and to encourage the great work of reforming the Church of Rome.' In earlier times people wanted to reform the Church of the Apostles, but did not succeed. It has lasted to our day in spite of them. The Church of Rome will prove equally incorrigible. She is no more capable of reform than her Founder, and in an age so much occupied as our own it is a pity to waste time in attempting the impossible. It is significant of what the new sect has already become, that 'three members delegated by the Old Catholics' are going to take part in an approaching synod of omnigenous heresy at New York, and that the 'Evangelical Alliance,' which counts them for its own, offers to 'pay all their expenses.' The Ritualists differ in their estimate of them. A writer in the *Church Review* says that their '*mala fides* is simply shocking,' and relates that at the consecration of Reinkens 'the importance of the function was unable to restrain the titters of the sparse congregation.' The *Church Times*, sympathising with every new display of revolt and self-will, is naturally attracted towards such people. The *Church Herald*, always more temperate, turns them into ridicule. 'The Dean of Chester, whom Döllinger is said to have styled "a fussy little Erastian," and Mr. Loyson, the monk who wedded a widow, were present.' Alluding to Dr. Wordsworth's incredible letters to Loyson and Cornelius, 'in which Huss and Jerome of Prague are styled martyrs,' the *Herald* says: 'The Bishop of Lincoln ought to be ashamed of himself.' We are afraid our High Church contemporary will not move him to any such emotion. Dr. Wordsworth and his congenial friends at Constance are just the sort of people to 'reform' the Church, and do for her what her Founder failed to do. They would propose to reform heaven if they ever got there.

No. XXXI.

CORPORATE REUNION—THE SPIRIT OF REVOLT—PROFANITY REBUKED.

WHATEVER defence may be made for unconscious delusions, there is not much to be said for those which are voluntary. Human infirmity is one thing, and human wilfulness is another. That intelligent men, not unacquainted with prayer, should be able in good faith to fancy the English Establishment, with its shameful history and multiform divisions, a part of the Church of God, is perhaps an instance of unwitting delusion, and may be partly accounted for by the force of habit and early education; but that such men should consider a corporate reunion of their sect with the Catholic Church—which the *Church Herald* calls 'the great remedy for all our existing evils'—even one of the remote possibilities of a far-distant future, is a purely voluntary error. It is not so much a false conclusion, or a baseless dream, as a deliberate self-deception. Before such a reunion could be effected, two events must take place, one of which is nearly, and the other quite impossible. Both the Anglican sect and the Catholic Church must totally change their nature. Each must formally renounce its past, and admit that its whole previous existence was a lie. It is important just now to make this clear.

The Church of England, from the first hour of its being, has not only proclaimed that the whole Church of Christ,—Rome, Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria,—could, and did, 'err in matters of faith,' and may therefore do so again,—which is equivalent to the assertion that there neither is nor ever was a Church of Christ; but has formally denied, as all her members do at this day, the fundamental truths, that the Church was founded on Peter, that the Roman Pontiff is the Vicar of Christ, the Centre of Unity, and the Father and Ruler of all Christians. On the other hand, the Catholic Church has always

treated the English Establishment, and continues to treat it, as a lawless and impure sect, without truth, orders, or sacraments, and attributes no more value to its pretended ministerial acts than to those of Quakers or Methodists. Such has ever been, and is now, the attitude of the two bodies towards each other. There is no more agreement between them, as witnesses of truth, than between God and Satan. How, then, can they ever be reconciled? No scheme which can be suggested or imagined with a view to attain that object will bear a moment's examination.

That the Church of England will ever say, with one voice, as a few of her clergy seem willing to say: 'I disavow my founders, and retract the heresies which they imposed upon me,' no serious man believes. But even if she did, her members, including all her Bishops and clergy, could only be admitted into the fold of Christ one by one, as penitent laymen, some of whom had profanely usurped the priestly office, after retracting their errors, professing the true faith, and promising devout submission and filial obedience to the Divine authority against which they had so long revolted. No one dreams that the Church of England will ever do anything of the kind. Not only is concerted action impossible to members of a human sect in this direction, but in any other. Division is the law of their being. They cannot even agree about error, much less about truth. Even the particular school which has learned of late years to repudiate the so-called Reformation, and to make a jest of those who applaud it, is itself divided into various conflicting sections. While some of its prophets, as we saw last week, boldly call the Church of Rome 'apostate,' and her faith 'a lie,' others affect to esteem her as a 'sister,' and to deplore that there are still a few points in which they differ from her. While for these the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff is necessary to the 'perfection' of the Church, for those he is simply a criminal usurper who has subverted her whole constitution. If in one

section the office of the Mother of God in the Christian dispensation is confusedly recognised, in another it is the object of ribald scorn. So grave are the differences which prevent all real union between Ritualists themselves. Nor do they care to hide them. Their public organs are at open war. The general tone of the *Church Times*, for example, differs from that of the *Church Herald* almost as much as the latter does from the *Record*. The *Herald* calls the *Times* 'a shameless trimmer;' says that the *Church Review* does 'the dirty work of the heterogeneous Gladstone party;' and that the writers in the *Guardian*, who probably represent a larger amount of genuine Anglican thought than any other journal, get preferment 'in acknowledgment of their subservience.' Such is the harmony existing among the Ritualists themselves and the various opposing factions of the High Church party. And if we look beyond them, the hope of even an apparent concord is still more visionary. For if the whole mass of seething heresy outside them, after fermenting for a sufficient period, should miraculously crystallise into a harmonious lump, and become assimilated in form and colour, by some impossible spiritual chemistry, to the most approved pattern of Ritualism—even on this extravagant supposition, the Church of England would not be a hair's breadth nearer to corporate union than at this moment. The past would still project its fatal shadow, the present still deride the futile scheme.

It is not even intelligible—unless we suppose that they use words without meaning—that Anglicans should desire reunion. For it is evident, as some of them clearly perceive, that, on their principles, unity is neither possible, nor worth having if it were possible. Why should they wish for union with the Roman Church? Has she changed, or have they? If she is what their sect has always proclaimed her to be, a wise man would rather increase than diminish his distance from her. And if they reply that they expect her to change in order to meet their

advances, have they considered what such change implies? She could only admit their claims by renouncing her own, and thus, instead of raising them to her level, would sink to theirs. Unreal in everything else, Anglicans are most of all unreal in their pretended craving for unity. For what would they gain if they could induce the Church to disavow her past, and acknowledge that her teaching for a thousand years has been a fraud, and her authority a usurpation? Would she be more worthy of their love and esteem when she had accepted shame and consented to degradation? Yet they request her to admit that she has been teaching lies for ages, in order that they may cease to oppose her, and entreat her to confess that she is an impostor, in order that they may rush into her arms.

It is clear, then, that the Church of England, even if all her members possessed the same creed, must dwell alone to the end of time; while the Church of Christ is absolutely precluded, by her very nature, from admitting aliens into her communion, except on her own terms. If the one is not likely to say, 'I sinned in rebelling against you,' much less can the other reply, 'My errors compelled you to do so.' For if the Church could err for one half-hour in the whole course of her existence she would be a human thing, nor would it be of the least importance to men whether they belonged to her communion or not. In that case she would resemble the fictitious churches founded by a Henry VIII., a Calvin, or a Wesley, and one Christian sect would have just the same value as every other—that is, none at all. If, therefore, Anglicans could persuade her to do what they ask, they would gain nothing when she had complied with their request; for if she confessed that she had erred they would have lost all motive for being reconciled with her. It would profit them nothing that she should commit the suicide to which they invite her, since in the very moment of attaining union with her she would have ceased to exist.

If we have treated the subject seriously, it is not because we

suppose that Anglicans sincerely desire reunion with the Church, or are prepared to take one step towards it. Writers in the Ritualistic journals begin even to disavow the wish. They profess now to be content with 'unity of faith,' which they never possessed, and prefer it to 'unity of the Church,' which they never expect to possess. What they really desire is that the Church should confess that she was always wrong, and they were always right:—right in preferring their own wisdom to hers, right in telling the world that she is divided and corrupt, right in despising her authority and exhorting others to revolt against it, right in all which they ever affirmed and all which they ever denied, right above all when most in opposition to her; since, by a remarkable arrangement of Providence, they were never liable to the errors from which she was never exempt. If the Church will confess this, as it is plainly her duty to do, they will commend her docility, and instruct her in all which she requires to know. This is what Anglicans mean by 'promoting the unity of Christendom.'

They confess, indeed, that the 'reformers' were children of Satan, but while they accept their work, they admit no responsibility on account of it. That in their own case repentance must precede unity is a thought beyond their spiritual apprehension. The Pharisee could not have rejected it with more complacent disdain. What have they to do with repentance? It is for the Church to repent, and for them to give her absolution. And they have filled this once Catholic nation with their own pride and lawlessness. We have only to compare the Anglican with the secular journals to see that the latter are an echo of the former. The same spirit of impenitent revolt speaks in both. The *Times* and the *Daily News* are only the Articles and Homilies in a diffused form. The *Standard* professes, like the *Church Herald*, to be both Tory and Anglican, and it would be difficult to find in the whole European press a more reckless adversary of the ancient faith, a more persistent advocate of

Cæsar against God, of licentious self-will against Christian obedience. No other journal devoted its columns with such patient iteration to rhapsodical eulogies of Mr. O'Keefe, of Callan, as long as that clergyman was under ecclesiastical censure; but when he was supposed to have won a new title to respect by repairing his error, the *Standard* resented his pious submission as a fraud on sympathising Protestants, and refused to his virtues the praise which it gave to his faults. A priest fighting against his Bishop, and afflicting the hearts of the faithful, was a sight to rejoice the angels; but a priest overcoming the tempter, and trampling him under foot, is a pitiable spectacle, unworthy of our enlightened age, and the report of his relapse is welcomed as a triumph of religion. The same journal exults in the guilt of Dr. Reinkens, and calls his fellow-schismatics, whom it would revile to-morrow if they found grace to repent, 'apostles of a purified Catholicism.' How exactly the *Standard* represents in such language the true spirit of Anglicanism is curiously illustrated in the words of Mr. J. C. Chambers, which we find in the *Church Review*. After a characteristic defence of the new sect, and even of the ignoble pastoral of Dr. Reinkens, which 'a primitive Christian would not think Erastian,' and the usual flippant talk about 'the unjust claims of the Pope,' Mr. Chambers concludes as follows: 'The English Bishops had better take care what they are about, lest .... they drive' himself and his party 'out of the English communion to imitate the Alt-Catholics.' Our readers can now appreciate Ritualistic aspirations after Christian unity. Their appetite for sects is so insatiable that already they talk of creating *another* new one. It will not be long before they execute their project.

If the horrible language of Dr. Littledale which we quoted last week could pass without rebuke, it would be time to despair of Anglicans, and nothing would remain but 'a certain fearful expectation of judgment to come.' It is pleasant to be able to

record even a solitary protest. 'These awful words,' says Mr. Orby Shipley, in a later number of the *Church Review*, 'fill me with horror and dismay. I believe them to be sinful.' Let us hope that Mr. Shipley, and all who agree with him, may not only repudiate such impious language, but cease to consort with blasphemers, and give to God the devotion which they now waste on a sect.

No. XXXII.

'THE BLESSED REFORMATION'—UNITY IN DISCORD.

We are assured on undeniable authority that there exists in our England a parricidal conspiracy against what some people still call 'the blessed Reformation.' The fact is not disputed. Every week the Bishops of the Establishment, who sorrowfully announce it, are adjured, by those who continue to regard the Satanical outbreak of the sixteenth century as an auspicious event, conducive to the credit of the Christian religion and the general interests of mankind, to deal with the traitors and baffle their evil designs. No one doubts that they would gladly do so if they knew how. They have no quarrel themselves with the 'Reformation.' It made them what they are, and are content to remain. If they are forced to witness its funeral rites it will be in the garb of true mourners, with 'inky suits' and 'forced suspirations.' No one will lament its demise more sincerely, nor with better reason. But they seem to understand that all which *they* can do to arrest the anti-reformation torrent, which threatens to sweep them away in its course, will be as feeble a defence as the sand-hills which children throw up with toy-spades by the sea-shore. 'We would if we could,' is their only answer to the appeals, vociferously incoherent, which disturb episcopal repose without augmenting episcopal vigour.

The so-called 'principles of the Reformation' have had a

long reign in England. Not a protest has been heard against them. They were accepted in all their crudity by such men as Andrewes, Laud, and Bull, even when, in their controversies with other Protestants, they found it convenient to employ Catholic arguments. We see now pretty clearly to what they have led. Bossuet predicted that their final result would be a general apostasy, and D'Alembert exclaimed, amid the fiendish joy of the Encyclopædists: 'Eagle of Meaux, your prophecy is fulfilled!' In Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and many parts of the United States, 'Protestantism' is now only a general term for unbelief. In each of those lands a few pietists struggle for such fragments of Christianity as they still retain, but of all it may be said, as a Prussian statesman said of his own: 'We are ripe for the coming of Antichrist.'

The pretended Reformation, which has been incomparably more disastrous to the human family than the Arian outbreak in the fourth or the Mahometan in the seventh century, has produced the same chaos in the social as in the spiritual sphere. Everywhere the political has grown up side by side with the religious demagogue, and the Luther of the club is as contemptuous of all authority but his own as the Luther of the conventicle. This is what is sometimes called 'the logic of the masses.' If it was lawful to revolt against the Church, after all which she had done for mankind, *à fortiori* it is lawful to revolt against the State. The civil authority has sustained as rude a shock as the spiritual. Everywhere it rests on a precarious basis, and oscillates between fitful severity and impotent concession. In many countries revolution is permanent. A glance at the present state of Europe supplies the proof.

Philosophy, always tending to a lower depth of materialism, has become as purely tentative as religion. 'Natural science,' observes a writer in the ultra-liberal *Edinburgh Review*, 'is fast becoming identified with what is most fluctuating, hypothetical, and uncertain in current opinion and belief;' while its

chief pontiffs, such as Bain, Darwin, and Herbert Spencer, suppress, he adds, even observed facts 'in the interest of their theory;' and Huxley, with his fierce intolerance of every opinion but his own, resembles, according to the same witness, 'a Roundhead who has lost the faith.' The philosophy of Mill, as an illustrious writer in the *Dublin Review* asserts and proves, is 'incredibly shallow,' and 'the whole mass of human knowledge is made utterly dependent on what is about the most gratuitous and arbitrary hypothesis which can well be imagined.' This is what Protestantism has done in the sphere of pure reason.

In dealing with the chief problems of modern society, and especially the ominous conflict between labour and capital, it does not even pretend to possess or suggest a remedy. It folds its arms, and leaves events to take their own course. Yet it continues to be boastful even in its impotence, and is always promising the 'progress' which it never attains, and always on the point of doing something which it never does.

The reaction towards Catholic truth which has commenced in various lands, and notably in those which were most Protestant, was critical before it became religious. Reason began to spurn the so-called Reformation, while conscience still slumbered. Mr. Hallam was the first to remark that any thoughtful man must cease to respect the Reformers 'in proportion to the extent of his reading.' They 'appealed,' he adds, 'to the ignorant,' and it is only ignorance which can accept them for anything but what they really were. Mr. Froude tells us in one of his essays that 'advanced thinkers' are learning to esteem them less and less. By degrees these disparaging comments have become general, and acute observers—scandalised by the senseless contradictions of Protestantism, and the degrading spectacle of a National Church which teaches a dozen religions at once—begin to announce, in the pages of the *Westminster Review* and elsewhere, that if a Divine revelation was

ever made, the unchanging Roman Church is evidently its only witness. They perceive that, whatever may be true, Protestantism is transparently false. Even its artistic failures, which contrast so ludicrously with the triumphs of Catholic genius and faith, are attributed by a writer in the *Anthropological Review* to 'the purely transitional character of Protestantism.' They all perceive that it is neither a religion nor a philosophy, but a mere bundle of fortuitous opinions, which even to the natural intellect are beneath contempt.

Its deadly influence in heathen nations, where it has only extirpated natural without knowing how to substitute supernatural virtues, has been deplored by a host of non-Catholic writers. Even in New Zealand, with half-a-dozen Anglican Bishops, immense resources, and the continuous labour of sixty years, Mr. Trollope says in his recent work—Vol. II. p. 463—that 'whatever is good in the natives existed in them before the missionaries arrived,' while 'these virtues are fading away under their assumed Christianity.' Even in India, a Protestant correspondent of the *Church Review*, whose letter is dated Madras, August 15, 1873, says that the Catholic missionaries, in spite of their poverty, 'are universally respected except by the most rabid of Protestants;' and that, 'go where you will in India, the establishments of the Romanists outshine those of our communion, though we receive much more aid from Government,' while the only fruit of Protestant teaching is to convert the Hindu into an infidel. Wherever the heathen becomes acquainted with Protestantism, in the Anglican or any other form, as Mr. Trollope observes, 'familiarity has bred contempt.' It may be said, indeed, that by all except conceited preachers who are a law to themselves, and certain female disciples whom St. Paul described as 'silly women laden with divers lusts,' Protestantism is definitively judged.

But it was the Oxford revival which was destined to give it the death-blow. It was fitting that the idol should be destroyed

by those who once adored it. Hardly had the leaders of the movement begun to recite, with stammering speech, truths long banished from England, than their disciples recoiled from old delusions with a shudder of disgust. A ray of light was admitted, and the unsuspected tenants of their dark abode—'*diræ facies inimicaque numina*'—were revealed. From that hour Anglicans have been busy, without design, in proving that every charge which had been brought against the Church of God by the so-called Reformers was a deliberate lie. Unconscious agents of the Most High, they have been forced to undo their own work. The very doctrines which impious men had blasphemed, and which they had pretended to 'reform,' were now declared by their spiritual heirs to be divinely revealed. But the justification of the Church was not yet complete. One of the earliest writers of the new school had said that it was necessary 'to undo the Reformation,' but the day was to come when a conspicuous Anglican clergyman was to announce publicly that the Reformation itself was 'a miserable apostasy.' By others the Reformers have been compared, to their disadvantage, with the most odious miscreants of the French Revolution; and finally, one of the organs of the High Church party has lately proclaimed, in language of which the levity does not obscure the truth, that 'the blessed Reformation is a gone coon.'

Rationalists and Ritualists have thus arrived, though by a different process, at substantially the same estimate of the so-called Reformation. And the discovery has been equally unprofitable to both. The only difference between them is this, that while Rationalists have decided to believe henceforward in nothing, Ritualists prefer to believe in nothing but themselves. Yet the Catholic revival has not been barren. If to some it has been a savour of death, to others it has brought life and peace. Many have already been restored to the Church from which they had been exiles, of whom only a very small number, unworthy

of the grace offered to them, have, in the words of the Apostle, 'returned to their vomit,' and 'crucified the Son of God afresh.' Meanwhile, the movement grows, England is learning—from teachers who, as an old writer says, 'are like torches, a light to others, a waste only to themselves'—the truths which concern her salvation. In God's appointed hour the full harvest will be reaped, lingering delusions will vanish, and tens of thousands who now cleave to a condemned and decaying sect will be gathered into the fold of Christ.

That the leaders of the Ritualistic party, more violently Protestant than Luther himself, will continue to fight against God, and strive to mar His work of mercy, we do not doubt. 'What do they care,' asks the candid *Church Herald*, 'for Reunion? "priests' hats," "priests' pectoral crosses," "priests' cloaks," and other similar tomfooleries, are far more in their line.' We are glad to find our estimate of them confirmed by so capable a witness.

The same journal piously rebukes the insane ravings of Dr. Littledale against the Church, which it calls 'the highest living authority,' as 'inexpressibly sad and melancholy,' and 'thoroughly unchristian.' Yet this person sneers at his Anglican reprovers as jauntily as he does at the Catholic episcopate. Of course he avows his sympathy with the sect of Reinkens, of which he ventures to say that 'the irreligious infidel school' in Germany 'are as enraged against the Old-Catholic movement as the Papalists are.' A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, quite as anti-Catholic, but not quite so blinded by passion, reports to that journal, in an account of the comedy at Constance, 'the *satisfaction* which German newspapers of the Liberal school generally express with regard to its proceedings.' *Mentita est sibi iniquitas.*

That the only unity possible to the Anglican Church is the unity of discord is curiously illustrated in the *Standard*. The Council of the 'Bath Congress,' it says, 'includes clergymen so

antagonistic in their opinions as'—and then it gives a list of them, and adds this comment. Such an assembly of 'men of all schools, High, Low, and Broad, engaged in the same holy work' must produce—what do our readers think?—'a sense of the littleness and minuteness of their theological differences.' The Church of England is certainly a unique institution, but why do its members mock God by pretending to care about 'truth'? Is there anything in the world, or out of it, which they really care about, except their own opinion?

No. XXXIII.

AUTHORITY AND OBEDIENCE—ANGLICANISM FATAL TO BOTH—THE IDOLATRY OF SECULARISM—THE FRUITS OF A CONGRESS.

RESPECT for authority is not a favourite text with journalists. 'Obedience,' says Mr. Carlyle, though he does not say to what, 'a virtue universally forgotten in these days, will have to become universally known again;' but the journalists do not agree with him. If authority be purely human, they agree that it may be tolerated, especially when it is able to compel submission; if not, authority is usurpation, and obedience pusillanimity. The world accepts this view of the matter, which may have other merits, but is flagrantly anti-Christian, and has not conduced much to public order or the peace of society. This is so evident that even the least thoughtful statesmen are beginning to be anxious about the future. Everywhere they are asking, 'What next?' The decay of authority, which is found in practice to be inconvenient, is one of the legacies of the so-called Reformation. 'Protestantism,' the *Church Herald* tells us, 'means only men's setting themselves up against the rulers whom God has placed over them in religious matters, as Liberalism means their rejection, as of right, of all temporal rulers.' The most persuasive teacher in England of this right of revolt, both by precept and example, has been the National Church. And it

is reaping what it has sown. The Bishop of Chichester observed the other day in the 'Bath Congress' that he 'regretted the spirit of lawlessness which had grown up among the clergy.' He seems to have been surprised that after being taught for three centuries to rebel against the Church of God, which ought to have satisfied their appetite for lawlessness, they should be so unreasonable as to disturb their own. 'When the Bishops appealed to their vows at ordination,' he continued, 'they said that their consciences were the only rule to them, thereby erecting for themselves a solemn tribunal over-riding all their vows, under the shadow of which, while professing the utmost deference to the Bishops, they disobeyed them.' And they announce, by the mouth of Archdeacon Denison and others, and in the lively pages of the *Church Times* and *Review*, with a rich vocabulary of derision and abuse, that they will continue to do so. Their 'insolence of tone and language to Authority,' says the *Church Herald*, 'is one of the most startling phenomena of a more than remarkable and restless age.'

Does the protest of the *Herald* give the promise of better things? We are afraid not. We gladly recognise the incontestable superiority of this journal in tone and temper over its rowdy rivals of the Ritualistic press. With good reason it reproaches those 'who think to bring about what they call a Catholic revival, by burning incense and figuring in divers-coloured vestments, while the weightier matters are forgotten;' and 'whose leaders are as shallow in their logic as they are violent and sweeping in their adjectives.' But in all else, and especially in the total suppression of reason as applied to questions of the soul, the temperate *Herald* exactly resembles 'the notorious and noisy clique' to whom it gives such wholesome advice. The only difference between them is one of taste and decorum. The *Herald* declines to be rabid and coarse, like Dr. Littledale and his journalistic patrons, but is quite content to be meekly lawless, and blandly self-willed. If religion were a matter of good

taste, we should have little reproach to address to it. 'To obey is better than sacrifice,' says our contemporary, and he adds that the Holy Roman Church is 'the highest living authority.' Nothing can be truer, but how does he treat this august authority, which has survived every other, and will endure to the end of time? To obey no authority but one of our own choice is the worst kind of revolt, and it would be less criminal to deny the obligation of obedience altogether than to confess the law only to break it. But this is just what the *Herald* does. 'The highest living authority' declares of the Anglican Church that it is one of those 'sects of perdition' described by St. Peter. The *Herald* only shakes its head and looks the other way. The same authority affirms that obedience to the Holy See is one of the first duties of a Christian. The *Herald* goes quietly to sleep. It declares all Anglican ministers to be mere laymen, guilty of an enormous crime every time they simulate priestly functions. The *Herald* expands in a regretful smile. It proclaims all members of the Church of England to be in deadly schism. The *Herald* softly sighs reproof. This is the way it treats what it confesses to be 'the highest living authority.' The *Church Times* or the *Record* could do no worse, except that they would employ more brutal language. Our contemporary is irreproachable in manners, and knows how to speak with subdued voice, yet he not only scorns the very authority which he exalts so high, but exhorts others to do likewise. He lives only to resist it, and cares no more for the Vicar of Christ than he does for the Bishop of Durham. Dr. Littledale, who calls the highest living authority 'apostate,' is at least more consistent, though only in guilt and rebellion.

We lately pointed out the senseless extravagance of supposing that the Anglican sect can ever be reconciled by a corporate reunion with the Catholic Church. The *Herald* is not much impressed by our observations. The union, it replies, is already effected, if people did but know it. The proof is simple. 'Let

no Catholic,' meaning Anglican, 'recognise the divisions of Christendom,' and the thing is done. 'Let him'—the Anglican —'claim his right, as a Catholic, to recognition and communion from the Catholic Church in every land he may visit.' Not many Anglicans have the least wish to claim any such right, and even if they had, the *Herald* perfectly comprehends that 'it is no use asking for what they know will be refused.' Still they ought to ask, because 'even the "unjust judge" relented at last.' The unjust judge is the Roman Church. And she is not only unjust, being quite insensible to the Anglican 'claim,' but has unfortunately many 'sins and corruptions,'—the *Herald* says so,—so that one does not quite see why people should be so anxious to obtain her 'recognition.' What would it profit them? Yet they ought to do it, for, as the *Herald* observes: 'What is the good of people talking about the "Unity of the Church," when they go on the Continent and deliberately ignore the very Mother and Mistress of the Churches?' They are no doubt very culpable, but may they not ask in their turn: 'What is the good of people calling the Roman Church "the highest living authority," and "the Mother and Mistress of the Churches," when they impiously accuse her of "sins and corruptions," and consider themselves perfectly competent to instruct her?' We have no idea what answer the *Herald* would make to this question.

Many such questions have been addressed in this journal to our Anglican friends, and they have never received a reply. Will they tell us what they mean by 'authority' on the one hand, and 'obedience' on the other? Or if this is too hard, we shall be quite content if they will say, what is the authority which they themselves recognise, and what sort of obedience they give to it? It is not 'the highest living authority,' for that they despise, nor 'the Mother and Mistress of the Churches,' for her they accuse of sins and corruptions. What, then, is it? But we are sure they will not tell us.

And for this reason we justly say that they are as irrecon-

cilable enemies of authority as they are of unity, and that the godless world learns every day from their example to despise both. Its oracles confess the obligation. Proofs are multiplying on every side that it is the contradictions and inconsistencies of the national sect which are contributing to the unbelief which its ministers profess to lament, but can only aggravate, and to the conviction that Christianity is a failure. 'Within her own sphere,' says the *Westminster Review*, October, p. 448, 'the Church [of England] has been weighed by "the masses," and found wanting. This instinctive appreciation of what is genuine has been, like the touch of Ithuriel's spear, to unmask pretence. . . . Her failure proves that there is no logical resting-place between absolute Church authority and the unfettered right of private judgment—true Protestant *individualism*.' Or, as the writer puts it in the next sentence, 'the logical choice is between Roman Catholicism and'—chaos, though he calls it by another name.

The *Standard*, a great friend of the Establishment, continues to illustrate the real character of that institution, and its hatred of authority, by parading its two heroes, Dr. Reinkens and Mr. O'Keeffe. They both appeal to secular against spiritual authority, and are therefore dear to the Anglican advocate. We despair of converting the *Standard*. 'Animalis homo,' says St. Paul, 'non percipit ea quæ sunt spiritus Dei; stultitia enim est illi, et non potest intelligere.' It would be as idle to remonstrate with the *Standard* as with the *Times* or the *Pall Mall Gazette*. *Non possunt intelligere*. As Lacordaire, a true Christian 'liberal,' said: 'Civil and political servitude is the cancer of souls, it weakens them even in the sphere of religion, and communicates to Bossuet himself the vertigo of idolatry.' Bossuet redeemed his error, but Cæsarism is still rampant, and though Ambrose has many heirs, Theodosius has none.

There has been a Church Congress at Bath. It furnished an occasion for a good deal of talk, which was probably all that

anybody expected from it. Sir Stafford Northcote discussed the question of disestablishment. He thought 'if ever such a thing came to pass it would be more from the blows from within than those from without.' This can hardly be called a discovery. 'There were two inconveniences,' he remarked, 'which Churchmen found connected with establishment. They all found themselves included in the same category, although they differed in opinion on matters of the greatest importance.' But the Dean of Exeter, who handled the same subject, did not see any inconvenience in the matter. 'A National Church,' he observed, 'maintained a large-minded and tolerant spirit in the country' —apparently by allowing everybody to believe what he likes. This may be an advantage, though St. Paul would have called it apostasy. But does this indifference to dogmatic truth produce even toleration? Evidently not, or why are the different sects in the establishment all fighting together, and the clergy fighting against their Bishops? 'The first effect of disestablishment,' says the *Standard*, instructed by the anarchy of the same sect in Ireland, 'would be to bring about a fierce struggle between the two great sections into which the Church is mainly divided for the mastery.' It seems to us that the struggle is fierce enough already. And the unbeliever, contemplating the curious spectacle, asks with contempt: 'If *this* is the Church of Christ, what are we to think of Christianity?' If his premiss were true, which it is not, his conclusion would be true also.

'The proper motto' of the Bath Congress, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 'would be, "Every man in his humour," and a good deal of humour of every kind' there undoubtedly is. The narrative in the *Church Times* reads like the report of a row at a fair. 'Disgraceful uproar,' 'a volley of hisses and groans,' 'sundry cries of "It's a bad case," "Turn him out," "Obey the law," "Shame on you," "It's not truth,"' enlivened the clerical debates; and Archdeacon Denison was told by his own Bishop, *coram populo*, that his 'language was not in very good taste or

very good feeling.' 'If you cannot listen to truth,' was the defiant response, 'I am sorry for you.' Finally, amidst a scene of uproar and confusion, the irrepressible orator exclaimed: Whether you listen to me or not, I don't care three straws.' Upon this display of Anglican harmony and brotherly love the *Times* remarks, that the 'fortunate constitution' of an Englishman 'enables him to swallow all ideas, however incongruous, and to see no inconsistency in articles, creeds, liturgy, clergy, canons, . . . all at cross purposes, and not even permitted to jostle one another into harmonious form.' Yet there are people who profess to believe that this deplorable sect, of which the world never saw the like, and which is a subject of ridicule even to its own members, is, in fact, 'the Church of the living God,' and 'the pillar and ground of the truth.' Can they wonder if unbelievers reply that, on that supposition, Christianity is itself a fable?

No. XXXIV.

THE VICAR OF CHRIST AND THE VICARS OF SATAN.

It is a kind of truism with Christians, that whatever has been reviled, in every age, by all the children of evil, is presumably of Divine institution. Satan does not make war against his own, nor suffer his agents to do so. They do their work better than that. Why, then, have they always raged against the See of Peter? During eighteen centuries infidels and sectaries, of all races and of every school, have combined together in a vain attempt to overthrow it. All that is vile and unclean in this world has coalesced in a diabolical unity of revolt against an authority which is purely spiritual, generally vested in a feeble old man, and of which one of our English rationalists candidly says: 'There can be no doubt that it was on the whole favourable to liberty.' The history of many nations, including

our own, is a record of its ceaseless benefits; while no power known among men can repeat with so much confidence the question of its Founder: 'What evil have I done?' Even in its political aspect, the purest and most gifted of our race have contemplated it with admiration. 'The temporal sovereignty,' says the biographer of Lacordaire, 'was in his judgment a *natural dogma*, founded both on reason and Providence, and for which he would have shed his blood with joy.' Why, then, do all the children of revolt hate the Papacy? There is only one explanation of a malice at once so senseless and so insatiable. The master whom they unconsciously serve has filled them with his own rage. The two works of the Omnipotent which are most hateful to the Evil One, because most ruinous to his empire, are the Mother of God and His Vicar, the instrument of the Incarnation, and the foundation of unity. Take away these, and Satan is master of this lower world. Hence the rage of his ministers against them.

But it is not only the professed unbelievers and the self-willed sectary who wag their heads at the Vicar of Christ. *Their* hatred is at least intelligible. He is the witness of dogmatic truth which never varies, the guardian of unity which is never impaired, and the possessor of authority which never suffers diminution. Therefore they hate him. He who is, in a truer sense than Abraham, 'the father of the faithful,' is their enemy, and they know it. He is to them as Mardochai, 'sitting before the King's gate.' His very presence is a reproach to their evil passions. Who is this that dares to rebuke their lawlessness? When will he cease to remind them that 'obedience is better than sacrifice;' that the Church, as St. Cyprian says, 'was built upon Peter alone;' and that 'he only has charity,' as St. Augustine adds, '*qui diligit unitatem*'? Away with this importunate old man, whom nothing can silence, who is never so strong as when he is weak, and never dearer to Christians than when, like St. Paul, he is 'the prisoner of Christ.' And the

cry is repeated even by men who are neither professed unbelievers nor advocates of a sect. It is the cry of all, without exception, who serve, though they do not know it, the common enemy of God and man.

'More than three hundred years ago,' says one who has written in happier moments many noble words, 'the throne of St. Peter received peremptory judicial notice to quit; authentic order, registered in Heaven's chancery,'—he appears to fancy that he has seen the original entry,—'and since legible in the hearts of all brave men,'—though quite invisible in those of such brave men as a Thomas More, a Fénélon, a Lacordaire, or a Newman,—'to take itself away, to begone, and let us have no more to do with *it* and its delusions and impious deliriums.' It is a man of genius, whose voice everybody will recognise, who thus disposes of the throne of St. Peter and its deliriums. And in this language he is only the echo of meaner voices, the crowd of preachers and journalists who have learned to talk in the same way.

Yet Mr. Carlyle, comparing, as he often does, the state of human society as formed by the heirs of St. Peter with its actual condition, especially in our England, elaborately refutes his own intemperate judgment. He does not seem to think, when he is in a sober mood, that the world has gained much by dethroning St. Peter, and transferring its allegiance to the modern representatives of Herod, Pilate, and Cæsar. Most people remember his description of 'Twelfth-Century Catholicism,' and the sort of men whom it created. 'Religion,' he says in *Past and Present*, speaking of that age, and contrasting it with our own, 'is not a diseased self-introspection, an agonising inquiry: *their* duties are clear to them, the way of supreme good plain, indisputable, and they are travelling on it. Religion lies over *them* like an all-embracing heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere and life-element, which is not spoken of, which in all things is presupposed without speech.'

Such was the state of things in England when the throne of St. Peter was still honoured, and such the 'impious deliriums' which it fostered. 'Is not,' he adds, 'serene or complete religion the highest aspect of human nature; as serene Cant, or complete No-religion, is the lowest and miserablest?' Three centuries earlier, when St. Peter may be said to have been the chief ruler of our England, Mr. Thomas Hughes observes, in his life of King Alfred: 'Faith in Christ was practically the deepest and strongest force in the national life.' With such 'delusions' St. Peter fed his English flock a thousand years ago. They wander in quite other pastures now, as Mr. Carlyle himself will tell us presently.

'Think,' he says, in his *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, 'of the Old Catholic Church, in its merely terrestrial relations to the State, and see if your reflections, and contrasts with what now is, are of an exalting character.' He might repeat the admonition just now to his German friends. The two powers dwelt in harmony *then*, and Cæsar derived all his strength from Peter. He has another ally now, who uses him for his own infernal ends, and will not treat him quite so well. In those days, even 'in the lowest stratum of social thraldom, nowhere was the noble soul doomed quite to choke, and die ignobly,' as happens so often in our own. 'The Church had at least taken care of that: the noble aspiring soul, not doomed to choke ignobly in its penuries, could at least run into the neighbouring convent, and there take refuge. Education awaited it there; strict training, not only to whatever useful knowledge could be had from writing and reading, but to obedience, to pious reverence, self-restraint, annihilation of self,—*really to human nobleness*, in many most essential respects.' Contemplating all this, and more, Mr. Carlyle adds: 'I perceive how the old Christian society continued healthy, vital, and was strong and heroic;' whereas, in its place, 'I see a society without lungs, fast wheezing itself to death, in horrid convulsions; and deserving to die.'

The earlier society was founded on Peter as on a rock, and even Mr. Carlyle confesses, with a kind of generous inconsistency, that 'there is no human edifice that stands long but has got itself planted upon the basis of fact, and been built, in many respects, according to the laws of statics.' When we contemplate the reign of St. Peter, we are less than ever disposed to dispute this statement. And it was as fruitful in great men, and wise administrators, as in good Christians. 'William Conqueror, I find, must have had a first-rate Home Office. The *Doomsday Book* done in four years, and done as it is, with such admirable brevity, explicitness, and completeness, testifies emphatically what kind of under-secretaries and officials William had.' They are not quite so skilful now, being, as he says, 'Greeks of the Lower Empire, with a varnish of Parliamentary rhetoric,' and 'fitter to be markers at some exceedingly expensive billiard-table than sacred chief-priests of men.' *They* departed from our land when Peter was driven out of it.

On the whole we conclude, with Mr. Carlyle's help, that the throne of Peter, with all its 'impious deliriums'—the phrase sounds like a maniacal howl of Victor Hugo—was more worthy of honour than any which have supplanted it; and that our England was better ruled, when 'monks and emissaries of the Holy See' conducted it 'really to human nobleness,' than by Prussian Bismarcks, or Italian bravos, or Swiss atheists, or any of the spawn of the so-called Reformation. For here was the source of all evil. 'Luther and Protestantism proper,' continues Mr. Carlyle, 'having withdrawn from the battle-field, there then appeared upon it .... Sansculottism. Whereby we have now Protestantism *Im*proper,—the whole world risen into anarchic mutiny, with pike and paving-stone.' Mr. Hepworth Dixon remarks, in his book on Switzerland, that 'Luther was the father of democracy,'—not of that Christian democracy which flourished as long as Peter reigned, and wherever he reigned, but that of which, in the words of Mr. Carlyle, 'not since the

irruption of Northern Barbarians has there been the like—monstrous, loud, blatant, inarticulate as the voice of Chaos.' After subverting religion, it now seeks to destroy society. 'In baleful oscillation,' to quote Mr. Carlyle once more, 'afloat as amid raging bottomless eddies and conflicting sea-currents, not steadfast as on fixed foundations, must European Society continue swaying; now disastrously tumbling, then painfully readjusting itself, at ever shorter intervals.' Why should people wonder that the arch is in danger, when they have taken away the key-stone?

Yet our preachers and journalists are so little impressed by the fruits of 'Protestantism Improper,' and the horrible condition of the modern world, that they exult in the revival of Cæsarism and Paganism, and bid their police lay hold of Peter, that they may crucify him again. If the Vicar of Christ remonstrates with the German Diocletian, as he is said to have done in a recent letter, a scream of rage and contumely, reëchoed in the *Times*, the *Daily News*, the *Standard*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, fills the air, and once more the old cry is raised: '*Non hunc sed Barabbam.*' 'Rome molests Germany,' shrieks the *Times*, 'and menaces its disruption.' 'It has become a question,' cries the *Daily News*, 'of the supremacy of the civil power;' and it hopes Cæsar will not only get his own, but also the things that are God's. The *Pall Mall*, which would fiddle, like Nero, over the ruin of all churches and all religions, we need not quote. Even the *Standard*, whose fictitious Conservatism is what Mr. Carlyle calls 'anarchic mutiny,' and its creed 'inarticulate as the voice of Chaos,' breaks forth in this frightful absurdity: 'Bishop Reinkens's diocese is the German Empire'—and does not see that it is the prophet of religious 'Sansculottism' in saying so. Let truth perish, society be dissolved, obedience be blotted from the Christian code, and man degenerate into an ape, so that the Vicars of Satan triumph, and the Vicar of God 'receive notice to quit.' And when he

has departed,—if God would let him,—how will the world get on without him?

It is at such a crisis of human affairs, when the world is reeling to and fro, and men are everywhere ranging themselves in two camps as if for the final combat between good and evil, that the leaders of the so-called 'Catholic revival' in England, while professing to behold with dismay the phenomena of our age, and chiefly its lawless revolt against all authority, deliberately cast in their lot with the enemies of Jesus Christ, and not only surpass the unbeliever in enmity to the See of Peter, but cry aloud to all whom they can influence by word or example to fight against it. Yet if there is a truth more plainly set forth in the New Testament than any other, it is this, that the Church is built, as St. Cyprian says, on 'Peter alone;' and if there is a fact more luminously evident in Church history than any other, it is this, that the Pope is his successor. All the saints of God confessed him to be so. '*Ubi Petrus*,'—it is a fundamental axiom of Christianity,—'*ibi ecclesia*.' And although this is God's own provision for Christian unity, God's own test of Christian obedience to the end of time, it is in such language as the following that Anglicans rage against the Vicar of Christ. In brutal words, which even cultivated infidels would be ashamed to employ, and with a ribald sneer at the 'Prince of the Apostles,' which only Anglican readers could tolerate, the *Church Review* calls the most illustrious member of the human family '*the Prince of Pet Parsons*, Pius IX.;' and as if this degrading nonsense were too weak to content its eager malice, it calls the faith of the whole Church of Christ 'a Pope-worship which would excite indignation, were it not so utterly silly as rather to call forth our sincere contempt.' *Dominus horum judex est.* It is because they know that Peter was never more honoured than now, nor by so vast a number of Christians, that the Vicars of Satan, preachers of confusion and apostles of revolt, are filled with their master's fury. But though they are

free to rebel against God's Vicar, and to teach others to do likewise, they had better not. They will gain nothing by serving the Evil One. They will only be swept away at last, unless they repent, like other human refuse, into the *cloaca maxima* of a more dismal Tartarus than the ancients ever dreamt of. God is not mocked with impunity, and the Word stands for ever, in spite of all that men or demons can do: '*Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church.*' The heretic and the unbeliever may join their forces together to kick against it, but hell cannot move it. There is perhaps no surer sign of election at this day than instinctive loyalty to Peter; no more evident token of reprobation than alienation from him. May our England learn that lesson before it be too late. Even Mr. Carlyle tells her that the very 'fragments' which remain of her former glory, when she was still a member of the family of God, are 'windows through which an old sunk world, as yet all built upon veracity, and full of rugged nobleness, becomes visible; to the mute wonder of the modern mind.' What has England gained by her apostasy,—unless it be a gain to have exchanged 'real human nobleness' for 'anarchic mutiny and blatant chaos'?

No. XXXV.

THE FUTURE OF RITUALISM—WANTED AN AUTHORITY TO OBEY—THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

MANY people have told us what Ritualism *is*, but none have ventured to predict what it *will be*. The Bishop of Gloucester thinks he is able to do so. With the double advantage of a high position and a vigorous and cultivated mind, he is as well qualified as any member of his community to appreciate what he calls the 'future of Ritualism.' He sees, in common with the rest of the world, that it is a purely transitional phase of religious opinion, and has no element of stability. It may become almost

anything, but cannot remain what it is. Its premisses are in hopeless conflict with its conclusions. As far as it is a positive system at all, it is simply a bundle of contradictions. It announces that the Christian Church has authority, but that nobody is bound to obey it; that in theory it is one and holy, but in fact divided and corrupt; that to be out of its communion is a sin in others, but a virtue in Englishmen; that every charge which the Anglican reformers brought against it was a lie, but every new one which their heirs have invented is a truth; that the former were rebels and reprobates, but the latter, who imitate them exactly, are the salt of the earth; that Bishops are successors of the Apostles, but that there is no higher duty than to resist and defy them; that the Reformation was an apostasy, but the Church of England, its most characteristic product, is quite a celestial fabric; that it has become Catholic during the last thirty years because some of its clergy now preach sound doctrine, but was quite as Catholic during the previous three hundred, when all their predecessors reviled it; and finally, that it is God's witness to men, and indeed the very 'pillar and ground of the truth,' though nobody knows what it believes, and its clergy are all fighting together about the most fundamental dogmas of Christianity. It was easy enough to see, as the Bishop of Gloucester sees very plainly, that such a droll creed as this, in spite of the infinite possibilities of human absurdity, may amuse men for a moment, but will pass away like a vapour, and be forgotten like a dream.

The present and immediate aim of Ritualism, we are told by the Bishop of Gloucester, is 'to reverse the principles of the Reformation.' And he asks, 'What will be the future of the movement?' It will be, he thinks, 'the gradual absorption of all that are in heart and spirit opposed to the Reformation in some community that disowns that movement.' Whether they will go out voluntarily or be turned out, he does not say, nor does it much matter, except to themselves. He is only sure that

go they must, because the Church of England is essentially Protestant; and the bare 'existence' of the 'Ritualist party,' as the *Daily News* observes, 'even now is tolerated rather than authorised or desired, and it must perish the moment it is seriously called in question.' Where, then, continues the Bishop, will they find refuge? 'Individuals,' he replies, 'may and will, perhaps in increased numbers, join the Church of Rome;' but 'the non-recognition of our orders, the celibacy of the clergy, and the firm discipline of the Church of Rome, render it unlikely that there will be anything like an organised secession to that firm and unyielding Church.' Here, we think, he fails to take into account the inspirations of Divine grace, which can overcome more formidable obstacles than these. The very considerations which he urges should, indeed, rather tend the other way. The fact that their 'orders' are not recognised by such an authority may well awaken every conscience which is not fatally seared; and the converted Anglican minister will find in the ranks of the Catholic *laity* an immeasurably higher position in the 'royal priesthood' than he ever occupied as a clergyman in his own sect. By losing his pretended sacerdotal character, he will be, not abased, but exalted. The humblest Catholic peasant, assisting at the Holy Sacrifice, approximates more nearly to the priestly office than all the Anglican Bishops put together. As to 'celibacy,' the Bishop of Gloucester may learn something even from the scientific unbelievers whose activity he laments in another part of his charge. 'Nothing is further from the truth,' says one of them in the *Westminster Review*, October, p. 357, 'than the common Protestant idea that the encouragement held out by the Roman Catholic Church to a celibate life is an example of Papal corruptions. It is a legitimate deduction from the spirit of Christianity, as set forth by its Founder, and is indeed based on His own utterances. His immediate followers entertained no doubts on the subject.' Lastly, the 'firm discipline' and peremptory teaching of the

Roman Church can only attract every soul which comprehends what a *Divine* teacher is likely to be, that such a teacher can hearken to no compromise, and that it is only in human sects that it is permitted to affirm or deny indifferently the same doctrine. In the Church of God such chaos is as impossible as it is in heaven. 'God,' as the Apostle says, 'is not the author of confusion.' If the Bishop of Gloucester should ever read the life of Madame Swetchine by the Count de Falloux, a book which his own gifts would enable him to appreciate, he will come across these words: 'One of the proofs of the truth of Catholicism is its response to the heart's exclusiveness. Other communions think to simplify religion, and render it more accessible and more attractive, by extending to all alike the promises of its Divine Author, but this is a strange misconception of our real needs. . . . . No one will be passionately attached to any religion who believes that others are just as good, and a jealous God knows this well. When a thing has ceased to be—I will not say the best, but the *only* perfect good—what call is there for choice or preference?' It is precisely because the Catholic Church has always said, 'I am the only infallible teacher of truth,' that men who care for their souls have been docile to her voice.

The three difficulties suggested by the Bishop, far from keeping people out of the Church, ought then to produce exactly the opposite effect. But he continues as follows: 'If there were now among us a hopefully developing Old-Catholic Church the case would be very different.' Such a sect, he considers, and we quite agree with him, would just suit the sort of Christians who write in the *Church Times* and *Review*, and they might be expected to rush into it, though 'we can hardly imagine any secession on a large scale to a community at present so undefined as that of the "Old Catholics."' But if they will neither become Catholics nor followers of Dr. Reinkens, because the first are too 'firm and unyielding,' and the second too 'undefined,' what is

to be their ultimate fate? This is evidently the critical point of the inquiry. One of two things, the Bishop of Gloucester concludes, will happen. Either they will 'succeed in obtaining a recognised position in the National Church,' and then 'disestablishment will promptly follow, and a complete change of scene;' or they will 'continue to be regarded as alien to the Church of the Reformation,' in which case 'a gradual disintegration of the party' will ensue, and while 'several, perhaps many, will sporadically join the Church of Rome,' others will 'continue outward membership with the Church of England, awaiting either disestablishment, the foundation of an "Old-Catholic" Church in these islands, or those better days which sects, like individuals, are always looking for, and sometimes looking for in vain.' In any case, therefore, if the Bishop is right, disestablishment is the inevitable outcome of the present state of things; and the only result of attempting to 'Catholicise' such an incurably Protestant institution as the Church of England will be to destroy it. He appears, therefore, to agree with Dr. Newman, that the attempt to make England Catholic by means of Anglicanism is about as hopeful an undertaking as to 'evangelise Turkey by means of Islamism.'

When Anglicans begin to talk, however vaguely, about the 'obligations to obedience,' there is some hope of their conversion. At present Catholics are the only Christians who practise the fundamental virtue of obedience, because they alone recognise any authority which has the power to claim it. The best Anglican who ever lived, reviewing his life in his last moments, will be obliged to confess that from the hour of his baptism he never obeyed anything except himself. Having denied all authority, or subjected it to his own individual criticism, there was nothing for him to obey. The *Church Herald*, which represents the more temperate and thoughtful school of Anglicans, evidently suspects that 'obedience' ought to have a place in the Christian code, a discovery which its Ritualistic contemporaries are not

likely to applaud. The *Herald* even proposes to get a 'definite view' of the 'obligation to obedience' if by any means it can be attained. That it should be necessary to enter upon such an elementary investigation in this nineteenth century of the Christian era is a significant fact. No Catholic has the slightest doubt either about the obligation to obedience, or the authority to whom it should be paid. Anglicans are less fortunate. They are heirs of the so-called Reformation, which, as the *Herald* observes, was 'an overt and deliberate denial of the constituted ecclesiastical authority.' They must either contend, therefore, that it was lawful to revolt against the then existing Church, in which case there is an end of authority; or that it was a deadly sin, in which case they are themselves committing it. It is not enough to condemn the reformers as long as they imitate their guilt. But they are in this difficulty: they cannot 'hear the Church,' however much they may wish to do so, because they have decided, like genuine Protestants as they are, that the Church is liable to error and division, and has therefore no claim to be heard. Yet the *Herald* confesses that 'disobedience can never be justified by an assertion of our individual rights,' while it deplores in the same breath 'the unwarrantable assumptions of the Papacy.' Why, then, do Anglicans talk about obedience when, on their own theory, there is nothing to obey? And why pretend that Christians are bound to obey the Church, when they really mean, as their daily life proves, that the Church ought to obey them?

The Protestant journals of New York record the final proceedings of the 'Evangelical Alliance' in that city. They also quote, with a candour unknown to English journalists, the noble discourses of the Archbishop of New York and Dr. McGlynn, in which the stale calumnies of the Protestant orators were publicly refuted. Americans like to hear both sides of a question, a laudable habit, which the English have lost, or not yet acquired. It appears that the builders of this new Babel tried

to simulate an appearance of unity on the basis of the Nicene Creed, but the demon of discord was their invisible president, and the proposition was promptly rejected. We are not told which way the Dean of Canterbury voted, who took part in this curious scene, as a dignified representative of the Anglican Church. The only thing in which they could agree was to revile the Catholic faith; and the only comment which we shall make upon their harangues shall be in the words of a Protestant minister, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, which we find in the *New York Herald*, October 13. Alluding to their pretension to 'promote unity,' which was about as sincere as that of our English Ritualists, this gentleman said, 'Everybody knows what bitterness of hate prevails among Protestants;' and though 'at the Communion,' in a Presbyterian church, 'there participated the Dean of Canterbury, and a Bombay delegate, and Moravian shepherds and others, when they all get home they will forget this temporary brotherhood, and fall into the old practice of assailing their neighbours.' And then he added with American frankness, though himself the broadest of Broad Church religionists, the following curious words: 'The Alliance cannot fight Roman Catholicism. It has made the confession openly. As a religion Roman Catholicism has every advantage over Protestantism, in wealth of resources and general influence over the people. How is the fight to be waged? Not by force of doctrine, for Roman Catholicism is a more acceptable doctrine than Protestantism; not by force of organisation, for the Roman Catholic organisation has existed nearly 2000 years; not on the ground of faith and works, for in these regards Roman Catholicism is far ahead of Protestantism.' The *New York Herald* observes that the tone of 'Mr. Frothingham's discourse must commend itself to the general reader;' from which we infer that Rationalists on the other side of the Atlantic cordially agree with their friends on this, that 'if there is any positive Christian truth the Roman Church is its only witness.' In a little while, as events are

now maturing, there will be among thoughtful men no difference of opinion on *that* point.

It appears that the act of the Dean of Canterbury, in communicating with Presbyterians and Moravians, drew from a certain Dr. Tozer, who appears to be an Anglican Bishop, a warm protest. But Dr. Cummins, Protestant Bishop of Kentucky, who had himself actually given the pseudo-Sacrament in a Presbyterian church, defended the Dean with considerable success. 'The Church of England,' he replied, 'does not deny the validity of the order of ministers of the non-episcopal churches. Some of her greatest and noblest divines and scholars have gladly recognised their validity. For many years after the beginning of the Reformation, Presbyterian divines were received in England, and admitted to parishes without reordination.' Why should it be wrong, he argues, in the Dean of Canterbury to do what Hooker and Andrewes did in their day, and Archbishop Thompson and others have done in our own? Perhaps some of the Ritualistic journals will be able to answer his question.

No. XXXVI.

WHY DO ENGLISHMEN HATE THEIR MOTHER?—THE UNDIVIDED CHURCH—AN HISTORICAL ACCIDENT.

ANY weapon is good enough to fling at the Church. When nothing else is at hand, dirt is always available. One kind of dirt will do as well as another. It never reaches her, and would not soil her purity if it did. But it falls back on the heads of those who cast it, and they fancy she is stained, because they are themselves filthy. This delusion contents them. People familiar only with English literature, journalistic and homiletic, would naturally suppose that the Church of Christ is the source of all evil. Their teachers tell them so. She exists only to corrupt the faith, conspire against States, impede science, and

proscribe liberty. She is, in a word, the master-evil of this lower world. And she refuses to die and make room for something better. For these reasons it is the chief duty of intelligent Englishmen to revile and assail her.

Yet it is certain that her Founder designed her for quite other ends, and destined her to quite other fortunes. She was not intended to be an object of hate. She is, indeed, 'the fulness of Him who is filled all in all;' and as 'no man ever hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, so also Christ doth the Church.' Why, then, do men hate her? At first sight it seems inexplicable. Prophets and Apostles predicted that her glory should endure to the last hour of time, and great as were the promises made to her, they have been fulfilled to the letter. An enormous majority of Christians believe that they were never more perfectly fulfilled than at this hour. Never was her supernatural unity more visible, her authority more imposing. She is loved by all who dwell within her courts,—a larger number than at any former date,—and hated only by those outside them. Perhaps the enmity of the last is as clear a proof of her true character as the love of the first.

Why, then, are Englishmen among those who hate her? Has she ever wronged them? Has she done less for them than for others? Was it a crime to have won them from barbarism, and made them a people of God? Were our English forefathers for a thousand years, whose glory it was to call her mother, less noble than we? Are we happier, more united, nearer to God, than they were? Are our works more enduring, our institutions more stable than theirs? Are we safer at home, more esteemed abroad? Have we wiser statesmen than those who gave us *Magna Charta*, more valiant soldiers than those who fought at Crecy and Agincourt? Was Bacon a more upright Chancellor than More, Parker more like an Apostle than Anselm? Has a new religion given us Princes of loftier stature, or do the Georges fill a larger place in history than the Plantagenets?

Were William I. and Richard I., who were Catholics, less truly *men* than William IV. and George IV., who were not? Is it a proof of our superiority, that while our fathers covered the land with fabrics of matchless beauty, in which the whole nation worshipped as one man, our modern temples are materially only base and ludicrous, whenever they are not a feeble imitation of theirs, and spiritually the very symbols of discord and chaos? Is it 'Progress' to have created a brutal population of sullen paupers, for whom God is a phantom, and religion a name? Are poor-houses an improvement on Monasteries, the Divorce-court purer than the Sanctuary, and the police a more salutary institution than the communion of Saints? If it be so, let us admit that Englishmen do well to hate the Church.

Some of them, indeed, have discovered lately that the great sedition which rent England from the unity of Christ, and substituted a Sect for the Church, was the work of Satan. Yet they approve his work, and are busy in repairing it. Their fathers killed the prophets, and *they* build their sepulchres. The preachers of the new religion hate the Church even more than the journalists do, and with greater deliberation. Professing to revive her doctrines,—which England had cast out for three centuries, and the national sect had held up to execration,—the new school of Anglicans surpass all their predecessors in enmity to her who for eighteen centuries was their only witness. The journalists say, 'You teach lies, and therefore we hate you;' the preachers exclaim, 'You teach truth, and we hate you all the more.' It is our unpleasant duty to read once a week what they say, and here are some fresh specimens, culled from Ritualistic journals, of the language of men who are willing to teach, but not to learn, who revile God's bishops, and despise their own.

'The Church of England,' says the *Church Review*, 'in the sixteenth century took her stand upon the faith of the undivided Church;' and then proceeded, like every other raw sect, to de-

termine what that faith was, which the Catholic Church had unfortunately lost the power to do. There never was a gathering of conceited and lawless heretics which did not start with exactly the same pretension. But the attempt can hardly be said to have been successful. 'The Church of England,' though designed to be an exact copy of the 'undivided Church,' the *Church Herald* tells us, 'ever since the Reformation has been two-faced, or Janus-like. One face has been Protestant, the other Catholic.' And even this is too favourable a report, for, as the *Herald* observes: 'It is admitted on all hands that the basis of the Church of England is so broad as deliberately to include Churchmen of the *three* prominent schools which for some centuries have had a place within her pale.' We must suppose, therefore, that in the opinion of the sort of Christians who write in the *Church Review*, it was the glory of the 'undivided Church,' upon which the Anglican was so carefully framed, to teach three totally opposite religions at once. In that case, it seems to us, it was hardly worth while to restore such a deplorable Church in England, with the assistance of King Henry and his pious daughter. The result of doing so, if we may believe the *Church Review*, has not been advantageous to revealed truth. 'We are disposed to admit,' says that journal, 'that the *actual* result of the Reformation among us has been to make the sacramental idea, in a great measure, inoperative,' which was certainly not the case in the 'undivided Church.' But this is of no consequence, and does not in the least impair the singular beauty of the Church of England, because her members, according to the *Church Review*, are too wise 'to accept the Reformation as anything but an historical accident in her career.' It was a pity, no doubt, to teach three religions, or three dozen, instead of one, and to kill 'the sacramental idea' in millions of souls, but then it was only an 'accident,' and this sort of thing must be expected to occur when a nation takes it into its head to revive the 'undivided Church.'

It seems, too, that the revival is in other respects by no means so complete as might be desired. If Anglican Bishops have made havoc of the sacramental idea, and of a good many other things, in the past, they are still obstinately impenitent in the present, and as violently opposed to the Catholic faith as ever. The fact is so notorious, that a writer in the *Church Review* proposes, with great energy, to call a meeting 'to deliberate what the clergy can do and cannot do to save the Church of England from being ruined by the Bishops,' who are the misguided chiefs of this extremely 'undivided Church.' 'Talk of lawlessness,' he continues, 'I charge the Anglican Bishops with being *the most lawless body under heaven.*' This is certainly an unfortunate 'historical accident,' though not in the least, as everybody perceives, discreditable to the Church of England, which is itself only an accident of the same kind, and a very agreeable one. 'What law,' the eloquent contributor to the *Church Review* goes on to ask, 'do the Bishops of the Church of England themselves obey? Not most certainly the canon-law of the Church,'—we did not know that they ever professed to do so;—'not the decrees of the Œcumenical Councils, for those at least forbid communion or intercourse with schismatics, and this Anglican Bishops are doing their best just now to foster and encourage.' And there is worse behind. In some dioceses, 'the cabal of the Bishops against the faith and practice of the Church of England,'—it seems to us that at all events they imitate her *practice* pretty exactly,—'is an accomplished fact.' We are now quoting the *Church Times*, which adds, with characteristic grace of language, that even Dr. Selwyn, formerly of New Zealand, who really ought to know better, is as bad as the rest. 'One would have thought,' says this remarkable newspaper, which surpasses in agility, to say nothing of other merits, all the religious acrobats of our hemisphere, 'that the kind of suffragans he was obliged to put up with at the Antipodes would have given him a keen appetite for better

society here, but we suppose he had so much of them that his appetite has become depraved'—an unwholesome result of associating with his brother Anglican Bishops, even in the salubrious latitude of New Zealand.

If these people speak in this way of their own fictitious Bishops, we can easily understand their enmity to the prelates of the Catholic Church. They hate authority, and therefore those who really possess it. We need not defend the latter from their attacks, but we may perhaps say something for the former. No doubt the Anglican Bishops, of whom the restorers of the 'undivided Church' speak with such derision, are imperfectly acquainted with Christianity, but at least they only agree with all their predecessors in denying the Sacrifice of the Altar, the Christian Priesthood, and the Unity of the Church. They are true witnesses of Anglican doctrine and practice, and they comprehend, more clearly than their imprudent accusers, that if 'the sacramental idea' is a part of the Gospel, the Anglican Church, which banished it from England for three centuries, is an apostate sect. They do not consider the revolt of the sixteenth century, which produced their own Church and a good many more like it, an 'historical accident,' but a conscious and deliberate rejection of the very truths which some of their clergy now wish to revive. And as to forbidding 'communion or intercourse with schismatics,' they do not forget, like their rash assailants, that, as the late Mr. Keble observed: 'Our early divines never venture to connect the succession with the validity of the Holy Sacraments.' They remember that, in the words of Bishop Cosin, 'we had many ministers who were ordained by Presbyters only, and they were instituted into benefices with cure, and yet were never reordained.' They know that even Bramhall and Andrewes both acknowledged Presbyterian communities to be 'true Churches;' and that Hooker, whom the *Church Times* and *Church Review* are not ashamed to quote as a witness in their favour, made his dying confession, by his own

free choice, not to an Anglican minister, but to the Presbyterian Saravia. They are not ignorant that it was not till 1661, as Lord Macaulay remarks, 'that episcopal ordination was for the first time made an indispensable condition for Church preferment.' They are true and faithful witnesses, therefore, of Anglican tradition, of which their Ritualistic critics are the real opponents. And when they are charged with despising the Œcumenical Councils, and encouraging 'communion with schismatics,' their defence, at least against *such* accusers, is even more complete. For the latter do not scruple to remain themselves in close and voluntary communion, every hour of their lives, with Bishops and clergy who brand as false what *they* believe to be divinely true, and prove their love for the Catholic faith by herding with all who reject it. Perhaps, however, this association with heretics and schismatics is only, like the Reformation, an 'historical accident,' not distinctly contemplated in the Œcumenical Councils, but to which people are unfortunately liable who aspire to revive the 'undivided Church.'

No. XXXVII.

JOURNALISTIC CANDOUR — THE NATURE OF 'THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY' — THE COMMUNICABLE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD — INFALLIBILITY.

To be willing to examine both sides of a question is a new feature in Anglican journalism. To be just towards an adversary, and much more to reproduce his arguments without fraud or mutilation, amounts to a journalistic revolution. The praise of doing this belongs to the *Church Herald*. It is an honourable distinction, of which we fear the *Herald* is likely to enjoy a permanent monopoly, with the cheerful acquiescence of its less ingenuous rivals.

We lately argued that Anglicanism, by its attitude towards the Universal Church, and its subversive theories as to the

nature of that institution—which it agrees with infidels in calling 'divided' and 'corrupt'—is the chief witness to an unbelieving world against both unity and authority. We contended that by denying the one, in order to palliate its own guilt, it sanctions and stimulates rebellion against the other, overthrows the whole fabric of the Christian Church and the sacred obligation of Christian obedience,—since no one is bound to obey, or can possibly obey, an authority which is divided against itself; and we added, that the Anglican Church, by the very plea on which it excuses its own existence, and in spite of the virtues of some of its members, is the foremost teacher in England of the lawfulness of revolt, and has substituted, as far as its influence extends, the diabolical right of resistance for the duty of Christian submission. This is its great crime against God and man. We might have brought other charges against the Church of England, and of equal gravity, but on the occasion referred to we confined ourselves to this point, that Anglicanism is fatal both to authority and obedience; and having asked our Anglican friends 'what is the authority which they themselves recognise, and what sort of obedience they give to it,' we added: 'We are sure they will not tell us.' Although our observations were partly suggested by certain remarks of the *Church Herald*,—which first called the Roman Church 'the highest living authority,' and then accused her of 'sins and corruptions,'—and were mainly designed as a reply to them, that journal places them *in extenso* before its readers. It does not, indeed, answer our question, as we anticipated, and will be careful not to do so, but contents itself with this brief rejoinder: 'All that is necessary to be said in reply is, that when Almighty God is unable to appoint a "highest living authority" without endowing it with His Own Incommunicable Attributes, then we shall believe in the Infallibility of the Pope, shall discontinue the *Church Herald*, and shall place our humble pens at the service of the editor of the *Tablet*.' We venture to think that this was by no means 'all

that is necessary to be said;' and, in giving our reasons for that opinion, we shall not forget the consideration due to an honourable opponent, who has strong claims to our sympathy, and who will probably comprehend one day that 'Almighty God *is* unable to appoint a highest living authority,' worthy to represent Him on earth, without endowing it with His own attributes. When He said to the Church, 'I am with you all days,' He could not mean that He would be with her as a phantom or discrowned King, nor that she should enjoy His presence without His attributes.

Our contemporary already comprehends this truth in part. 'We believe,' he says, 'in the infallibility of the Church.' Now, infallibility is certainly an attribute of the Most High; yet the *Herald* believes that it is communicated to an association of men—for the Church Militant is not composed of angels—and therefore that this particular attribute of the Creator is not 'incommunicable' to creatures. The *Herald*, then, is of one mind with us in claiming infallibility for the Church of Christ, as a result of His abiding presence with her, and only differs from us as to the sphere within which, and the persons by whom, it is exercised. The 'highest living authority' has lately defined that it is not simply diffused *per universam ecclesiam*, so as to constitute an infinite number of infallible units, much less that it is imparted by the body to the Head; but that it resides in its plenitude, by God's appointment, in the successors of St. Peter, to whom, after first calling him a 'Rock,' and then adding, 'upon *this* Rock I will build My Church,' He gave the irrevocable mission: '*Confirma fratres tuos.*'

This arrangement of Divine Providence, by which alone the Church has been saved from ruin and chaos, and unity both of dogma and discipline has been infallibly secured to the end of time, was so clearly set forth in various texts of the Gospel, and so luminously evident to the Saints, that they all considered it one of the fundamental truths of the Christian religion. It has

never been denied except by revolted sects. 'Peter received power from the Son,' says St. Chrysostom, 'over the whole world.' 'It is a condition of salvation,' says St. Cyril, 'to be subject to the Roman Pontiff.' All must have recourse to his See, according to St. Irenæus, '*propter potentiorem principalitatem.*' 'The Church,' exclaims St. Cyprian, 'was built on Peter alone.' 'Where Peter is,' adds St. Ambrose, 'there is the Church.' And all these lived long before the date when the Church, as Anglicans profanely say, became 'divided.' Every one knows that the later Saints—a Francis, a Bernard, a Philip, and a Vincent of Paul—use exactly the same language.

In this successor of St. Peter, upon whom alone the Church is built, resides the delegated infallibility without which he could not perform the chief function of his office, which is to 'confirm his brethren.' It is for our sakes that he shares, within definite limits, and only in deciding before the whole Church questions of faith and morals, this 'attribute of God,'—or, to speak more exactly, that God so over-rules his decisions as to preserve them from error. 'The Pope is infallible,' said one of the Fathers of the Vatican Council, 'but it is in order that *we* may be infallible; if he has the gift not to deceive, it is because we have the right not to be deceived.' Without this gift of Papal Infallibility, the Church would have perished ages ago, or would have become, like the Anglican sect, a mere Babel of conflicting tongues.

We are the more sanguine that the writers in the *Church Herald*, and all who desire to obey the law of God, will one day embrace this Divine truth, because we read in the same number of that journal the following words: 'A body cannot speak without a head,' and, therefore, Christians 'may reasonably hold that the head when speaking is infallible. For a head cannot speak without it is united to a body.' It is not, we need hardly say, with the foolish object of gaining a controversial victory, that we notice these amazing contradictions of our amiable con-

temporary. They are the inevitable accompaniment of a false position. It is not permitted to Anglicans to be consistent, because their premisses are always in hopeless conflict with their conclusions. This is one of the penalties of revolt, and illustrates that 'total suppression of reason as applied to questions of the soul' of which we spoke in a former article.

The *Herald*, we have seen, contends, as we do, that 'the Church is infallible.' What Church? Certainly not the Church of England, which not only tolerates even in her clergy three totally different religions, each of which is the formal negation of the other two, but affirms in her Nineteenth Article,—it is almost the only positive doctrine which she impresses on her members,—that all the Apostolic Sees, that is the whole Catholic Church, 'have erred in matters of faith.' If this is true, the Church of Christ is not infallible; if it is false, the Church of England is a liar. The *Herald* must take its choice.

The writers in the *Herald* no more believe that the English Establishment is infallible than we do. We doubt if they even believe, like their noisy rivals of the *Church Times* and *Church Review*, that they are themselves infallible. Yet it is certain that they are still deceived as to the true character of their own sect, and still dishonour God by supposing such a sect to be a part of His kingdom on earth. Now there is another Anglican journal, which calls itself a 'Church of England Family Newspaper,' and is approved by no inconsiderable number of the Anglican Clergy. It is quite as confident and peremptory in its tone, and with quite as much reason, as its Ritualistic contemporaries. Here is what the *Rock* says, on the 7th instant, no doubt to the entire satisfaction of its clerical patrons, of a Mystery which the writers in the *Herald* believe, as we do, though not on the same grounds, to be one of the most adorable inventions of Divine love. 'We are convinced that in the whole range of blasphemous, soul-destroying superstition, there is nothing worse than a belief in what is popularly known as

"the Real Presence."' In other words, it is permitted to the clergy of the Church of England, which impudently accuses all the Apostolic Sees of 'error,' either to adore or to blaspheme the same truth, and to do both in her name, and with her approval.

But there is no end to the shameful contradictions of this deplorable sect, to which truth and error seem to be equally indifferent. In the *Church Review* of the 8th instant, we find a letter of Mr. Orby Shipley, a respected minister of the Established Church. Speaking of Papal Infallibility, this gentleman says: 'I affirm that since the dogma was defined, the Church of England on this matter has kept her judgment in suspense.' We can only suppose that by the 'Church of England' he means himself and some of his friends. 'So have I. The Church of England has expressed no opinion on that subject. Neither have I. . . . . I request still to be allowed to hold my judgment in suspense.' We will say nothing disrespectful of this writer, whose pious hesitation does him infinite credit when contrasted with the coarse brutalities of a Littledale and others of the same school, of whom the *Herald* says, 'when Dr. Littledale shall have learnt modesty the skies will fall;' but to us it seems that a Christian might as reasonably claim to suspend his judgment as to the existence of God. The dogma defined by the Vatican Council is either a truth dear to the Most High, and a confession of the law by which His supreme government of the Church is exercised, or it is a total subversion of that law. One or the other it *must* be. To suspend one's judgment about a truth of such incomparable gravity, affecting the very life of the Church and the whole scheme of salvation, is an almost inconceivable *incuria*. It reminds us of a reply which we once received from an accomplished Unitarian, to whom we had observed that if Christ was God he was denying his Maker. 'But I do not deny the Trinity,' he said, 'only I cannot affirm it.' In all questions of essential Christian doctrine, thus to 'halt between two

opinions' is to have one's portion with the unbelievers. Intellectual impartiality is quite out of place here. Whether the Church is built on Peter, and he is by God's own decree the centre of unity and the infallible witness of truth, is not for Christians a mere curious speculation, but a matter of life and death. It is the misfortune of persons outside the Church that they can only debate it with their fallible reason, which may easily lead them astray; but if the plain declarations of Holy Scripture, the constant confession of the saints, and the late solemn definition of 'the highest living authority,' fail to convince them, there is still one consideration which may suffice to remove their doubt. The only Christian community which is at once diffused throughout the whole earth yet everywhere the same, and of which the supernatural unity defies all the arts of the wicked one, is precisely that in which alone the office and the prerogatives of Peter are recognised; while even the most purely national and conservative of human sects, the Church of England, in which they are denied, is the scene of such horrible discord and confusion, that men are asking on all sides, how long it will contrive to hold together? If Mr. Orby Shipley, and all who are like-minded, will ponder this fact in the presence of Him who made His Church 'the pillar and ground of the truth,' they will probably cease to 'suspend their judgment,' and hasten to return to the obedience which is the first duty of Christians, and the primary condition of salvation.

Meanwhile, we repeat the question which we have already addressed to the *Church Herald*, and ask our Anglican friends once more: 'What authority do they themselves recognise, and what sort of obedience do they give to it?' If the Church is infallible, as the *Herald* proclaims, to dispute her decisions is to dispute the authority of God, and to deny that Christians are bound to obey it. We say that this is what Anglicans teach the world to do. If we are in error, let them tell us plainly what authority still survives in the Christian Church, and in what

way they manifest their own submission to it? If they decline to answer the question, we must conclude that they find it impossible to do so.

No. XXXVIII.

ULTRAMONTANISM.

It is said there are countries in which certain men gain their living by offering themselves as witnesses in law-suits. They are prepared, for a moderate fee, to swear anything you please. The office of judge in these favoured lands is simplified to this extent, that he takes no account of the evidence, because it is sure to be false. The conclusion at which he arrives, and the sentence which he announces, are not even ostensibly based upon the testimony which he has heard. Something not wholly dissimilar may be seen nearer home. We have often noticed, and in some of our most conspicuous journals, that when it is desired to impute to Catholics the same chaos of opinions which prevails among their adversaries, and to the Church the discord and division which range everywhere in the sects outside her pale, some 'Correspondent' is at hand, genuine or fictitious, to do the work required of him. He calls himself 'Catholic,' or 'Catholicus.' He writes to the *Times*, or the *Standard*, or the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and speaks in the name of the Catholic body, with whose real sentiments he is more intimately acquainted than they are themselves. He has generally something impertinent to say of the Archbishop of Westminster, whom he briefly designates as 'Dr. Manning,' and he is particularly severe on what he calls 'Ultramontanes.' He implies, that if the Pope and the Bishops would take his advice, things would soon improve, and the Church, of which he professes to be an enlightened and large-minded member, would become so exactly like the world, as she evidently ought to do, that nobody would be able to see any difference between them. People who love

the one would love the other. 'Extreme' views would be justly scouted, especially in the spiritual sphere, and nothing being left to which anybody could reasonably object, universal harmony would reign in this lower world. Ultramontanes, who now disturb the general peace, and talk foolishly about eternal truths and fixed principles, and pretend that God should reign as well as Cæsar, would disappear, or have a bad time of it. All which would afford extreme satisfaction to 'Catholicus,' to say nothing of the newspaper which publishes his instructive letter.

We can easily believe that 'Catholicus' is sometimes a real being. No doubt the staff of our contemporaries includes ingenious writers who can play his part, or any other, at a moment's notice; but there are also in many capitals of Europe so-called Catholics, who have associated so long with the world on its own terms that its *virus* has tainted their blood. They wish to be on good terms with it, and have been so accustomed to hide their faith, in order to deprecate the world's hostility, that at last they cannot tell where to find it. It has oozed out between their fingers. A gentleman of this class—we are willing to suppose that he is not a mere stuffed figure, or *nominis umbra*—has just written to the *Standard*. He calls himself 'Catholicus,' and appears to live in Florence. He objects to be considered an Ultramontane, and the *Standard*, probably to his intense delight, writes a leading article upon him. It 'welcomes his letter with the sincerest pleasure,' and calls him 'an Old Catholic,' which is intended to be a compliment. As he will no doubt be quite satisfied with the notice of the *Standard*, we will say nothing about him, especially as that journal does not notice him for his own sake, but only in order to air its private views on the subject of Ultramontanism. 'It is well known within the Roman Catholic body,' says the *Standard*, 'that Archbishop Manning's views are but the views of a school within his Church, which circumstances have made predominant just at present, and which is not accepted by the mass of the Catho-

lics of this country.' We did not possess this knowledge ourselves, and never met a Catholic who did, but perhaps the *Standard* knows more about them than we do. Is it not the business of a daily newspaper to know everything? Perhaps also the *Standard* can explain, a task to which we are ourselves unequal, how views can be said to be 'predominant' which are 'not accepted by the mass'? If we might diffidently venture on a criticism of so unmanageable a proposition, we should interpret it to mean, that any nonsense about Catholics is good enough for the readers of the *Standard*. They have a large appetite, and coarse food contents it. But our contemporary is not even sure himself of the apocryphal fact which, he says, is 'well known within the Roman Catholic body.' 'If Roman Catholic opinion,' he continues, 'is taken from the mouth of Archbishop Manning, of Mgr. Capel, and Cardinal Cullen, from the pages of the *Tablet* and the *Dublin Review*,'—as people having less subtle views of the nature of authentic evidence than the *Standard* are content to take it,—'we do not see how the assertion of a difference between Ultramontanism and Old Catholicism,' such as that of its Florentine correspondent, can be considered injurious. Nor we either. It is not injurious at all. The difference is quite as obvious to us as it is to the *Standard*, and perhaps a trifle more so. There is not *more* difference between light and darkness, between faith and doubt, between obedience and revolt. We are not, therefore, in the least 'aggrieved,' as our considerate contemporary imagines, when the difference is pointed out. It is not here that we have any quarrel with him. But when he goes on to say: 'We are aware that there are many Roman Catholic dioceses of England,' —he says many!—'where the teaching of the Vatican doctrines is an open matter, and that in some parishes this teaching is actually forbidden,'—he becomes grotesque and exorbitant. He abuses the journalist's privilege of fabricating his own facts. If he knew anything of the nature of the Church of Christ, or the

authority of her solemn decisions, he would talk less wildly; and he may take our word for it that if, as he dreams, there were in all England a single Bishop, or a single parish-priest, who denied the 'Vatican doctrines,' or even regarded them as 'an open matter,' the one would soon cease to have a diocese, and the other to teach a parish. Such revolt is natural in a human sect, but impossible in the Church of Christ. It is as true of English as of American Catholics, that, as an illustrious prelate of the United States once observed to the present writer: 'If a single Bishop had rejected the Vatican definitions, there is not a congregation in the whole land from Boston to New Orleans which would not have disowned him.'

Let the *Standard* learn to distrust its 'Old-Catholic' Correspondents, whether their letters are dated from Florence or Berlin. The New Protestants to whom our contemporary gives that title do not abide in the Church, as he supposes, but go out of her. They know their own place. Like other heretics, they call the Catholic faith Ultramontanism, and we have not the least objection. They mean by Ultramontanes all who prefer the authority of the Church to their own, and that is a definition of Catholics which we cordially accept. God be praised, we are all Ultramontanes now. Gallicanism is dead and buried. It survives only in the new sect of so-called 'Old Catholics,' whose exaggeration of its condemned principles only shows, with additional evidence, how urgent it had become to tolerate them no longer. For eighteen centuries the Vicar of Christ has been the centre of unity, and the infallible witness of truth. He will be so to the end. What God has once appointed He will maintain, in spite of all that the children of revolt, by whatever name they are called,—Lutherans, Anglicans, or Döllingerists,—can do against it. They may resist it, by the misuse of their free-will, but it will only be to their own confusion.

If the mass of Anglican journalists agree with the *Standard* in preferring the newest sect to what they call 'Ultramontanes,'

because they rejoice to have partners in their own exile from unity, and to see others imitate them in defying the authority of the Church, a few are found to protest, however inconsistently, against the sectaries for whom the *Standard* has only applause. A writer in the *Church Herald* of the 5th instant deserves especial notice. 'The so-called "Old-Catholic" movement,' he thinks, 'will either speedily die out, or only add one more to the already too numerous sects of Protestants.' Among other reasons for his opinion this Anglican writer, who sees as yet confusedly, but who seems to be in a way to recover his sight completely, when the Master shall touch his eyes, gives the following. 'It looks rather to State support than to Divine aid, or to any inherent vitality in itself. I believe this seals their doom.' '"Old Catholics,"' he continues, 'are schismatics,' and he certainly gives a powerful reason for thinking so. 'For the "Old Catholics" to claim to be the body, the Church, and to designate Roman Catholicism a schism, is as if, a man's little finger having been cut off, some one were to assert that that was the original man, and that the whole of the rest of his body was in "schism" from the little finger.' This illustration is not the less apt because it applies so exactly to the Church of England. But this well-meaning writer, who now 'sees men as it were trees walking,' will one day, if he perseveres in prayer, 'see all things clearly.'

One point he makes which we commend to the attention of the *Standard*, the *Saturday Review*, and all who imprudently give their sympathy to the new sect. 'I am astonished that those who give it do not see how completely they condemn themselves. For as the only points on which the "Old Catholics" have separated from the Roman Church are the Immaculate Conception and the Infallibility, it follows, that if it be right for us to sympathise and unite with them now, we ought to have sympathised and united with the Roman Church before it decreed the first of these dogmas in 1854, because it then occupied

doctrinally the very position of the "Old Catholics," and we must have been guilty of grievous sin in holding aloof from Rome then, if we are right in joining with the "Old Catholics" now.'

It is impossible to reason more accurately, but is not this Anglican critic wounded by his own dart? The guilty men whom he condemns are in all points what he is himself. They prefer their own wisdom to the judgment of the Church; so does he. They claim to reject portions of her teaching; so does he. They pretend to know more about truth than she knows; so does he. They tell the godless world she is 'divided;' so does he. They affect to appeal to an earlier and purer Church; so does he. They refuse to unite with her, but daily communicate with a mob of misbelievers; so does he. The only point in which he differs from them, surpassing even their folly, is this: that at least they dare not say the Apostolic Sees 'erred in matters of faith,' and he *does* say it, because his sect forces him to do so. Why, then, does he reproach them? He, and such as he, are quite as busy as the followers of Reinkens in asserting that the Church of Christ is a failure, and needs to be repaired; and while he agrees with them in calling those Ultramontanes who alone believe in the *One* Holy Catholic Church of the Apostles' Creed and live in Christian obedience, the very Mahometans, as Mr. Palgrave tells us—*Essays on Eastern Questions*, p. 131—scorn 'the ever-shifting uncertainties and divisions that distract the Christianity of the day,' and 'complacently contrast the quiet fixity of their own position with the unsettled and insecure restlessness of all else.' Woe to those, and chiefly to Anglicans, who have thus made the undivided Church of Christ a laughing-stock to the heathen, and have persuaded millions to believe that she has become a *colluvies* of discordant sects. They will have their reward. Since the treason of Judas, no greater crime has been committed among men. And they who commit it give no sign of repentance.

No. XXXIX.

ANGLICAN VIEWS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

WE cordially appreciate, as the *Church Herald* with reason invites us to do, the good faith displayed by that journal in reproducing our articles in its own columns. We are still more impressed by the total absence of malice or bitterness in its reply. But most of all we are surprised, to speak frankly, that such a reply should satisfy our contemporary, or that he should think it likely to satisfy any one else. Let our readers judge.

1. 'The editor of the *Tablet* inquired,' says our Anglican contemporary, '"What authority we *do* recognise;" and we answer, the Voice of the Church Catholic.' But we also inquired, 'What obedience does he give to it?' and he frankly replies, None at all. It is impossible that he should, for he tells us immediately that she *has* no voice, and no right to use it even if she had. 'As according to our belief,' he continues, 'the Church Catholic is unhappily not in a condition to pass decrees, our courteous opponent will admit that, at the least, our ground is secure.' We admit it freely. Nothing, indeed, can be more secure. It is quite impregnable. 'We recognise the Voice of the Church,' he says, 'because we hold that she is unable to speak, and we respect her decrees because we are certain she is not in a condition to make any.' Evidently it is impossible to be more 'secure.' If transgressors of human law should say, in like manner, 'We venerate our legal tribunals, because we know they are not in a condition to pass sentence upon us,' *they* would be equally secure, supposing the courts were willing to admit their plea. But their security would reduce human society to the same dismal chaos to which the Anglican theory reduces the Church. Whether God is likely to tolerate in His kingdom the independence of all law which earthly magistrates certainly would not tolerate in theirs, we need not stay to consider. The Anglican, however, boldly

claims this independence, and considers himself 'secure' in doing so. He cannot be a rebel, he says, for the best of all possible reasons, because there is no authority to rebel against. And this is his answer to our question. We asked our contemporary what authority he recognises, and what obedience he gives to it; and he replies, 'I recognise a Voice which I cannot hear, because it is wholly unable to speak.' Is it possible to avow more frankly that Anglicans neither obey the Catholic Church, nor believe that it any longer exists, when even the most temperate of their organs, rebutting the charge of lawlessness and revolt, virtually replies: 'We renounce the obligation of obedience, because we deny that there is any authority which has power to claim it'?

2. 'Our contemporary reminds us,' the *Herald* continues, 'that "we believe in the infallibility of the Church." We do. He asks, "What Church?" Again we say, the Church Catholic;' for, as he presently adds, 'the writers in the *Herald* no more believe that the English Establishment is infallible than the *Tablet* does.' But a Church which is speechless does not become a living teacher because it is nominally infallible; and Anglicans, to whom such a teacher would be intolerable, are not more 'secure' in recognising a voice which cannot utter a sound, than in admitting an infallibility which cannot pronounce a decree. The sacred right of revolt, which they value above all things, is still carefully guarded; or, as the *Herald* puts it, with a frankness which almost disarms criticism, 'so there is at least one way of escape for us.' Let it be admitted that the 'Church of the living God' has become dumb and impotent, so that nobody need *obey* her, and Anglicans will acclaim with simulated enthusiasm the voice which cannot speak, and the infallibility which cannot decide. But there must be no pretence of 'authority,' lest any should be bound to obey. We are tempted, therefore, to ask whether even Anglicans believe that it was *such* a Church that our Divine Redeemer founded to

be, to the end of time, 'the pillar and ground of the truth'? And if they do,—if, as the *Herald* wishes us to think, she has really become voiceless, and can utter no binding decree even about that Christian faith of which she is the appointed witness; if the tyranny of an impious theory, and the justification of their own impenitent revolt, oblige Anglicans thus to make havoc of the Christian Church,—with what face can they reprove the open unbeliever, who says nothing worse of her than they say themselves? The creed of Anglicans, as he perceives with undisguised hilarity, hardly differs from his own. Like them, he is quite willing to say: 'I believe there may once have been "*One* Holy Catholic Church," but as there are now at least *three*, and probably several more, which all contradict one another, and are unhappily not in a condition to "pass decrees," I prefer to be a Church to myself, and to acknowledge no decrees but my own.' Such is the view which even the most religious Anglican writers take of the Christian Church, and publicly recommend to others; and, therefore, we had reason to say in a former article, and hope the *Church Herald* will now admit, 'that Anglicans are as irreconcilable enemies of authority as they are of unity, and that the godless world learns every day from their example to despise both.'

3. If the writers in the *Herald*—towards whom, without knowing them, we desire to express our unfeigned sympathy and goodwill—believe in a Church which cannot speak, and in an infallibility which cannot act, they evidently feel that the less they say about the latter the better. 'The infallibility of the Church,' the *Herald* says, 'or even of its earthly head, is a very indefinite expression,' though it is clear enough to those who know how to believe and obey; while as to its 'limits' and 'mode of exercise,' 'that these points have been legitimately settled we are unable to admit.' It is an inability to be deplored with tears. But is our contemporary prepared to accept the dreadful alternative? The Vatican definition was

either the proclamation of a Divine truth, or—but we decline to utter even a hypothetical blasphemy. This is so evident that a more self-sufficient writer in the *Church Review*, who judges the Church as confidently as he would a novel or a newspaper, declares himself 'in full accord with the *Tablet* on this question,' and contends that 'any other position'—such as that of Mr. Orby Shipley, who asks to 'suspend his judgment'—'is utterly illogical and untenable.' Mr. Shipley probably thinks that it is better to be illogical than impious, and we agree with him; yet it is certain, as the *Church Review* perceives, that the definition 'is either a truth of the most commanding and the most instant obligation, or it is a heresy.' . . . The *Herald*, unwilling to revile 'the highest living authority,' or to accuse the Holy See of subverting the law of God, may prefer to consider the whole matter 'indefinite,' and to believe that though 'the Church is infallible' in some inexplicable manner, nobody is the better for it; but this only proves once more that the most pious Anglicans never profess a Catholic truth without reserving a 'way of escape' from it, and are as inveterate enemies of authority, in any form, as the wildest sectary who ever made himself the supreme judge of the Church and her doctrine.

4. We are brought to exactly the same conclusion when we consider what the same men say on the subject of Christian unity. They are as cautiously 'indefinite' about this truth as about every other. 'We diverge from the mere Anglican position,' says the *Herald*, 'in that we deeply regret the divisions of Christendom, and labour earnestly for its reunion under (at any rate as regards the West) the lawful Mother and Mistress of the Churches.' We have no doubt that our contemporary consoles himself in the belief that he really wishes to promote this result; but 'God is not mocked' by empty words, and as long as he continues to invite 'the lawful Mother and Mistress of the Churches' to correct her mistakes, with utter indifference

to the absurdity of such a proposal, and steadfastly refuses to obey her voice, he only bears witness against himself. He admits 'that the Church of England is anti-Roman is undeniable,' but seems to think there may somehow be 'concord between light and darkness.' This voluntary delusion is sufficiently rebuked by the following argument of the *Church Review*. 'Prelacy is the negative of Presbyterianism,' says that journal, referring to what it calls 'the last royal escapade,' 'and Presbyterianism of Prelacy. Presbyterians and Episcopalians, before they can claim intercommunion with each other, must first of all declare the very *raison d'être* of their respective Churches to be mere moonshine.' How much more this is true as between the Church of Peter and the English Establishment, we need not insist. Yet the *Herald* would fain lull an uneasy conscience by affecting to desire an impossible reunion, to which it invites the Mother and Mistress of the Churches in these persuasive terms. 'We have differed from you in some points in which we were certainly wrong, and still differ from you in others in which we are as certainly right; but if you will amend your errors, as we have done, we are willing to forget the past, —at least some of us are,—and when you have consented to become our pupil, we will confess that you were always our Mother and Mistress. It is to be feared that more than half of us will never do anything of the kind, particularly our Bishops, who still talk foolishly about "the principles of the Reformation;" but meanwhile we can talk about it as if it were sure to be done, which will be very consoling, and you can master the simple truth, to which you have been so long insensible, that it is our province to command, and yours to obey.'

5. 'The Church of England,' adds the *Herald*, in denial of our statement, 'does *not* affirm that all the Apostolic Sees—that is the whole Catholic Church—have erred in matters of faith. On this point we may refer our contemporary to Dr. Newman.' The reference is a little vague. It reminds us of

an advertisement which we lately saw, in which a tradesman recommended his wares in these words: 'Vide Public Press.' What Dr. Newman may have said the *Herald* does not tell us, but we know very well what the Church of England says. Here is the 19th Article. 'As the Churches of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch have erred, so also the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also *in matters of faith*.' We comprehend the repugnance of religious Anglicans to repeat this stupid impiety, though it is the motto of their Church, and the key to its whole history; but there it is, and they do repeat it, both by word and deed, every hour of their lives. A horrible necessity lies upon them to declare the whole Church of Christ apostate, in order to justify the existence of their own.

6. The *Herald* concludes its rejoinder to our remarks as follows: 'We do not complain of the Church of England being called "a horrible scene of discord and confusion." But that which to the writer in the *Tablet* is matter for scorn and derision is to us a trial of faith.' Faith, no doubt, has its trials, but surely the Holy Church of God was not intended to be one of them. God forbid. Her office is to console and fortify. The children of the true Mother find in her bosom life, peace, and strength; it is only the children of the harlot to whom the very milk of her breasts is poison.

We have now passed in review all that the *Herald* has to say in reply to our question, and we have seen that the right of revolt, upon which the Church of England was founded, and a 'way of escape' from the obligation of Christian obedience, are still contended for in every argument even of her most religious members. And therefore we say that, with whatever good intentions, and looking at principles rather than persons, they are 'enemies of the Cross of Christ,' and involuntary agents of the lawless one. It is they who, more than all other men, dishonour the Church of God, make her and her suspended gifts

and abortive attributes worthy of each other, and lend to the infidel, to whom she is made a jest, the weapons with which he assails her. Even in denying the charge they are obliged to admit it. And their crime cries to heaven for the judgment from which the only 'way of escape' is by repentance and submission. They cannot redeem the souls already lost, but they may at least save their own.

That there are many well-meaning Anglicans who really suppose that, because they despise the guilty founders of their own sect, and strive to repair the ruin which they wrought, they are true champions of the Church, we are assured. That they *wish* to be so we confidently believe. But before they can convert others they must convert themselves. And they must begin by ceasing to be rebels. It is not by foolishly disguising themselves in sacerdotal habits that they will ever become true priests of the Most High, nor by playing with empty symbols at an unconsecrated altar that they will become purged from connivance with their fathers, who so persistently blasphemed that Adorable Mystery which some of them now affect to reverence, that even Bishop Bull could call 'the elevation of the Host'—*Corruptions of the Church of Rome*, pp. 84-87—'the grossest idolatry.' They must flee from the abominable sect in which such things could be, and are still, said with impunity. At present they are fighting against God and His Church, and in such a warfare victory is impossible. Let them cease to talk, and begin to obey. It was in the spirit of love that we asked them, 'What authority they recognise, and what obedience they give to it?' They have now told us, and we need not repeat the question. They obey nothing, is their candid reply, because there is nothing to obey.

No. XL.

AUTHORITY AND THE THEORY OF ANGLICANISM.

If we return for a moment to the question of authority, and the influence of Anglicanism upon it, it is because, amid all the controversies of our age and country, there is none so momentous. It dominates and supersedes every other. All the issues of human life are included within it. Upon the solution which it may receive in our own generation depends the future of England. To inquire whether authority shall be recognised or denied is to ask whether Englishmen shall be Christians or not. And there is some hope of discussing the subject with advantage when our immediate opponents are men who not only profess in general terms to make the law of God their rule of life, but assert, as a fundamental truth, that His Church is 'infallible,' and that the Church of Rome, to which we Englishmen owe our faith and our civilisation, and which our fathers obeyed for a thousand years, is 'the Mother and Mistress of all the Churches.'

When we asked our Anglican friends what authority they recognise, and what obedience they give to it, we knew what their answer, if they gave any answer, would be. We saw last week, by their own confession, that they believe in a Church which has no power to teach, and an infallibility which has no power to act. In other words, they have no real belief in either one or the other. They admit both in theory, but are careful to provide a 'way of escape' in practice. It is impossible, as long as they persevere in revolt, that they should do otherwise. If they admitted that the Church has authority, they would be bound to obey it, and this they are resolved not to do. The impious theory upon which their own sect was founded—that even the Apostolic Sees all 'erred in matters of faith'—obliges them to contend, as long as they cleave to that sect, that the Spouse of Christ is 'divided,' that she has lost her voice, that

she has no power to 'pass decrees'—that is, to perform her teaching office—and that her infallibility, like all the other gifts which she received from her Lord, has been suspended for many ages. And in this 'they think they do God service.' They are quite willing, with all their professions of piety, to make the Church a mockery, and to break her in pieces, as far as they have the power, if they can only build up their own sect on her ruins. And the English world, on the authority of its National Establishment, cheerfully accepts a view of the Christian Church which dispenses it from the irksome obligation of obedience. A portion of that world, profiting by the lesson, now proposes to get rid of the authority of God by dismissing Him to the regions of the Unknowable, as it has already, by the aid of Anglicanism, got rid of His Church, and substituted for it a spectre without a voice, which vanishes as soon as you look it in the face, and to whose inarticulate murmurs no one need pay the slightest attention. And these philosophers, who do not treat the Christian Church more contemptuously than their Anglican allies, boast, with some appearance of reason, to have made considerable progress towards this second and final victory.

This is so evidently the logical outcome of Anglicanism, which itself is built on the right of revolt, and gaily denies the whole authority of the Universal Church in order to establish its own, that the only reply which the *Spectator* thought it necessary to make to a Protestant Bishop who imprudently taunted the Wesleyans with schism was this: 'Let Anglicans cease to maunder about schism, or cease to be Anglicans.' It was a new version of the old retort, *Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?* But we have no need to take the verdict of men of the world, when more acceptable testimony is at hand. If Anglicans have lent themselves to the evil one by destroying, as far as their influence extends, the whole authority of the living Church, to which they deny even the power of 'passing decrees' about the faith of which she is the appointed guardian,

they affect, since they must pretend to obey *something*, to reserve all their obedience for what they call the 'Primitive Church.' The late Dean Mansel tells us, in his essay on *Freethinking*, p. 321, that some of the worst enemies of revealed truth employed the same transparent pretext. 'The earlier Deists,' he says, such as Toland, Woolston, Tindal, Collins, and Bolingbroke, 'carried on their attack under the cover of a reverence for *Primitive* Christianity.' This able man could easily detect the shallow subterfuge when the interests of his own sect did not seem to him to be at stake. In that case he could argue with all his wonted force. Thus in his treatise on *Utility as a Ground of Moral Obligation*, after noticing the supposition of a certain school that 'moral obligation may be a delusion'—which is not more profane than the Anglican suggestion that obedience to the Church may be suspended—Dean Mansel asks: 'Has such a supposition ever been made, except by wicked men desirous to find an excuse for their own wickedness, by denying the authority of the law which they transgress?' It is impossible to describe more exactly the attitude of Anglicans towards the authority of the Church. They affect to exalt her prerogatives, and to admit that she is 'infallible,'—just as the Deists pretended to admire 'Primitive Christianity'—but they deny, in the same breath, that she retains even the power to teach, or to 'pass decrees,' because that would imply the obligation of obedience, and they are resolved to obey nothing but themselves. And therefore, in order to cloak their own rebellion, they have invented the theory of the Christian Church to which we have lately called attention in these columns.

That theory may be enunciated in the following terms: 'The Church of God, though destined by her Founder to a Divine life, has become by degrees a mere human thing. In spite of the promises, her decay began with her existence, since even the Apostolic Sees *all* "erred in matters of faith." She was designed to be one, but is now divided. She was intended to be

universal, but as different countries are apt to quarrel, it is far more convenient that she should be simply national. She has still a voice, but cannot use it. Her decrees would be irreformable, if she had not lost the power to make any. She is theoretically infallible, but her infallibility may be corrected by any intelligent Christian who feels qualified for the task. She has a right to enjoin obedience, but everybody has a right to refuse it; for though obedience was once a Christian duty, since there is no longer anything to obey, this particular virtue has lapsed, and every one is a law to himself. It is no doubt her office to correct the errors of others, but, unfortunately, she has not yet succeeded in detecting her own, and does not seem likely to do so. Every tongue "that resisteth her in judgment she shall condemn," but meanwhile it is quite lawful for every tongue to condemn *her*, and to accuse her of "sins and corruptions." Unity is her essential mark, by which she was always to be recognised, but as it has no centre, and ought to have none, it is now purely chimerical. The great teachers of Christendom fancied the Pope was that centre, but this was evidently a delusion. If unity actually resulted from their belief, this was probably a fortunate accident. It was in the beginning a condition of salvation to "hear the Church," and to refuse to do it was to be numbered with the heathen; but as she has lost her voice, nobody can be expected to hear her now, and the conditions of salvation are changed. It used to be her business to impose terms of communion, but it is the peculiar privilege of modern Christians to substitute others for them. The defection of millions in earlier ages, who became Arians or Donatists, did not in the least affect her unity or impair her authority; but the rebellion of certain Englishmen, whose fathers had obeyed her for a thousand years—or of Russians, who have invented a local, and do not even aspire to a universal religion—is quite fatal to both. Of all former apostates it was rightly said, "they went out from us because they were not of us;" but no one would think of

saying this of men who live under the British constitution, because they have a clear right to "go out" whenever they please.' Such is the Anglican theory of the Christian Church; and having thus made her the derision of the English world, and the jest of the infidel—having destroyed her authority, and cancelled the obligation of obedience—the prophets of Anglicanism go arm in arm to their temples, and cry at the top of their voice: 'I believe in One Holy Catholic Church.'

The natural result of such teaching is that a majority of Englishmen have long ceased to believe in anything of the kind; and if the 'Church of the living God' were what Anglicans represent her to be, we do not see how anybody could blame them. So base an institution would be only worthy of contempt. Applying the question of Dean Mansel to the enemies of all religion, we may ask, 'Do such men really in the bottom of their hearts believe in the falsehood which they attempt to impose on themselves and others?' Apparently they do, for what they believe about the Church is not a more impossible absurdity than what they profess to believe about their own sect. The twin theories are a match in every feature.

That sect, they tell us, with seeming gravity, existed before the so-called Reformation, which was only a trivial episode in its history. It left the Church of England exactly what it was before, and only made it a little more Catholic. If its founders called the Mass a 'blasphemous fable,' this was only a playful way of suggesting that it was, as it had always been, the most sacred rite of the Christian religion. If whenever they altered their new Prayer Book, which they did very often, it was always to make it less Catholic, this was probably in the hope that its doctrine would improve in quality as it diminished in quantity. If its Bishops for many generations persecuted Catholics to death, or tortured them as 'idolaters,' this was only a quarrel of brothers, and they were as deeply enamoured of the Catholic faith as those whom they murdered for professing it. If for

more than a hundred years they gave the highest dignities to men who had never received episcopal ordination, this was their way of proclaiming their reverence for the Apostolic succession, and their conviction that they possessed it themselves. If they cast down altars, and substituted a 'wooden table,' this was to show that they held the doctrine of the Christian Sacrifice so firmly that they could dispense with such unmeaning accessories. If they allowed their clergy every possible variety of creed, and framed their contradictory formularies so as to suit them all, this was from a just persuasion that they would never abuse the privilege, and that at all events they would all continue to believe in God, whatever they might think of His revelation. Their constant execration of the Catholic faith, and the chorus of maledictions which they chanted against it, must be interpreted in the same way: for they were men of a subtle turn of mind, and the surest way of getting at their real thoughts is to assume that they always mean exactly the contrary of what they say. Suppress the Homilies and reverse the Articles, and you will have as complete a view of their genuine theology as you can reasonably desire.

Finally, if the Church of England pretended to be fiercely Protestant for three centuries, and craftily affected an extreme aversion to the Catholic Church, and a complete separation from her, this was only to take the world by surprise about the year 1870, and thus secure the 'Catholic revival' which such an ingenious manœuvre was sure to promote; and though nearly all the Anglican Bishops, and two-thirds of the clergy, still artfully profess to be grimly Protestant, and to scoff at a 'sacrificing priesthood,' this is merely to enhance the splendour of Catholic truth by the effect of contrast, and may be confidently expected to contribute efficaciously to the general result, and to hasten the time when Dr. Tait will be universally recognised as the legitimate successor of St. Anselm—particularly in his religious views—and the Anglican Reformation will at length be justly

appreciated as a noble protest against the noxious errors of Protestantism, with which it accidentally coincided in point of time, but had nothing in common in point of doctrine.

It is, perhaps, hard to say which of the two Anglican theories —about the Church of Christ or the Church of England—is more consistent with truth, history, and common sense; but at least it will be generally admitted that they are consistent with one another.

No. XLI.

PROPHETS OF EVIL—PHYSICAL SCIENCE—THE LOGIC OF UNBELIEF.

THERE is a fraternity of hate as well as of love, and though it does not lead to concord, it suffices to produce concerted action. It differs from that which it simulates as conspiracy differs from coöperation. Infidels, Communists, and Freemasons, and all the kindred associations which have sprung from modern Liberalism, have a unity which is a diabolical counterfeit of the unity of the Church. Every fresh manifestation of evil, whether at home or abroad, is a common joy to them all. Examples occur every week. The latest is recorded with candid exultation by the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

It appears that the eminent politicians of Mexico, whoever they are, have been doing something to merit the sympathetic applause of that journal. Aspiring to emulate European models, they have announced, among other truths evolved from their interior consciousness, that marriage is only a civil ceremony, that religious communities have no right to possess property, and that Jesuits and other malefactors, so justly odious to a Bismarck and all right-thinking men, ought to be banished from the pure regions in which such sages, rulers of a world visibly tending to perfection under their guidance, have their abode. The mass of the people of Mexico, unskilled in political science, but content to be Christians, have nothing to do

with the new doctrines, which are proclaimed only by greedy lawyers and mocking Sadducees, and will be enforced in case of need by military bandits, as in Prussia, Poland, and Switzerland they are enforced by police. In all these centres of modern civilisation—in Mexico, as in Berne, Posen, and Berlin—where unfettered liberty of conscience is highly prized, people may believe whatever they please, provided they believe nothing which the State theologians disapprove. With this trifling limitation,—which only excludes the sovereignty of God and the rights of the Church,—Christians are as free as air. Why should not Mexico enjoy the same benefits? Is it not the province of those who believe too little to legislate for those who believe too much? The *Pall Mall Gazette* has no doubt about it. That journal does not as yet propose, so far as we know, that physicians should teach law, women become professors of gymnastics, or grocers lecture on the fine arts; but is quite certain that impure unbelievers have a right to tell Christians what they should believe and what they should do, and that the claim of St. Peter and his companions to 'obey God rather than man' ought to have been punished by fine and imprisonment—as, indeed, it was—by the intelligent Bismarcks of their day. Our contemporary is also delighted to think, and says it in a pleasant vein of banter, that what they are doing in Mexico will be as 'painful to the vexed soul of Pio Nono' as it is soothing to the lofty soul of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. There is a delicacy and generosity about these people which is almost as impressive as their love of liberty and their tender respect for the rights of conscience.

And they are all alike. 'M. Ledochowski,' says the highly Conservative *Standard*, which disdains to remember that he is by birth a Count and by election an Archbishop, and would probably think it inexpedient to call the Archbishop of Canterbury 'Mr. Tait,' 'has deigned to answer the summons to resign his See'—by a court of unbelieving laymen!—'with an

explicit refusal.' And this is a very mild specimen of its usual tone—it once called the Pope 'Dr. Mastai Ferretti'—though it does reprove Lord Russell, who happens to be a political opponent, for adopting the cause of the Prussian persecutors. What is the difference, we are tempted to ask, as far as Christianity is concerned, between Conservatism and Liberalism? Is it not evident that men who fear God can have nothing to do with either, except to maintain, in spite of all discouragement, the liberty which the one never respects, and the authority which the other always betrays?

When we have read the *Pall Mall Gazette* on any question which touches the human conscience, we know the worst that the enemy can say, and this is an advantage. The burden of its cheerful song is always this, that faith is dying out, the Church everywhere losing ground, and the triumph of the temporal over the spiritual nearly assured. It is not true, and the world would have little reason to rejoice if it were. But our contemporary is deceived by the ardour of his own imagination, and mistakes his wishes for facts. There are, no doubt, plenty of bad people in this generation, but there were never so many good ones. The infidels of the last century were quite as jubilant as the scientists of our own, and told their disciples every day that religion and the Church were coming to an end. As a matter of fact, nothing came to an end but themselves. We almost wonder, as the author of *The Philosophy of the Conditioned* observes, 'that men so celebrated and so dreaded in their own generation should be so utterly forgotten in ours.' People have found them out, and stripped the mask from them, as they are beginning to do with their bombastic successors, whose pretentious erudition, as the same writer remarks, 'is in substance a *réchauffé* of the forgotten criticisms of our old English Deists.' They are much less formidable than they imagine, and the Church will to-morrow be singing her *De profundis* over them, as she sang it yesterday over equally impotent assailants.

Time, which is said to reveal all things, has manifested pretty clearly, and in a good many countries, what horrible calamities befall a nation which rejects the healing authority of the Christian Church, and whose rulers adopt the maxims of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Such rulers did in Brazil what the *Pall Mall* hopes they are going to do in Mexico, and began, as usual, by driving out the Jesuits. What was the effect even upon material civilisation? Professor Agassiz, who has none of what the *Pall Mall* calls 'the ecclesiastical spirit,' tells us. 'The work of the Jesuits in Brazil,' he says, in his book on that country, ch. xii. p. 385, 'tended towards the establishment of an organised system of labour, which one cannot but wish had been continued. All that remains of the Jesuit Missions goes to prove that they were centres of industry. These men contrived to impart, even to the wandering Indian, some faint reflection of their own persistency and steadfastness of purpose.' And then, contrasting the progress of agriculture, which 'the Jesuits saw to be one of the great civilising influences,' with the present destitution of the same people, and utter neglect of the resources which nature provides them, he quotes these words of Humboldt: 'Formerly, being excited to labour by the Jesuits, they did not want for food. . . . Since the year 1795, the cattle of the Jesuits'—which in a single district amounted to about 'thirty thousand head of cows and horses'—'have entirely disappeared.' Under the present 'Liberal' Government, which caresses Freemasons and persecutes Bishops, 'there now remain as monuments of the ancient cultivation of these countries, and the active industry of the first Missionaries, only a few trunks of the orange and tamarind in the Savannas, surrounded by wild trees.' But perhaps the writers in the *Pall Mall* think this an improvement, for what does it matter if you destroy civilisation, replace plenty by famine, and plunge millions into barbarism, if you can only destroy religion at the same time, and hand over a people to an enlightened Government of 'Liberals,' who dis-

course about the 'progress' which they never make, and sneer at the civilisation which they can only destroy?

Nothing, perhaps, is more remarkable in men of this school than their total unconsciousness of their own impotence. Decay and ruin wait upon them, yet they imagine themselves benefactors of their race. But if they can do nothing themselves to supply the wants of a famishing world, and can only feed it with the sour froth of windy words, they are full of scorn for Christians who have done for whole nations what they cannot do for a single family, and are never likely to do. They are especially moved to compassion by the ignorance which most Christians, like most other people, display of physical science. Certain members of the Irish Catholic University lately expressed their regret that it has hitherto formed no part of the instruction offered to them, which proves, says the *Pall Mall*, that, in Ireland as elsewhere, 'educated Roman Catholics are gradually awakening to the fact,' long known to the *Pall Mall*, 'that their religion is not true.' Considering that such men as Kepler, Leibnitz, and Newton, Ampère and Secchi, Owen and Faraday—who knew almost as much about physical science as the immensely accomplished writers in the *Pall Mall*—cordially accepted Christian dogma, our contemporary has curious notions of what constitutes 'proof.' He is evidently contented himself with a minimum, perhaps because he suspects that he is not likely to get any more. But we fancy we remember a certain writing of Mr. Huxley, in which he vehemently censures the University of Oxford for its total neglect of physical science; and if that ancient institution, with its multitudinous professors and enormous revenues, has done so little in the matter, why should it be a reproach to the new and unendowed society in Dublin to have done no more? The *Pall Mall* has such very peculiar notions of the laws of reasoning, at least where religion is concerned, that perhaps this question will be too hard for it.

'Can any mortal creature doubt,' continues this imposing oracle, 'that the Roman Catholic Church does dread physical science as it dreads its own destruction?' Yet Ozanam, who was both a devout Catholic and an illustrious physicist, quotes with admiration the saying of St. Augustine, that '*all* knowledge is good in itself;' and considering that the Roman Church allows Father Secchi still to pursue his scientific investigations, though surrounded by the impure crew who have despoiled his order, we conclude that she has no fear whatever of physical science, but only of its blunders and assumptions, and the intellectual abasement which it fosters, by limiting reason to the study of matter, and interdicting it from every higher philosophy. If physical science,—which the vast majority of mankind have neither the gifts nor the leisure to pursue, being wholly occupied with more urgent matters,—did not foolishly aspire to usurp the place of all other truths, and pretend to supersede them, Christians would have no complaint to address to its adepts. By all means let them investigate matter, since their taste lies in that direction; and when they have made any real discoveries, theology will know how to turn them to its own profit, for they will only serve, when they are not mere guesses, to 'declare the glory of God.' But when we see such men turn the highest gifts against the Giver, and insist that everybody shall grovel in materialism because they have themselves no ambition to emerge from it, we decline their invitation.

We see them groping in the mire, but have no desire to descend to their level, content to be spectators from afar. We can admire the 'crystallisation' in which, as Professor Tyndall says, 'Nature reveals herself as a builder,' and sing a hymn of praise to Him whose matchless wisdom controls her operations; but when he adds (*Lectures on Light*, p. 105), 'trust me that the notions of the coming generations regarding this mysterious thing, which some have called "brute matter," will be very different from those of the generations past,' we prefer for our

part to distinguish between the true and living Builder and the passive materials which He knows how to employ. Nor are we much impressed by the glimpses which we occasionally get of the inner life of our modern philosopher. The autobiography of the late Mr. Stuart Mill, as even the *Pall Mall* admits, is an unpleasant revelation. Such men can be only blind leaders of the blind. They may fancy they are inspired by the love of truth, but as a writer in the *Westminster Review*, October, p. 488, keenly observes, 'there seems to exist a kind of warlike propensity among men engaged in physical research, which by no means does battle for the truth of things or facts, but solely fights about the question whether it was A or B who first made this or that great discovery.' Such men are dwarfs, even when they climb on other men's shoulders, and the world needs guides of loftier stature, who love truth, and every truth, including that of physical science, because it has its origin in God. The writers in the *Pall Mall* may submissively accept the crude theories which succeed one another with such startling rapidity, and meekly bow down before the assumptions which seek to disguise themselves as facts; but they must not be surprised if Christians are a little more critical. To *them* truth is sacred, and they will accept no counterfeit. They are the only philosophers who comprehend that one truth cannot contradict another. Why may they not say, with Professor Agassiz, 'We cannot consider the development theory proved because a few naturalists think it plausible: it seems plausible only to the few, and is demonstrated by none'? If a Catholic says the same thing, the *Pall Mall* falls into convulsions, and declares that the pretended harmony of his creed with science 'never will or can be true.' Such is the logic of unbelief. If Catholics, like the Irish students, propose to study physics, it is a proof that they have begun to doubt; if they have mastered them, like Secchi and Ampère, it is certain that they have ceased to believe. Surely Lord Carnarvon had reason to say

the other day of these obstreperous critics, who fancy no one can see because they are themselves blind: 'No Pharisee could be more arrogant, no Sadducee more self-opinionated.'

No. XLII.

IS THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH DEAD?

THE *Church Herald* assures us that, 'for the first time,' we have been 'unintentionally unfair;' and then hastens to mitigate the accusation by avowing, consciously or otherwise, that our interpretation of its words was the only one which they could possibly bear. We return, then, to the subject, not without hope that we may assist some at least of our Anglican readers to comprehend their true position, as despisers of authority and teachers of revolt. We have more than once recognised the comparative mildness and moderation of tone displayed by the *Church Herald*, which contrasts favourably with the coarse impiety and ribald sneers of its Ritualistic rivals; but the *Westminster Review* or the *Pall Mall Gazette* are not more eager to disparage the Christian Church, and to prove that she has no claim to the respect and obedience of mankind, than this temperate organ of Anglicanism. They are, indeed, far less mischievous, since they make no secret of their real designs; while the *Herald* defames the Church under the pretence of honouring her, and justifies sedition in the name of religion.

We asked Anglicans, well knowing what their answer must be, what authority they recognise, and what obedience they give to it? We thought, not unreasonably, that the least sensitive piety would take alarm if it found itself in alliance with infidels in holding up the Church of God to contempt; and we entreated Anglicans to consider and lay to heart, as responsible beings, that this is what they are doing every hour of their lives. We pointed out that they are not only more solicitous about the interests of their own guilty sect than those of the Universal

Church, but that they willingly betray the latter to the assaults of her enemies, and expose her to shame and derision, in the hope that they may prolong yet a few years, by a treason like that of Judas, the existence of the former. That in lending themselves to this crime, for which they must one day give account, they faithfully represent the mind of their sect, as far as anything so tumultuous and chaotic can be said to have any mind, we did not deny. That sect, whose odious history is simply a compendium of all that heresy has ever devised or executed against Divine faith and Christian unity, began its career by boldly asserting that *all* the Apostolic Sees taught false doctrine; and that there might be no shadow of doubt about the *animus* of the impudent heresiarchs who founded the Church of England on this basis, they illustrated the 19th Article of their new religion by publishing a book of Homilies, designed for circulation in every village and hamlet of England, in which they proclaimed that 'the whole world,' following the deplorable example of Rome, Jerusalem, and Antioch, had been 'sunk in the damnable pit of idolatry' for nearly a thousand years. We could not, therefore, deny, and never thought of denying, that the present generation of Anglicans and contemporary champions of the Establishment, who still cry aloud before the face of heaven and earth that the Holy Church of God is divided and corrupt, are worthy of their shameless founders. They are only reiterating the impieties for which the latter have long since received their reward.

But there has been in our own day a recoil from 'the miserable apostasy,' as Mr. Baring-Gould calls it, of the Reformation, —which had brought England to such a pass that, as the late Dean Mansel observed, her National Establishment had become in the eighteenth century virtually Unitarian,—and by the study of Catholic books some of the official clergy have so far opened their eyes to their real condition in the sight of God as to deplore the catastrophe by which their sect was created, and

attempt to throw a bridge over the gulf which separates them from Christian unity. One after another they have revived the very truths which the Church of England has existed only to deny, and which her Bishops still trample under foot; and because, like Pilate, they are now diligently washing their hands, they flatter themselves that they have no share in the crime which they profess to abhor, even while committing it anew. 'We freely grant,' says the *Church Herald*, in reply to our observations, 'that the See of Rome, having acquired *by Divine permission* the position of Mistress of the Churches, rebellion against her was indefensible.' You imagine, perhaps, that having made this honest confession, and being pricked with compunction, they are about to announce that they return to holy obedience? but they know better how to profit by the example of Pilate. Such lawlessness, they add, though a sin in the sixteenth century, has become a virtue in the nineteenth. You have only to wash your hands, and then commit the very crime against which you have just protested. 'I find no cause in Him,' said the conscientious Pilate, but, though He is innocent, 'take you Him, and crucify Him.' 'The Holy See,' says the *Herald*, in like manner, 'was permitted by the Most High to be the Mistress of the Churches, and therefore it was a sin in our fathers to rebel; but as we are persuaded that the Most High ought not to have permitted it, revolt is a merit in us. *Tolle, crucifige.*' It is evident that Pilate will never want heirs to the end of time.

What, then, does the *Herald* mean by calling us 'unfair'? Have we brought any charge against it which it does not admit? The discussion, it says, 'simply concerned our consistency,' and 'how can we be charged with inconsistency in not obeying that which we do not recognise as having Divine obligation?' But that is precisely what we said. The 'consistency' of the *Herald* was not a question to which we ever alluded, or in which we felt the smallest interest. Our sole object was to prove, by their

own confession, that Anglicans are preachers of revolt, who recognise no authority, and therefore obey none; and their champion admits and justifies it. They do not obey the Church, he virtually says, because the Church is dead. The most impious of mankind can say nothing worse of her than he says, not once nor twice, but in every number of his journal. She has no voice, he affirms, so that she cannot even 'pass decrees'—that is, perform the very function for which her Founder created her; she is so divided that she has lost all authority; and she is full of 'sins and corruptions.' What could a Strauss or a Rénan say more? and why should the godless world respect an institution which even the most temperate Anglicans assure it, every day of their lives, is only worthy of their contempt? This is our charge against them: that they never cease to defame the Christian Church and dishonour the Spouse of Christ, to the great satisfaction of all who hate her, because it is only thus that they can hope to justify the existence of their own sect.

And their sole reply to the charge is a full admission of its truth. They have, in fact, no more belief in the 'One Holy Catholic Church' of the Creed than a Jew or a Chinese. And they confess it. 'There is between the Roman and Anglican communion,' says the *Herald*, 'a difference of first principles as to the very question, What is the Church?' We are glad to have elicited the tardy confession. It shows, among other things, with what sincerity they affect to regard the various separated communities as 'branches of the *same* Church.' That exploded theory they now abandon. At length we have their avowal, in an unguarded moment, that, as Dr. Newman once said, 'there is nothing in common' between them and us. The difference, they confess, is one of 'first principles.' It is, in truth, far greater than even they suppose. *We* believe and know that the Church of the living God is as incapable of division as the Godhead of whose Unity she is the sole image and reflection; *they* impiously

assert that she was long since broken in pieces. We proclaim, with the Apostles and Saints, that she never has erred, and never can err, in any question of faith or morals; they that even the Apostolic Sees *all* 'erred in matters of faith.' We confess that the first duty of a Christian is to 'hear the Church,' on pain of eternal reprobation; they contend that the obligation has ceased, because she has lost the power to teach. We respect the word of our Divine Lord, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church;' they revolt against His decree, and pretend to look for 'another foundation.' We humbly acknowledge that no man may judge the Church, because she is 'the pillar and ground of the truth;' they impudently teach that every man may judge her, 'because of her sins and corruptions.' We have learned that to communicate with a heretic is to be a 'partaker of his sins;' they associate with Bishops and clergy who blaspheme the very truths which they pretend to revere as sacred mysteries, and which they ought to accept death rather than consent to compromise, and they do this, not because they think it right, but because in such a sect as theirs it is impossible to do otherwise. They *must* acquiesce in blasphemy, and communicate with those who utter it, because the Church of England, whose authorised ministers they are, has no reproach to address to them. Lastly, it is our joy to confess that the authority which represents God in this world continues for ever whole and unimpaired, and that His Church has the same title at this hour to our unfaltering obedience as when He first said to her, '*Go, teach all nations;*' while it is the shame and malediction of Anglicans that they scorn her authority and defy her admonitions, and justify their revolt by the impious plea, that as she has ceased to have any power to 'pass decrees,' they are relieved from the obligation of obeying them.

It is evident, then, as the *Herald* proclaims, that 'there is a difference of first principles' between Catholics and Anglicans 'as to the very question, What is the Church?' In the judg-

ment of the first, she lives for ever with a Divine life—'without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing'—the immaculate Spouse of Christ, and the joyful Mother of the Elect; in the darkened minds of the second she is already dead.

If anything could add to the guilt of men who thus betray the Church of Christ to the derision of her enemies, among whom they hold themselves the foremost place, and whose profession of faith is simply this, 'rebels we are, and rebels we intend to remain,' it is the hypocritical solicitude that one day she may haply revive and live again! 'If we are ever to come together again,' says the *Herald*, 'there will have to be confession of error on both sides. . . . . A compromise may come, and we believe will come one day, from the force of events. To look for anything else is fatuous.' It is difficult to repress the indignation which such words inspire. When will Anglicans learn that they might as well expect God to compromise with Satan as His Church to make a treaty with a sect? Let these self-willed and impenitent sectaries understand at last, if they never understood it before, that if the hundred religions in the Establishment could all coalesce into one, and all its members—which even they are not foolish enough to expect—could agree to adopt exactly the same opinions, they would not be a hair's breadth nearer to Christian truth or Christian unity than they are at this moment, with their myriad doctrines and contradictions. The Church, whose office it is to teach and not to be taught, and to whom 'confession of error' is as impossible as it is to God, would still admit them to her communion, if she admitted them at all, only one by one, after they had confessed that she alone is 'the pillar and ground of the truth,' that she knows not division or corruption, and that all who wilfully resist her, and the Vicar whom God has appointed to be her ruler, will perish in their revolt, and have their portion with the unbeliever. No 'force of events'—whether pagan ferocity, or the irruption of barbarians, or the satanical arts of Liberalism—will ever extort

from her any concession or compromise. She is Divine, and, therefore, cannot change. She will be true to herself and to her Founder until His second coming, as He will be true to her. If Anglicans are 'fatuous' enough to 'look for anything else,' it is only because they have no higher idea of the true nature of the Christian Church than the wildest fanatics, whom they exactly resemble both in their lawless revolt and in the arguments by which they justify it, though they affect to shake their heads at such confederates in crime, and complacently 'thank God that they are not as other men are.'

No. XLIII.

GERMAN PERSECUTORS AND ENGLISH APOLOGISTS.

WHAT strikes one about the English press is its want of generosity. Some people may think it is quite as remarkable for want of principle; but this is hardly a reproach, since it does not profess to have any, being content to reflect whatever popular prejudice happens to be floating in the air. It might have been expected that English journalists, whose favourite theme is 'civil and religious liberty'—by which they now seem to understand license for those who agree with them, and scant toleration for those who do not—would have been the first to remonstrate against the senseless persecution now raging in Germany and Switzerland against the Christian faith and all who profess it. Yet it is only too evident that, with three or four exceptions, a legislation which revives, if not as yet in its remorseless cruelty at least in its diabolical malice, the era of Pagan persecution, is viewed by our English journalists either with undisguised satisfaction, or with a serene indifference not far removed from sympathy. And even of those who shake their heads at the impudent tyranny of a Bismarck and his Liberal allies, and confess that it is a substitution of brute force for

justice, some are careful to qualify their temperate censure of the persecutor with a far more energetic condemnation of the victims whom they reluctantly defend.

The *Spectator*, which has opinions of its own, and sticks to them with an independence of which it is now almost the only example, is an exception to the general tone of the secular press. It is an honourable distinction. 'There has been no legislation in Europe,' says that journal, 'more destructive of civil and religious liberty than the Prussian ecclesiastical laws of the last year.' Frederick II., though a godless infidel, would have despised them as stupid, cruel, and unprofitable. He was content to believe nothing himself, without forcing everybody else to do so. It was not his policy to conciliate Atheists and Freemasons, because, unlike the ferocious despot who presides to-day over the councils of Prussia, he was strong enough to do without them. If Bismarck has made a treaty with them, and is their willing tool, it is because he can only keep himself in power by their aid. They are the masters, and he the servant, and therefore he accepts their conditions. The price of their support is the destruction of religion. The laws which he enacts by the help of their votes 'apply to all Churches,' as the *Spectator* observes, and, 'if they were enacted in this country, would deprive the Dissenters of all their hard-earned freedom, and reduce the Roman Catholics to a spiritual bondage far more galling than that which they endured in England before the Emancipation Act.' Their main object is to 'render the administration of the religious rites of the Roman Church impossible,' and this in a land which counts fifteen million Catholics. The *Spectator* may well add: 'Surely Lord Russell and his foolish friends,' who call upon English Protestants to offer incense to the grim idol of Prussian Cæsarism, 'are acting simply in the dark, and in their No-Popery spasm are not in the least aware what it is to which they are giving their rash and uninformed approbation.'

Among religious journals, the only one which comprehends

that what is really at issue in Prussia is the existence of Christianity, and appreciates the true character of the Bismarckian legislation, is the *Church Herald*. 'In Germany, Italy, and Switzerland,' says this journal, 'the spirit of Antichrist seems to rule and reign. The laws of God and man are simply abolished and set at nought. Might is right. . . . . The King of Piedmont, who has robbed the Pope as well as the Italian dukes, does as he wills, or rather carries out the wishes and secret decisions of the infamous and Antichristian Freemasons.' In Germany, 'the Erastian Dr. Reinkens is the willing tool of Bismarck, and the grossest and most shameless persecution of Roman Catholic Bishops has been undertaken and carried on, to the joy of the Liberal *Guardian*, and to the inexpressible delight of the Gladstonian *Church Times* and *Church Review*.' 'The same, too, is the case with Switzerland, where Mr. and Mrs. Loyson and their baby are the most prominent ecclesiastical characters—a gentleman who immediately before his marriage was the guest and ally of Canon Liddon at St. Paul's.' The proceedings in these countries, adds the *Herald*, 'without protest from Englishmen, who are supposed to love justice,' suggest 'that the personal reign of Antichrist is not very far off.' How is it that our honest and religious contemporary fails to see that of all the modern associations which have laboured to prepare the way for that dismal reign, the Anglican Church, with its indifference to dogmatic truth, its war against unity, and its shameful subservience to the civil power, has been the most effective?

There are a few other journals, as we have said, which profess to be revolted by the cynical injustice of Prussian legislation, but are still more eloquent in denouncing its unoffending victims. Thus the *Manchester Guardian* describes Bismarck as 'the Minister whose name is associated with the most tyrannical laws of the nineteenth century,' which ought to be reprobated by 'Englishmen hating oppression in every form.' But

in another number of the same journal, and in reply to observations made in our own columns, in which we spoke of the 'coercive jurisdiction' of the Church, it is alleged, as a sufficient set-off against 'Bismarckism,' that 'Papalism is the negation of liberty of conscience.' In like manner the *Standard*,—though it condemns the 'vindictive ecclesiastical laws' with which a 'rash and unscrupulous statesman' has scandalised the age, and with no better motive than because he 'has need of the aid of the Liberal party,' which he is willing to buy at any price,—crudely remarks, that 'whether Bismarck weakens the Papacy, or the Papacy weakens Bismarck,' is of very little moment, and that it finds its own diversion in 'watching the State tyrants and Church tyrants,' as if they were both equally odious to God and man, 'fighting out their differences.' Lastly, the *Post*, while admitting that people do well to condemn a 'cruel persecution,' considers that they have still more reason to complain 'that the present Pope should lay claim,' as all his predecessors have done for eighteen centuries, 'to some non-defined ascendancy over the Sovereigns of this country,'—a claim which a Constantine and a Theodosius, to say nothing of our own monarchs for a good many ages, freely admitted,—'by virtue of her being a member of the Christian Church.' Surely the French Protestant whom we quoted last week had reason to say that the tone of the English press, in its allusions to Bismarckism, is simply 'scandalous.'

The purport of all which our journalists have to say to the suffering Catholics of Germany and Switzerland is briefly this: 'You are being foully persecuted, but you know you would do just the same to others, if you could.' Is it true? Perhaps at this Christmas season, which suggests thoughts of peace and good-will, we may be allowed to give a short answer to this question.

Nothing, we suppose, more effectually alienates the non-Catholic mind from the Holy Roman Church and the Apostolic

See than the notion that they are hostile to liberty, and claim to exert an excessive influence over the conscience of mankind. Yet there is no historical fact more certain than this, that wherever human societies have acquired liberty, they owed it to the action of the Church, and the principles by which her theologians defined, ages before a bastard Liberalism reduced them to sterility, the relations which ought to subsist between those who govern and those who are governed. If princes have been tyrants, it was always the Church which fearlessly resisted them, and but for her, as Guizot admits, 'the whole world must have been abandoned to brute force.' It is a mere truism that people who have set up Cæsar in the place of the Pope have everywhere lost their liberties, and have fallen under the yoke of an evil brood of Tudors and Bismarcks. Even in England, and at this hour, the highest exponent of Anglican doctrine is a lay committee, appointed by the Crown; and the bondage of the national sect in spiritual things is so complete and galling, that the fervid Archdeacon Denison,—after lamenting that the Anglican Bishops are banded together 'to put down everything which can possibly be called by the name of Catholic in the Church of England,' and that 'it is time to break with the Bishops,'—announced the other day in despair, that 'he did not care if the Establishment were swept away to-morrow.' He is a fresh example that when men have revolted against the Vicar of Christ, and fallen under harder masters, their only remedy for intolerable bondage is unbridled license, and their only escape from the law which they hate is by becoming a law to themselves. The fruit of rebellion is always servitude.

Do we, then, deny that the Church restrains our liberty? We should as soon think of denying that God does so. She curtails our liberty in the same way that He does, and in no other. And she secures it, as He does, by subjecting it to law. That is her business. She was founded for no other end. Men are free to rebel against her, as they are free to rebel against

God; but they had better not. They will gain nothing by it. Least of all will they gain liberty. Liberty, as even the rulers of this world understand, and endeavour to make others understand, comes by obedience. And it is at least as true of the Christian as it is of the citizen, that 'to be free,' according to the definition of Lord Mansfield, 'is to live under a government by law.' The guardian and interpreter of that law, as far as faith and morals are concerned, is the Church. To say that she claims universal jurisdiction over the souls of men, and that she refuses them the false liberty of heresy and sin, is to say that she does what God appointed her to do, and has commanded her to do in His place. Does anybody expect her to abdicate? '*Hear the Church*' is as much a binding precept of the Gospel at this hour, as '*Thou shalt not kill*' was of the law.

As to the final result of the German persecution, it depends, as the *Times* justly observes, upon the German Catholics themselves. If they resembled such paltry prevaricators as Reinkens and his crew, timid sycophants of the secular power, and ready to sell their Master, like Judas, for a few pieces of silver,—they would lose for ever the liberties of which they would no longer be worthy. But if, true to themselves, and to their apostolic guides, they reply to the provocations of mean and unmanly tyrants, as the first Vicar of Christ did to the Jews: 'If it be just in the sight of God to hear you rather than God, judge ye'—their victory is certain. The bailiffs of Prince Bismarck may break into their houses, steal their tables and chairs, and sell them by auction to his Hebrew confederates, in payment of fines imposed by the Prussian Mandarins, but faith is not quenched by such pitiful arts. To such ignoble cruelties our German brothers will reply after this sort. 'We are the children of the martyrs, and you are only dwarfs even in your congenial work of persecution. We fear neither your fines, nor your prisons, nor your scaffolds. It is true that as yet you have not begun to

kill, for you are so incorrigibly little, that you cannot be great even in crime. The very heathen were less base than you, for they at least decapitated our fathers, while you, Neros in the garb of a policeman, can only prick us to death with pins.'

No. XLIV.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

It is neither the eminent position of the writer, nor even the vigour and precision of his remarks, which has provoked the multitudinous comments upon the latest production of the Archbishop of Westminster. The unusual interest excited by that admirable composition is to be accounted for in another way. Its critics, whether still professing a general belief in Christianity, or candidly avowing their preference for 'revived Paganism,' are all agreed on one point: they perfectly comprehend the gravity of the question proposed to them by his Grace. It touches them to the quick. It underlies every other. It includes within its wide scope all the problems of human life. Is there an authority on earth which represents God, and within its own sphere is supreme, and therefore entitled to the obedience of men? Evidently this is the master-question of our age, as of every other. The only possible reply is Ay, or No. There is no room for compromise here. It was an immense service to our generation to have put the question so clearly. The most conspicuous Rationalists of our day have admitted that, if such an authority exists, there can be no doubt where it is lodged. 'If God has made a revelation,' they say, 'the Roman Church is its only witness.' They say it in the *Westminster Review* and similar organs. And the reasons upon which this conclusion is founded are so peremptory, that men who prefer revolt to Christian obedience,—a large fraction of

the human family,—and consider that God has no right to appoint a representative on earth, make the individual conscience the only supreme judge in questions of faith and morals. We need not be surprised, therefore, if the question raised by the Archbishop has received from our journalists, who are the official advocates of lawlessness in the religious sphere, a negative answer. But their hasty verdict, pronounced in the first moment of surprise, is not necessarily final. It is probable that many of our countrymen, brought face to face with a question of such surpassing moment, will perceive, after sufficient meditation, that all the evils which now afflict society, and menace it with chaos and dissolution, come from the denial of authority; and that if they refuse to acknowledge the guide which our wiser forefathers gladly obeyed, and to which alone the world owes, not only the possession of immutable truth, but all the liberty which it has ever acquired, they will be forced to confess that all hope of order is gone, that truth is a chimera, and life a delusion.

Two classes of critics, we have said, have been stirred to activity by the recent observations of the Archbishop; those who profess to believe vaguely in a revelation, and admit 'the psychological fact that man is a worshipping being;' and those who contend that the Christian Church and religion are as human as everything else, that man has quite enough to do to worship himself, and that if he must have any other worship, it should be, as Mr. Huxley suggests, 'chiefly of the silent sort.' The differences between these two classes, as one of them perfectly comprehends, are more apparent than real. As respects the character of the living Church, and the nature of her authority, their notions are identical. The *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Church Herald* agree together, in spite of their fancied antagonism. Both contend that the Christian Church has no authority at all; or, as the latter expressed it, that she is 'not in a condition to pass decrees.' The only difference between total

and partial unbelievers—between Rationalists and Sectaries—is this: that while the latter contend that the Church was not originally so voiceless, impotent, and divided, the former insist that she was always pretty much the same. In agreeing to deny her authority, and in asserting that men neither have nor require to have any supreme guide in faith and morals, they are absolutely of one mind.

The common opinion of all men outside the Church, to whatever school or sect they belong, from extreme Rationalism to extreme Ritualism, is this: that no supreme authority exists on earth, and no centre of unity, and that men are left by their Creator to grope their way, even in questions of the soul, without any other help than their own reason can supply. It is true that they have themselves so little faith in this monstrous theory, by which the world is abandoned to darkness and chaos, that they deny it every day in practice. They know that the immense majority of mankind have too little intelligence to be safe guides to themselves, and the leaders of philosophical schools, like the chiefs of religious sects, are as imperious in dealing with their disciples as if they possessed the very authority of which they deny the existence. 'The Church is not able to guide you,' they say in chorus, 'but we will guide you in her place.' They are, indeed, warm partisans of authority, provided it be their own. 'Between authority and reason,' says Sir George Cornewall Lewis (*Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion*, ch. iii. p. 64), 'there is no opposition, nor does the one exclude the other.' This is true of every conceivable association—political, religious, or scientific—except the Christian Church. She alone has no authority whatever, and no right to 'pass decrees;' and if she does, nobody need pay any attention to them. The newest sects—Irvingites, Döllingerists, or Ritualists—are better able to judge her than she is to judge them; for, by a singular arrangement of Providence, she does not really possess the authority which she claims as belonging

to herself alone, while they actively exert that which they contend belongs to nobody whatever.

The arrogance of sectaries and scientists, who both claim to rule their own disciples, though they inconsistently reproach the Church with forgetting that they are quite able to rule themselves, is proverbial; but, perhaps, the latter are the least extravagant of the two. The Rationalist will sometimes confess his own liability to error, the Ritualist never. 'Christians,' says the author of *Enigmas of Life*, though 'selfish coddlers and nursers of their own souls'—which seems to be the latest discovery of modern thought—'were ready to die for their opinions, *and we are not.*' The reason is very simple. 'Philosophers can neither burn nor be burned for a creed; for after all may they not be mistaken now, as they have often been before?' (p. 163, second edition.) But the sectary, though he rejects the authority of the Church with more rage than the unbeliever, who is generally able to discuss the subject calmly, has no such modesty. 'We are reviving truths which you have always taught,' says the Ritualist, 'but you have no authority in the matter, for it is your province to err, while we are never mistaken; and we are as indisputably right in teaching certain opinions now as we were twenty years ago in denying them.' There are degrees even in rebellion, and if the Rationalist does not go beyond the positive, the Ritualist soars at once to the superlative.

And they can both argue in defence of their revolt. The arguments differ, but the conclusion is exactly the same. The *Times*, replying to the Archbishop, talks of 'hallucination,' but does not get much further. The *Pall Mall* goes to the root of the matter. If the Archbishop calls its opinions, as anybody else would do, 'revived Paganism,' it evidently considers the phrase a compliment. He 'can give our opinions any name he pleases; he may, for instance, call them Mormonism or fire-worship,'—which nobody would think of doing, since they have not even the element of religion which exists in those

systems,—'the question is whether they are true.' We hope they are not, for the sake of our fellow-creatures, but let us see. 'We entirely agree that his Church is either what he says it is, or else it is an imposture.' Nothing can be clearer, and we hope people will see that if the opinions of the *Pall Mall* are true, it follows that all Europe owes its conversion, its liberties, and its civilisation to an imposture—which will seem to prudent thinkers a violent supposition. On the other hand, the Archbishop can only 'make out his case,' says the *Pall Mall*, by proving 'to a moral certainty' such propositions as the following: 'the existence of God and of the Divine attributes,' —'that the attributes of God are such as raise a presumption in favour of the truth of Christianity,'—'the truth of Christianity,' the 'truth of the facts stated in the creeds,' and 'the divinity of Jesus Christ;' and when this is done, he must prove further 'that the Bible contains an accurate verbal report of certain expressions which it attributes to Christ,' and a good many other things, including perhaps that it is not a mere delusion to suppose that man really exists at all, or that, as Mr. Greg observes, 'God placed us in this world only that we might be for ever working for and hankering after another.' And when all these things are proved, is it certain that people who call the Church of God an imposture will be any the better for it? We know Who has said that there are men who 'would not believe though one rose from the dead.' What if the lawyers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* are in that unfortunate condition? The Archbishop might give them proofs which have satisfied the mightiest intellects of our race, but would they satisfy *them?* Convictions of this kind require the assent of the will as well as of the understanding. It is the corruption of the heart, not of the mind, which keeps men in unbelief.

The *Manchester Guardian*, which disavows all sympathy with 'the hard, Philistinish Cæsarism of the *Pall Mall Gazette*,' and seems to think that it is repudiated by 'an overwhelming

body of Protestant opinion,' complains that we have misunderstood its judgment of the German persecution. If we have done so, it would be unpardonable to persist in the error, especially as our contemporary is good enough to say that, 'as a rule . . . there is not a fairer or more courteous organ of public opinion in the kingdom than the *Tablet*.' When we said that there are journals which 'profess' to be revolted by the injustice of Prussian legislation, we were far from implying that they were not perfectly sincere in doing so; but we contended that in their remarks on certain first principles of the Catholic faith they seemed to suggest, as the *Standard* did in express terms, that 'Cæsarism' and 'Papalism' are equally hostile to human liberty. 'Forcible invasion of the sovereignty of the conscience,' says the *Manchester Guardian*, 'is a crime.' Yet what are the laws and commands of God but an invasion of that spurious sovereignty? And if, as Catholics believe, He has appointed His Church to enforce those laws and commands, by constantly setting them before men, why is it a 'crime' in her to do so? 'Whether it is attempted from Berlin or from Rome,' adds the *Guardian*, 'coercion in spiritual things is irredeemably bad;' but there is this clear distinction, that the Most High has never committed to the secular power the authority which He *has* committed to the spiritual. The former, when it intrudes into this sphere, is a sacrilegious usurper; the latter is simply discharging a Divine mission. '*Hear the Church*' is a precept of the Gospel which is as binding now as it was in the days of the Apostles. It has never been abrogated, and never will be. It is still the test of human obedience. Men are not free when they resist, but only when they obey it. Man is no more exempt from 'coercion in spiritual things' than in things of the temporal order. The Christian is as much subject to law as the citizen. It was the great discovery of Protestantism that in questions of the soul he is his own master. But the world does not seem to have profited much by it, either as respects truth or liberty.

The chaos which now prevails among millions for whom the Son of Man died is the inevitable result of the Reformation principle, that God has made a revelation, but has appointed no supreme authority to interpret it. 'It is difficult properly to respect a Right Rev. Father in God,' says the *Church Herald*, 'when you cannot for the life of you make out whether he holds any authority from God at all; or the representative of the supreme authority of the Church, when you find it impossible to discover from him whether the Church has got any authority to represent.' From this difficulty Catholics alone enjoy a complete immunity. And because they alone are wise enough to obey the supreme authority which God has appointed, they enjoy also the exclusive possession of that supernatural liberty which has its source and origin in the Divine promise: '*The truth shall make you free.*'

No. XLV.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

WHEN the people 'imagine a vain thing,' as they are apt to do, and 'rage furiously' against the Church, as they are doing just now, she only replies to their provocations by calmly reiterating her message. This is just what might be expected from a Divine teacher. A human counterfeit would attempt to conciliate the world, deprecate its wrath, offer terms, or propose a compromise. Not so the Church. She has learned that 'the friendship of the world,' even if it could be purchased, 'is enmity against God;' and therefore she neither desires nor expects it. It would add nothing to her strength, which comes from quite another source. And so she turns a deaf ear both to its blandishments and its menaces. She is not allured by the one, nor frightened by the other. She has nothing to do with the world except to convert it. When it takes up stones

to fling at her, she is not surprised. What else should it do? Even in her rebukes there is no anger, though she says to it, like her first martyr: 'You uncircumcised in heart and ears, you always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do you also.' And then she is silent. But the next moment she is announcing her message once more to all who 'have ears to hear.' If Cæsar jeers at her Chief Pontiff, and protests that he knows him not, Pius quietly replies that all the baptized belong to him. If the guides of modern English opinion jest at Ultramontanism, the Archbishop of Westminster tells them that Ultramontanism is Christianity. If unbelievers proclaim that there is no supreme authority, and that Peter can err like anybody else, the Vatican Council answers that the Vicar of Christ is infallible. This is the way of the Church. And the world is astonished at what it calls her 'audacity.' Will she never know when she is beaten? Infidels and sectaries marvel that, in what they deem her hour of weakness, when her Pontiff is a captive, and the princes of the earth have become cowards or apostates, she should speak exactly as she did a thousand years ago. They thought she would be frightened, and abate her pretensions, and cease from her impotent anathemas. Yet the voice of Pius is as the voice of Gregory, and Innocent, and Leo; and when he speaks the hearts of countless millions vibrate at the sound, for they know that it is the voice of Peter. And Pius knows it too. He does not speak in his own name. When our modern Pilates say to him, as he stands before their judgment-seat, 'Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee?' he only replies, if he replies at all, 'Thou shouldest not have any power against me, unless it were given thee from above.' He is alarmed—not for himself, but for them. He knows what is coming upon them. But to his own he says, as Moses said before him, 'The Egyptians, whom you see now, you shall see no more for ever. The Lord will fight for you, and you shall hold your peace.' And both he and they know

that the Egyptians will come to a bad end, in spite of their 'chariots and horsemen.'

The Egyptians are very jubilant just now. They have forgotten all the plagues which fell upon them in the past, whenever they persecuted the people of God. They forget so easily! They think they are safe now—that the waters will not be corrupted again, nor the flies swarm, nor the murrain fall upon them, nor locusts devour every green thing, nor boils break out in men and beasts. And so they cry once more, 'We will not let Israel go from serving us.' And, indeed, the moment seems propitious. Pharao-Cæsar is quite sure to-day that he is stronger than Moses, whose people, he distinctly perceives, 'are straitened in the land,' with the sea before and the desert behind them. Now is the time to strike a blow. Pharao-Cæsar reckons without God, a fatal blemish in Egyptian strategy, as he will presently discover. Pharao-Bismarck is not wiser than Pharao-Necho, or any other Pharao, and is making the same mistake. He drives furiously, this Prussian Jehu, but his wheels will come off, and in a little while the people of Israel will be singing once more: 'The horse and the rider He hath thrown into the sea.' Asphyxia is the only correction which Pharao understands.

No doubt, however, the times are hard. It is not easy to get out of Egypt, and we are not across the Red Sea yet. But 'the pillar of fire' is before us, and we know what that means. Let Pharao pursue, he will be tired before we shall. An illustrious person has lately said that even an Athanasius or a Gregory would be 'appalled' if they lived in our day. Perhaps they would; yet their own times were not altogether cheerful. The Egyptians pressed them hard. The Arian Cæsars were as stiff-necked as Pharao, and when Athanasius fled up the Nile there was probably not an Egyptian in Byzantium who did not feel certain that the victory was won. Yet the *Credo* of the saint, like the rod of Moses, swallowed up the *Nego* of the

Cæsar. The windy proclamations of his imperial adversary no man now remembers, but the Athanasian Creed will last till the day of judgment. The first Gregory looked out upon a troublous scene, when all seemed to be ruin from the Alps to the Mediterranean, and the seventh of that name wore out his life in a still more toilsome fight; yet the one converted England, and the other conquered the world. St. Leo the Great saved Christendom from a chaos which threatened to be universal, and the heavens were so dark in the time of St. Ambrose, that as one of his modern biographers says—(Baunard, ch. iv. p. 263)—'*La Providence semblait être en défaut.*' Yet the ruin which seemed always imminent was always averted. Why should Pius fail when Leo and Gregory triumphed? 'Peter is not dead,' as St. Ambrose reminded the downcast of his day (*In Luc.* lib. vii.), 'since it is against him, according to the Divine promise, that the gates of hell have never prevailed.' But perhaps Peter is not so strong now as he used to be? Pharao-Bismarck thinks so, but Peter will bid them 'carry him out,' as they carried out all his predecessors. He is riding so furiously just now that he is sure to break his neck before long, and all the physicians of the new German Empire will not be able to mend it. The tenth Leo saw worse days than ours, when whole nations 'went after the beast;' yet if 'fifty years after the Lutheran separation,' says Macaulay, 'Catholicism could scarcely maintain itself on the shores of the Mediterranean, a hundred years after the separation Protestantism could scarcely maintain itself on the shores of the Baltic.' The Tudor Pharaos fancied they had got rid of Peter altogether, and the new Anglican Church chanted their victory in songs of true Egyptian melody; yet the only living voice in England at this day is that of Peter, and the Anglican sectaries, looking wistfully across the Red Sea, which they are doomed never to pass, can only mimic in Egypt, in a false key and with discord unutterable, the far-off echoes from the Promised Land. Napo-

leon-Pharao carried away Peter by force, and shut him up; but Peter shook his chains off, and the Corsican put them on, and wore them till he died. Another Napoleon betrayed the Vicar of Christ, and came to the same end. It is dangerous to lay hands on Peter, as Pharao-Bismarck will learn in his turn. In a few days people will be searching for his carcase in the Red Sea, and will not be able to find it. And Israel will be singing, for the hundredth time, as they look upon the flood which they have crossed in safety: 'Thy right hand, O Lord, hath slain the enemy.'

Our modern scientists tell us, with magisterial gravity, that when 'the same phenomenon has happened innumerable times, we can confidently predict its recurrence,' because 'all phenomena are found to be governed by regular laws, which make them under similar conditions persistent.' Do they know in all history, or in all nature, a more persistent phenomenon than the triumph of the Holy See over all its enemies? Is there anything of which we may more confidently predict the recurrence, according to their own law, than the phenomenon which we have found to be as invariable, during eighteen centuries, as the rising of the sun or the courses of the stars? That which has lasted so long in a world like ours, in spite of all that men or demons could do against it, will last for ever. An Egyptian writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, scoffing after the manner of his tribe at the Archbishop of Westminster, tells us indeed that the State seems more likely to triumph just now than Peter. Of course it does. It always seems likely to triumph, but it never does. And even in this hour of darkness, it is not by its own strength that an impious Cæsarism prevails in so many lands, but by reason of the faults of the people of God. It is the feebleness of bad Catholics which makes the strength of Cæsar. When he has scourged them for a little while, doing unconsciously the will of God, but doing it in his own wilful way, they will come forth from the furnace, 'not a hair of their head

being singed, nor their garments altered,' and the Swiss and German Nabuchodonosors, to their extreme surprise, shall 'eat grass like an ox.'

We are far from denying, of course, that one day a Cæsar will come who will really triumph. His chariots will be swifter than those of Pharao, and he will overtake the people of Israel before they have crossed the Red Sea. We are told to pray that 'our lot may not be cast in those days.' They will be bitter and grievous. But even this last of the line of Cæsars will not triumph for long. And the enemies of the Church and the Holy See will have no reason to rejoice in his triumph. They will find him a terrible master, this last of the Cæsars, and will sigh in vain for the gentle government of Peter when the rod of Antichrist is bruising their bones. Why do they desire his coming, and do what they can to hasten it? Why do they lick the feet of his predecessors? He will vex the Church which they hate so much, but do they think he will make it a pleasant world for *them?* These foolish Egyptians do not see that it is safer to follow Moses than Pharao, and that in invoking the reign of Antichrist they are plotting their own destruction.

That the sort of people who write in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and similar journals should call for their chariots to pursue the Israelites, and scream from morning till night, 'We will not let this people go,' seems to us natural. They speak as they are bidden, and the master whom they unconsciously serve keeps their necks to the collar, and allows them no halt. But it is in the Anglican and High Church press that the Egyptian war-cries are loudest, though they sometimes attempt to sing the songs of Israel in their strange tongue, and fancy their barbarous accent will offend no other ear because it gives no shock to their own. They talk about Moses, but always in the speech of Pharao. If there were no one else to make ready his chariots, Ritualists would be his willing grooms. In their recent remarks

upon 'Cæsarism and Ultramontanism,' they have shown once more that they hate Moses more cordially than he does. Even the mild *Church Herald* piously suggests that the more Englishmen hear about Ultramontanism, 'the less they may be inclined even to *tolerate* it.' Pharao was as willing to let the people of Israel go as they to tolerate the faith of two hundred million Catholics. As to the Infallibility of the Vicar of Christ, 'one's mind revolts from it instinctively.' Their predecessors said much the same thing about the authority of Moses. He was less than Peter, yet he did not fear to say, 'You shall not add to the word that I speak to you, neither shall you take away from it;' and because Peter says, in his turn, that he is Infallible, the *Herald* thinks it doubtful 'how far it is consistent with Christianity at all.' The Egyptian is always the same.

What such people *do* consider consistent with Christianity we may learn from the *Standard*, the official apologist of the Establishment. 'The Bishops have come to understand,' it said on the 6th instant, 'that it is not for them to use their powers to limit the liberty which the Church allows; and that as High, Low, and Broad, all legitimately find a place within its pale, their duty is to reflect its wide-embracing liberality, and extend equal tolerance to all.' 'Believe what you like,' says the amiable Church of England to her clergy; 'I do not myself believe anything in particular. If you like to profess the Real Presence, pray do so; if you prefer to revile it, please yourselves. If you go in for confession, I cannot help it; and if you call it an immoral practice, it is all the same to me. The Author of Christianity probably cares nothing about the points on which you differ, and I care quite as little.'

It is also consistent with Christianity, according to the *Church Herald*, to abide 'in our present condition of almost universal lawlessness and mutual dissatisfaction.' Such is the theology of Egypt. 'It is impossible,' adds the same journal, according to the common testimony of 'the *Guardian*, *Church*

Review, Church Times, Record, and *Rock*,' 'to place any confidence in the Bishops;' and whereas Archdeacon Denison announces that they are all conspiring together against 'Catholic truth,' the *Herald* observes: 'They are Catholic Bishops, or they are less than nothing.' In Egypt you may revile almost every Catholic truth, and remain an excellent Catholic yourself. 'A Bishop is not a Catholic,' said St. Ambrose, 'if he is not in communion with the Roman Church.' But the Egyptian mind 'instinctively revolts' from such doctrine.

'No such Christianity as Dr. Manning depicts,' says the *Church Review*, 'has ever yet existed in the world;' and then, surpassing by one bold effort even the 'Philistinish Cæsarism' of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it adds: 'Cæsarism has been the *divinely-appointed* check to Ultramontanism.' We suppose Pharao was, in the judgment of the *Church Review*, the divinely-appointed antagonist of Moses. Perhaps we have now heard all that Egypt can tell us. It would be idle to remonstrate with these Anglican journalists. They are the sort of whom St. Paul said that, 'after one or two admonitions,' it was better to leave them to their fate.

No. XLVI.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

WHATEVER reproach her enemies may address to the Church, they confess at least that her teaching is not 'an uncertain sound.' She knows what she has to say, and she says it. 'The one argument for the exclusion of theology from education,' says a writer in the *Westminster Review*, 'is that men are not sufficiently agreed as to the truth of its teaching; but as Catholics *are* agreed, and as theology if it teaches the truth is of unspeakable importance, it would be suicidal in Catholics to consent to its suppression.' It is impossible to admit more frankly how

the supposed necessity for non-religious education has arisen. The Church is no more responsible for it than she is for the famine in Bengal. It is one of the poisonous fruits of the so-called Reformation. When unbelievers scoff at Christianity after the manner of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, because of the shameful dissensions among those who profess it, they forget that there is one Christian community, which is not only the oldest in point of time, and larger in point of numbers than all the sects put together, but in which men '*are* agreed,' as the *Westminster Review* remarks, and whose marvellous unity is perhaps more conspicuous at this hour than at any former period of its existence. Christians were not more absolutely of one mind in all which concerns the Faith when an 'upper chamber' in Jerusalem sufficed to hold them all, than the host of Catholics dispersed through all lands are at this moment. And this supernatural concord is as clearly displayed among neophytes of yesterday, and in China and Thibet, as it is in the older communities of London, Rome, or New York. In the far interior of China, an English Protestant traveller noticed in 1871, not only the 'reverence and attention,' and the 'devout decorum unsurpassed in any European church,' of the Chinese Catholics, whether they were, as in Sy-chuen, 'chiefly of the wealthier classes'—or, in other provinces, 'belonging to the industrious peasant class'—but that 'they are staunch adherents of their faith, but few being found to apostatise even under the pressure of persecution.' And these 'genuine converts,' he adds, 'strongly contrast with the known ill-success of the Protestant missionaries in their less dangerous field on the eastern coast of China.' (Cooper's *Overland Journey*, pp. 91, 127, 312.)

The 'marvellous success' and 'extraordinary results' which this candid Protestant observer records are due everywhere to the same cause. Only a Divine power is adequate to produce them. The most opulent and conservative of human sects, with its three contradictory religions of High, Low, and Broad, and its count-

less subdivisions of each, may well excite the scorn of thinking men, who say with reason that if the tumultuous Anglican sect could be proved to be a part of the Christian Church, Christianity would be self-condemned. A sect which teaches twenty religions at once is evidently a lie and an imposture. But the world perceives, in spite of its incapacity to judge spiritual things, that the plain speaking of the Catholic Church, and the unity of its members of every race and tongue, are not separate and independent phenomena, but intimately connected together. 'The recent utterances of Archbishop Manning,' says the Roman correspondent of the *Standard*, who is neither better nor worse than the rest of his order, 'have excited no small portion of attention in Italy. His statement of the claims of the Church is felt to be sincere, honest, and logical. It is so logical that acquiescence in his conclusions can be avoided—not by any attempt to pick a hole in his logic, but only by utterly and entirely denying the truth of his premisses.' His plain speaking, continues the journalist, 'may be imprudent, but the argument from imprudence can only be addressed to men whose trust is elsewhere than in the Divine truth of their pretensions. And, while we cannot but consider their ecclesiastical policy to be with absolute certainty suicidal'—a slow suicide, apparently, since that policy has maintained a remarkably vigorous life for eighteen centuries—'we must needs admit that it is entitled to the respect which is due to the sincerity of genuine belief.'

Evidently plain speaking has its advantages. People know what you mean, and see that you are in earnest. And even a self sufficient journalist thinks it 'entitled to respect.' So do we, and for this reason we will give another example of it—not in the words of the Archbishop of Westminster, but in those of a representative American, entitled by wisdom and experience to speak in the name of a nation which he loves without sharing its delusions. 'I regard,' says Dr. Orestes Brownson, one of the most vigorous thinkers in the United States, 'as the greatest of

all mistakes, that of holding back the stronger points of the Catholic faith; of labouring to present Catholicity in a form as little repulsive to my non-Catholic countrymen as possible; and of insisting on only the minimum of Catholicity, or what had been expressly defined by the Holy See or a General Council.' Here is another witness for plain speaking. 'What is most needed in these times,' he continues, 'is the truth that condemns, point-blank, the spirit of the age, and gives no quarter to its dominant errors.' He knows what Protestantism and Liberalism have done for his own country. Liberalism, he says, is only 'a polite name for sedition, rebellion, and revolutionism,'—a fact so luminously demonstrated by recent events in many lands, that how any sincere Catholic can have anything to do with it, either as a philosophical school or a political party, is to us simply unintelligible. Dr. Brownson tells us what it has done, and is doing, in his own land. 'I do not think my respect for my American countrymen is so great as it was some years ago. They seem to me to have wonderfully deteriorated during the last third of a century, both intellectually and morally, and with a rapidity unequalled in any other people whose history is known.' And for this reason his conclusions are the following. 'I love my country,' he says, and his own sons shed their blood, 'to preserve her integrity,' with his cordial approval; 'but, after all, the Church is my true country, and the faithful are my real countrymen.' This seems to us a nobler sort of patriotism than the gross State worship of some among ourselves. 'I do not consider it a high compliment to be credited with an intense Americanism. Where the people are Catholic,' he adds, 'and submissive to the law of God, as declared and applied by the Vicar of Christ and Supreme Pastor of the Church, Democracy may be a good form of Government; but combined with Protestantism or infidelity in the people, its inevitable tendency is to lower the standard of morality, to enfeeble intellect, to abase character, and to retard civilisation, as even our short American

experience amply proves. Our Republic may have had a material expansion and growth; but every observing and reflecting American, whose memory goes back, as mine does, over fifty years, sees that in all else it is tending downward, and is on the declivity to utter barbarism.'

Finally, after observing that 'modern civilisation is substantially that of the Gentile world before its conversion to Christianity,' and that 'the great Conservative element in the American democracy, hitherto, has been the common law inherited from our Catholic ancestors,' but of which a corrupt judiciary now threatens to annul the benefits, he sums up in these plain words the conviction of all American Catholics. 'For myself, I accept the statement of the Anti-Catholic, Sectarian, and Secular press, that the Syllabus condemns all the distinctive features of what is called "modern civilisation," and draws the line between Catholicity and the world in bondage to Satan so clearly and distinctly, that there is no mistaking it. It presents the true issue; and those who are not with the Pope are against God, and therefore against the rights and interests of men and nations.'

The author of *Modern Christianity a Civilised Heathenism*, who says of practical and genuine Christianity, as he understands it, 'this is what public opinion disbelieves and what the Catholic Church proclaims,' is told by a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that as to his 'views of Christianity there is no doubt that public opinion is infidel to the very core, and likely to remain so for this generation at least.' This also is plain speaking, but perhaps writers in the *Pall Mall* are not the best judges in such a matter. If they are right, the prospects of this generation are not cheerful. It is easy to point out the mistakes and exaggerations of the work in question, which is more likely to do harm than good; but to us it seems that there are abundant signs of reaction in what is called 'public opinion,' and that a recoil from the neo-paganism introduced by the Reformation, at least among the educated classes, is one of the most evident marks of our

age. The progress of infidelity among a minority of Englishmen appears to us more than compensated by the revival of Christian ideas among a far larger number. It is true that the minority are louder-voiced, and make more peremptory assertions; but this is no proof of strength. Thus the *Pall Mall* told us not long ago that Catholics cannot possibly accept the conclusions of science. Why not, when they are true? They love *all* truth, and only reject 'science falsely so-called.' As a matter of fact, though the *Pall Mall* chooses to ignore it, the most profound scientists of our age, as of every other, see no contradiction between religious and scientific truth. 'Scientific men,' said Sir David Brewster, 'are the instruments by which Providence is gradually revealing the wonders of creation, and they ought to exercise their functions with the same humility as those who are engaged in unfolding the mysteries of His revealed will.' Kepler, Leibnitz, and Newton would have said exactly the same thing; but perhaps such feeble philosophers were not scientific enough for the *Pall Mall*. It is only, with rare exceptions, the scientific charlatan who affects to scoff at religion. The late James Forbes, who was the first to suggest that the treatment of glacier motion is a problem of mechanical forces, declared 'the discipline and education of the moral sense, the exercise of habitual piety, and the sanctions of revealed religion, to be *necessary* for the temperate and useful employment of the reasoning faculty.' (*Life*, p. 195.) Plato and Aristotle would have found no fault with the statement; but perhaps they were not pagan enough for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of which the writers seem to have forgotten even the Nicomachean Ethics. Forbes also observed that 'out of the four Universities of Scotland,' of one of which he was himself the President, 'three had Catholic Bishops for their founders.'

We have before remarked that the worst excesses of the secular are sure to be surpassed in the so-called religious journals. If the *Church Review* says of Cæsarism what even the

Pall Mall would scorn to say, the *Church Times* is moved only to impotent fury by the Catholic plain speaking which even the *Standard* considers 'entitled to respect.' Pert, flippant, and vulgar, it applies to the Archbishop of Westminster language which easily explains the fact that the late Mr. Keble refused to admit such a journal into his house. His Grace 'has contrived,' says this valuable print, 'to blurt out the very things that it was to the interest of the Holy See to keep in the background;' and it affects to believe that his words are 'likely to disgust sober Roman Catholics.' We have expressed our sense of the value of plain speaking, especially at this time; but we never supposed that all would profit by it. It would be as foolish to expect truth, charity, or good taste from the *Church Times* as to look for reverence in the *Siècle*, or piety in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

No. XLVII.

A NEW NOTE OF THE CHURCH.

WHEN people have resolved to discard the recognised Notes of the Church, because they do not suit the conditions of their own sect, they have no choice but to invent new ones. To a lively imagination this is not a difficult task. It requires, indeed, only a moderate degree of ingenuity to make of the Christian Church anything whatever. The thing has been done a good many times, and will often be done again. Some men fashion a God, and others a Church, after their own imagination, and it is no harder to do the one than the other. Methodists have one theory of the Church, Quakers another, Irvingites a third, Döllingerists a fourth, Russians a fifth, and Anglicans half a dozen. And they all profess to be equally certain that their own is the right one. One of the newest is that of the people called Ritualists. It has been devised in order to meet

the peculiar conditions of their own existence. It is an immense convenience to the lawless to invent their own code of jurisprudence. The theory of Ritualists is as manifestly the product of their own brains, and framed to meet the requirements of their own position, as the chicken is the product of the egg from which it emerges. It is a theory which suits them, and suits nobody else. This is its highest merit. It destroys the Church of God, but it creates the Church of England. Their particular travesty of the 'One Holy Catholic Church' of the Creed is the following:

1. Unity is out of their reach, and therefore they assert, lifting their eyes to heaven, that Christians can do very well without it. It is an essential Note of the Church, they continue, but she has not possessed it for centuries. God loves it above all His works, but not so much as to have made any secure provision for it in His Church. His saints imagined that she was built 'on Peter alone,' in order that, as St. Cyprian and St. Ambrose teach, Peter might be for ever her centre of unity; but that was a mistake. Division is the work of Satan, but it may be the duty of Christians—if they happen to be Anglicans—to prefer division to obedience. God will judge all who do so, but will probably make an exception in favour of Anglicans. He will not impute schism to *them*, because on their theory it is impossible to commit it.

2. The true Church, according to the Scripture, is the Bride of Christ, and the light of the world. She cannot err. She has authority to 'teach all nations.' She is, indeed, 'the pillar and ground of the truth.' If anything is true, it is because she teaches it. All who revolt against her, no matter on what plea, are as the heathen and publican. All that rise in judgment against her she shall condemn. Upon whomsoever she shall fall, by the weight of her awful anathema, she shall 'grind him to powder.' And she never loses the consciousness of her gifts. Very true; but on the other hand, Anglicanism requires that

she should be stripped of all these fanciful qualities, and it proceeds to strip her accordingly. It announces, therefore, with easy composure, that she has for ages been divided and corrupt. In the morning of her existence she was perhaps 'without spot or wrinkle,' but before the sun went down she had become leprous and paralytic. Even the Apostolic Sees, forgetting Peter, James, and Mark, all 'erred in matters of faith.' At least the Church of England says so. And of course the Apostolic Sees had not a monopoly of error. It is true that, in spite of her corruptions, the Church produced everywhere saints and martyrs, — whose only fault was that they were the most assiduous teachers of Roman errors,—converted the nations, and civilised the world. But it must not be supposed that she did all this by virtue of her union with God. She was, in fact, corrupt and divided, and only did good by accident. Anglicanism requires this view of the subject, which is evidently a sufficient reason for adopting it. And as it is certain that the Church would anathematise Anglicanism, if she still retained any authority, the simplest plan is to deny that she has any, and to declare that she is wholly unable to 'pass decrees.' This is the way to make things smooth. Get the judge out of the way, and nobody need fear his sentence. The ordinary felon and malefactor would like to treat the civil magistrate in the same way, if there were any chance of his consenting to eclipse himself. Whether God is likely to have done this, and to have left Christians without any law but their own wilfulness, we perhaps need not stop to consider. Anyhow His authority and that of His Church must not interfere with Anglicanism, which requires free space for expansion, and must clear the Church out of the way in order to find it. Having thus reduced her to her proper dimensions, abolished her authority, and clearly proved, to the entire satisfaction of the Anglican mind, that she is a false teacher, split into fragments, and without any title to the obedience of mankind, Anglicans avow the reasonable expecta-

tion that people will admit their claim to belong to her. 'You see,' they seem to say, 'what a wretched institution she has become, and you will probably have no difficulty in allowing that of such an institution, of which we reflect all the worst features, we may justly pretend to form a part.' In this way they kill the Church, but they save the Establishment,—which is no doubt highly advantageous to Christians in general.

3. The prime office of the Church was to keep all men in the unity of the faith, and in the corrupt Roman community they have succeeded for eighteen centuries in doing so, which is very surprising; but as in the pure Anglican Church every one believes what he chooses, it is necessary for Anglicans to maintain that chaos is the true condition of the Church, or at least that it does not in the least impair her beauty. Even 'fundamental' differences of opinion, said the late Dr. Wilberforce, impressively summarising the Anglican theory, 'are as inevitable as having different countenances in different men.' This beautiful principle, everywhere clearly developed in the New Testament,—though miserably effaced in the Apostolic Sees, and especially in the corrupt Roman Church,—has fructified in the English Establishment with such energy, that even its clergy now profess so many different religions that a bare index of them would fill a volume. We cannot, therefore, go through the whole list. Take a single doctrine by way of specimen,—the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar,—which Ritualists have rightly learned to call the central devotion of Christians, and one of the most august mysteries of the faith. We know that the first act of the Anglican Church was to destroy Christian altars, and that she succeeded so effectually,—as some of her prelates have recently argued, and as Canon Estcourt has proved by the history of her successive liturgical improvements, — that for three centuries the doctrine of the Christian Sacrifice was almost as unknown in England as in the Fiji Islands. But this is not all. Quite recently a book has been published, under official

sanction, in which the claims of Christianity to respect are enforced by eminent Anglican writers. It is called *Faith and Free Thought*, is a formal reply to modern unbelief, and is adorned with a laudatory preface by the late Bishop of Winchester. In an essay on 'The Contrast between Pagan and Christian Society,' which Dr. Wilberforce considered 'masterly,' Dr. Merivale writes as follows: 'I would impress upon you the remarkable fact that Sacrifice, after being so universally used through all previous ages, has, in fact, entirely ceased throughout Christendom ever since the first promulgation of the Christian doctrine. The practice has ceased; *the idea is abandoned;* its religious significance is utterly repudiated. The Gospel has abolished Sacrifice.' It appears, therefore, that while Sacrifice is still considered by five-sixths of all the Christians in the world to be the most solemn act of Christian worship, and the very essence of the Christian religion—and is so regarded even by a certain number of the Anglican clergy—an official Anglican defence of revealed truth against unbelief represents the total suppression of the doctrine as the singular merit of Christianity, and the clearest proof of its superiority over the Pagan and Jewish religions! And this is only *one* of the horrible contradictions permitted in the Anglican Church, and blandly accepted by every school, party, and section in that communion. If even to look from afar upon such a sect produces nausea, what must it be to live in it?

4. It is not to be supposed that the better sort of Anglicans are quite indifferent to their own shame and the matchless turpitude of their sect—they would be more insensible than stoics if they were—but they only 'harden their hearts,' like Pharao, and instead of humbling themselves before God, prefer to rave at Moses and the people of Israel. Their chief occupation is to invent new 'dodges,' if the word may be used, by which to defame the Catholic Church, while striving to prove that they are still a part of it. We have often asked them to give us

their own definition of 'Catholic,' but without much success. They are constantly shifting their ground, and having apparently abandoned the Branch theory, they have now discovered a new Note of the Church. The *Church Herald*, which, in spite of inevitable contradictions and inconsistencies, is the purest and least irreligious of Anglican journals, has the credit of this latest discovery. After the genuinely Anglican observation that 'the Church is necessarily composed of persons who cannot absolutely think alike'—*e.g.* about the Sacrifice of the Altar!—the *Herald* goes on thus: 'That which binds it together is not *notions*, but the Sacraments. These by all consent (!) have been retained, and thereby the Church and people of England have been kept within the Catholic fold, however short they may have fallen from a right apprehension of Catholic doctrine.' Is it possible to make havoc more cheerfully of the Christian faith? 'Never mind notions,' says the *Herald*, whether they are those of Dr. Temple or Dr. Pusey, of Lord Arthur Hervey or Archdeacon Denison, of Dr. Baring or Mr. Carter; there is room for any quantity of 'notions' in the Church of England, but in spite of their laudable variety, the 'Sacraments' keep us in the Catholic fold. We suppose, therefore, that in the judgment of the *Herald*, the Donatists, who certainly had the Sacraments, were quite as good Catholics as St. Augustine, who told them that they were children of Satan. If to have the Sacraments, of which Anglicans have only the outward semblance, is to belong to the Catholic Church, almost all the heretics of the first fifteen centuries were true Catholics. But Anglicans would rather accept even this monstrous conclusion than cease from revolt. The argument of the *Herald* is as flagrantly destructive and irrational as that which the *Church Review* repeats every week, when it tells the Anglican Bishops who oppose confession that 'Hooker confessed to Saravia.' The *Review* knows very well that Saravia was a Presbyterian, and that Hooker's act was simply a denial of the necessity of episcopal ordination, and a

deliberate insult to the Establishment, which he thus formally repudiated in his dying hour. But who cares about 'notions'?

When that curious compound of every conceivable aberration of religious thought which is called the Church of England shall have ceased to ferment, and finally settled on its lees—in other words, when it shall have gone to pieces, and nothing remains of Ritualism but an imperceptible sub-sect, of which the few impenitent adherents will be still hotly debating, like Irvingites or Byzantine Greeks, the true shape of a vestment, the proper swing of a thurible, and other equally important matters, Englishmen, at length 'clothed and in their right mind,' will avow, like Dr. Newman, their 'extreme astonishment' that they could ever have accepted such a caricature of the Christian Church. Meanwhile, it might be supposed that its more serious members, who sometimes meditate on death and judgment to come, would be asking God on their knees to heal their shame, and bring light out of darkness. Yet it is at this crisis of their sect, when they are becoming a jest even to themselves, and the world is filled with the clamour of their rival parties, that Anglican journals of all shades speak of the Catholic Church and her ministers, from whom they have borrowed the little that they know of Christianity, in the following manner. Instead of bewailing with tears their own miseries, they only regret that, in the delicate words of the *Church Review*, 'the Romish crimp has been on the watch,' and that 'the Bishops give a handle to the Roman kidnappers.' When St. Philip Neri blessed the English priests about to face martyrdom, in order to convert the Anglicans of their day, and said to them, *Salvete flores martyrum*, he was giving his benediction, not to apostles and martyrs, but to crimps and kidnappers. The *Church Times*, which is at once the Punch and Thersites of Anglican journals, tells its readers that in Italy—where the masses, in spite of the wretched crew who have made Rome a brothel, are as profoundly Catholic as they were in the Middle Ages—'three-fourths of the

people care not for religion in any shape'—a painful contrast with the universal piety of the English—'while the remaining fourth is about equally divided between the howling Infidels and the howling Infalliblists.'

Perhaps they sing a song in hell—we do not profess to know for certain—in which they contrast, after the manner of the *Church Times* and *Church Review*, their own delightful privileges with the calamities of the unfortunate dwellers in Paradise.

No. XLVIII.

THE VICAR OF CHRIST.

THE controversies of our age tend visibly more and moreto a single point. By common consent all minor questions are now subordinated to one; and in this we see nothing to regret. It was inevitable that, sooner or later, the eternal conflict between good and evil should turn upon its true issue. The battle has come at last, and, when it is decided, there will be no longer a *casus belli*, because there will be nothing left to debate.

The combat, now as always, is between God and Satan, and therefore we know beforehand how it will end. Between powers so unequal there can be no real contest. All the might is on one side, as well as all the right. The one is permitted to wage a hopeless warfare, without deceiving himself about the result, only till the other decides to crush him for ever. If Satan persuades his human agents, who have only a clouded vision even of things present, that they may perhaps one day overcome the Church, we may be sure that he does not share their delusion. He makes mistakes, in spite of his vast intellect, but not of this kind. He knows the limits of his own power—what he can do, and what he cannot. The Church is as far beyond his reach as her Omnipotent Founder; and though his hosts rage with impotent despair against the irrevocable decree, 'the gates of hell

shall not prevail against her,' he has no doubt about the *fact*. He may beguile foolish souls—the sole consolation left to him—to their own destruction, but only by persuading them to believe a lie, which he does not believe himself.

To understand by what constraint of concurring causes the old combat between God and Satan has entered upon its present phase, and all the ministers of the lawless one—kings, statesmen, and preachers—are now combined together in one immense effort against the Vicar of Christ, we have only to review the history of their former failures. When the enemies of our race, who had been stunned for a time by the resurrection of the Prince of Peace, began to revive like half-crushed serpents, the first sign of this recovery was the ominous apparition of heretical teachers. 'Beware of dogs,' St. Paul had said, for he knew what was coming. The revelation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ was made, and all the powers of darkness could not prevent it. But it was still possible to corrupt it. If men could only be persuaded that God permitted them to interpret that revelation for themselves, the very Gospel might be made to multitudes 'a savour of death.' And in this hope the vanquished demons awoke to a new life. They could not undo the work of Redemption, but they could mar it. Indeed, their prospects were in one sense brighter than ever; for if men could be induced to rebel *now*, in the face of so glorious a Dispensation, a tenfold damnation would be their inevitable lot. It would have been 'better for them never to have known the truth' than to defile it with heretical corruptions. Even under the Old Law, which was but a shadow of good things to come, every manifestation of self-will, and of resistance to authority, had been chastised with appalling severity; and now a greater than Moses stood in the place of God to lead His people, and keep them in one fold, and a greater malediction awaited all who should revolt against him. 'Thou art Peter,' was the new decree, which was to remain in force till the end of time, 'and

upon *this* Rock I will build My Church;' and as none might presume to make himself Vicar of Christ, to Peter alone it was said, 'Feed My sheep, feed My lambs.'

Yet for many ages it was rather against single truths of revelation than against the general principle of authority that men were tempted to oppose the diabolical supremacy of the individual conscience. They became Arians or Nestorians, denying now one doctrine and now another, but did not yet rise to the full height of Protestantism, which was to make man the judge of *every* doctrine, and nerve him to claim, in questions of the soul, an absolute independence of all external authority. Under the older dispensation men had been tempted to rebel, and had murmured to one another that Moses 'ruled like a lord over them;' but the day was to come when whole nations, once portions of the family of God, but now docile to the voice of the tempter, were to renounce their allegiance to Peter, curse the Church of which he was for all time the Supreme Pontiff, and proclaim, with the fury of reprobates, that henceforth law was abolished, authority extinguished, and that both sheep and lambs were free to choose their own pastor, or to do without one.

Yet Peter was not dethroned because men rebelled, and chose to cast in their lot with demons. When half the world became Arian, the indefectible unity of the Church sustained no shock, and suffered no diminution. If the apostasy had been even more general, it would still have been true, in the words of St. Ambrose, that 'where Peter is there is the Church.' That immovable rock survives every tempest, and the light which beams from its summit is never eclipsed. Peter spoke at Nicæa, and the Arian host dwindled away like the armies of Sennacherib. They heard him again at Ephesus, and the followers of Nestorius were marked with the brand of Cain. Once more, as a Council composed entirely of Oriental Bishops proclaimed, 'Peter spoke by Leo,' and with the usual result. His voice is never silenced, for to him alone it belongs to 'confirm his

brethren,' and in receiving that charge, and the promise that 'his faith should never fail,' the word of God was pledged to maintain him against all adversaries till the hour of doom.

The promise has been fulfilled. That the Papacy is of Divine institution has been proved before the face of the world. It is proved by the fact that it exists. The Pope did not acquire his place by seizing it, like a Peter of Russia, or a Henry of England. He took it because God bade him do so. The first twenty-four Popes were all martyrs. They were too busy in promoting their Master's glory to give a thought to their own. They were not the sort of men to subvert the constitution of His Church, even if they had had the power to do it, nor to covet a dignity which He had not conferred upon them. And even if such men could have conceived the insane ambition, success was hopeless. It was not enough to say, 'I am Vicar of Christ,'—a thought still more impossible to a bad man than to a good one—unless all other Christians admitted the claim. That claim was always founded on the express words of Jesus Christ, both by the Pontiffs who held the supreme authority, and the faithful who obeyed it. All understood from the beginning that the Church was founded on Peter, and the necessity of communion with him as a condition of salvation was as evident to a St. Cyprian, a St. Jerome, and a St. Augustine, as to a St. Bernard, or a St. Francis of Sales. Without the Pope, the Christian Church would have been a rope of sand—a department of State-police as in Russia, or a seething cauldron of heresy as in England.

And Peter is always victorious. 'He is not dead,' to quote again the memorable words of St. Ambrose, 'since it is against *him*, according to the Divine promise, that the gates of hell have never prevailed.' But if they cannot prevail against Peter, and do not even entertain the hope, they can persuade silly souls to renounce his authority, in order to accept theirs. In this way they convert even defeat into a kind of victory. And when

they cannot entice men openly to rebel against the Vicar of Christ, they try to impair their loyalty, to substitute cold acquiescence for generous devotion, and the 'respectful silence' of the Jansenist, or the secret reserves of the Gallican, for the filial confidence of the true son. The great triumph of Satan is to produce a 'Liberal Catholic.' It is such a man, as Pius IX. lately proclaimed, who is a worse enemy of religion than even the infidel or the heretic. 'It is the Liberalism which has penetrated the Catholic camp,' says a distinguished American, 'that renders Catholics throughout Europe so imbecile in the defence of the rights and interests of their religion, and enables the enemies of God and society to usurp the government of once Catholic nations. It is accursed Liberalism, so seductive in its tones, so sweet to the taste, yet so fatal in its effects on the system, that has brought the Catholic population of Europe into their present deplorable condition, persecuted the Church, confiscated her goods, and despoiled and imprisoned her Supreme Pontiff. It is all the work of Liberal Catholics, without whom Protestants and infidels would be reduced to impotency, and become the laughing-stock of the world.' *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, October 1873, p. 538.

It was to preserve her own children from the deadly taint of Liberalism—by which the whole order of human society, both in the religious and the political sphere, is now menaced—and to declare once more in the face of the world that God has not ceased to reign, nor left men to their own government, that the Church proclaimed in the Vatican Council what St. Ambrose had found grace to confess fifteen centuries earlier, that 'Peter is not dead,' and that, now as ever, he is the infallible Vicar of Jesus Christ. If some, infected by Liberalism, or taking counsel from worldly prudence, joined for a moment with the heretic and the unbeliever, though with quite other thoughts and motives, in resisting a definition inspired by the Holy Ghost, the opposition only afforded a fresh proof of its imperious necessity,

while the final submission of the minority increased the glory of the Church and their own. Not a single Bishop in Christendom proved unfaithful, for it was the will of God that not a trace of the scandals by which earlier Œcumenical Councils had been attended should sully the splendour of the last. Baffled in his attempt to divide the pastors of the flock of Christ, or to disturb the unity of the fold, nothing was left to the enemy—confounded by the most crushing disaster which for many ages had overtaken the powers of darkness, and furious at this new proclamation of God's undying authority in the Church—but to stir up his vassals to fresh assaults upon the heir of Peter in whom that authority resides. This was his way of revenging himself. Hence the revived persecutions of the Church in so many lands, the tyrannical legislation of a Bismarck and his Swiss and Italian valets, and the recent meeting of English Protestants and Liberals to announce their sympathy with remorseless despotism.

'The cause of the German Emperor,' says Lord Russell—who appears to think, as the *Journal des Débats* observes, that 'Christianity was first established in 1640 and 1688,' and whose last words are 'a glorification of brute force,'—'the cause of the German Emperor is the cause of liberty, and the cause of the Pope is the cause of slavery.' If Prussia, as Lord Russell asks his countrymen to believe, is now the home of liberty, whether political or religious, it is the first time that she has deserved that praise since the era of the Reformation. The Prussians, says a well-known Protestant writer, Mr. Samuel Laing, 'are morally slaves of enslaved minds.' In 1834, he adds, in illustration of Prussian notions of liberty, the King, who had invented a new religion of his own, with the object of fusing Calvinists and Lutherans into one body, commanded all his Protestant subjects to adopt it. When they declined to do so, the clergy were imprisoned, 'troops were quartered on the recusant peasants,' and thousands fled to the United States to find the liberty denied them at home. 'Catholicism is, in fact,' concludes this

Presbyterian witness, 'the only barrier at present in Prussia against a general and debasing despotism of the State over mind and action.' (*Notes of a Traveller*, ch. vi.) Prince Bismarck proposes to remove this last barrier by brute force, and Lord Russell hopes he will succeed.

We, who love liberty, and possess it, hope he will fail. Unless the world is coming to an end, he is certain to fail. 'He is under the delusion,' observes the *Spectator*, 'common to men of his stamp, that he can fight a spiritual power by mechanical forces.' Pharao made the same mistake, and came to a bad end. When persecution has done its appointed work, and cold and worldly Catholics have awakened to a new life; when they have learned that they can make no terms with Liberalism, and that they can find peace and liberty only in union with the Vicar of Christ,—the scene will change, Prince Bismarck will discover that 'Peter is not dead,' that brute force is of no avail against God, and that, sooner or later, every arm which is lifted against the Church shall be withered.

No. XLIX.

NEBULOUS CHRISTIANITY.

It would be tedious to adorn our columns every week with the same flowers from the garden of our contemporaries. They never vary in scent, form, or colour. Monotonous abuse of what they all style 'Ultramontanism,'—by which they mean the religion which conquered the pagan Cæsars, and, as the *Saturday Review* observes, 'triumphed over the brute force of the vastest and most strongly compacted Empire the world has ever known,'—is now as permanent a feature of non-Catholic newspapers, whether Rationalist or Ritualist, as the advertisements of money-lenders, or the fluctuations of the cotton-market. It forms, indeed, the largest part of their stock-in-trade. As long

as the demand continues, and just now it is eager and vociferous, the experienced dealers are not likely to sweep from their shelves an article which costs them so little, and suits so many appetites. Like judicious publicans, they will continue to supply the popular dram so long as their customers ask for it, and dispense the palatable poison of which the ingredients are at once so strong and so cheap. The public will applaud as long as the least opulent citizens can get morally and spiritually drunk for a penny, the price of a daily paper.

But if a weekly reverberation of the not very musical echoes of the English press would profit neither ourselves nor anybody else, it may perhaps be more to the purpose to inquire, not what they say,—which we know already,—but why they say it? What common motive impels so many in our age, the vaguely Christian as well as the ostentatiously profane, to revile the Church which their forefathers loved, and to which they owe themselves all that is worth having? Why this enthusiasm of hate among people who are enthusiastic about nothing else? What has the Church done to them, that in speaking of her they often forget even to be gentlemen? 'The Church,' as Montalembert once said, 'is a woman—she is more than a woman, she is a Mother;' and no decent mortal reviles his Mother. Why, then, do Englishmen do it? Has she done less for them than for her other children? She found their fathers Pagan savages, and made them—not what most of them are now, but what they were from the seventh to the sixteenth century—a commonwealth of free men, ruled by heroes and taught by Saints, the glory of the earth, and, in spite of human infirmity, 'of one heart and one mind' in the things of heaven. Is it because she did this that they hate her? If it be so, they must hate her still, for she is not changed, though they are. She still makes good citizens as well as good Christians, gives to Cæsar all that he has a right to ask, and never sees her children rebel against the lawful decrees of the State till they have

first learned to rebel against her own. No man in his senses will say, with the pages of history before him, that Englishmen when they were all Catholics were less loyal than now, except in the sense in which the Apostles were disloyal before them. They gave to their Kings all that they asked, and a good deal more than they give now; though they lived in an age when the Pontiffs said to the Emperors, 'In questions of the soul it is ours to command and yours to obey,' and the Emperors, guilty as some of them were, did not deny it. None but charlatans will dare to say that our English fathers were less manly, noble, or virtuous than we are; or that as statesmen, warriors, poets, or kings, they were dwarfed by their fidelity to the Church. Would that we had such men amongst us now! Hardly do we imitate, however feebly, the works which they left us as models, while we can only corrupt or destroy the institutions which their genius created, and which their wisdom knew how to preserve. And the Church is still doing now, wherever the foolish world does not impede her salutary work, all that she had so often done in the ages before, all that her worst enemies say she ought to do, and which they are totally unable to do without her.

Let the adversaries of the Church contemplate human society —not as it came from her hands, but as they have themselves made it—and tell us in what they are the better for their revolt? Are they better for their intestine divisions, and cruel strife of class interests; for their swarming sects, which are the opprobrium of Christianity, and their Pagan national churches, which are a mockery of its Founder; for their host of paupers whom they cannot comfort, and their legion of criminals whom they cannot convert? Is it really a gain to have exchanged supernatural unity for shameful discord, the light of faith for the torments of doubt, and to prefer sterile oscillations of reason which might move the pity of demons to the strong grasp of truth which might deserve the envy of angels? What gain

is it to our England, once the glory of Christendom, that her people have become 'a house divided against itself,' have completely subverted the original idea of Christianity, stripped it of every Divine element, and substituted for God's holy revelation, as Mr. Hughes observes with pride of the late Mr. Maurice, 'an intensely *national and human* theology'? Of all its precepts too many of them have kept but one, which they persist in reading backwards, and instead of admitting that it is the duty of Christians to '*hear* the Church,' are of nothing more confident than this, that it is their duty to *teach* her. She is liable to error, they have discovered, because she is human; but not they—apparently because they are more than human. It is her business to make mistakes, but theirs to correct them; and they are more likely to be right, even when they all contradict one another, than she can ever be, even when her testimony is immutable as the voice of God. And now a great multitude have come to deal with Him as they have long dealt with her. They call this 'progress.' They are willing to acknowledge Him, if He keeps at a distance; but He must not come too near. They are even willing to serve Him, provided it be after a fashion of their own. But it must be 'national and human,' for they have a horror of the universal and divine. And therefore, there must be no central and visible authority which all are bound to obey. Anything rather than that. And so they have invented a Christianity in which there is nothing Christian but the name; a thing without joints or bones, too weak to stand upon its own legs unless they support it, and always falling upon its foolish face, which is so soiled and bemired that while some propose to wash, others are content to laugh at it. They will tolerate 'human' sects and 'national' churches, for these do not even suggest, or remotely resemble, or faintly reflect, even a blurred and distorted image of that house of God in which they have ceased to dwell. But do not speak to them, even in a whisper, of the Church of their fathers, with its unity

like that of heaven, and its authority which never dies, or you shall be lapidated, as enemies of the 'national and human theology,' by the solemn sneers of the *Times*, the epigrams of the *Saturday Review*, and the indignant patriotism of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

We understand, then, why our journalists rage against what they call Ultramontanism. The motive of their repugnance is transparent. It is not even peculiar to themselves. The fallen spirits, we are told, were quite willing to worship our Divine Lord, but not if He assumed human nature. In like manner, Englishmen are willing to admit that He has a certain authority over them, but not that He has a right to delegate it to a human Vicar. It is intolerable that He should choose a man like themselves, and say to him: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church;' 'to thee do I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven;' 'I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not;' 'confirm thy brethren;' 'feed My sheep.' If He did say all this, which was perhaps only an invention of the Evangelists, anxious to put themselves under a 'national and human' chief, it was an indiscretion which cannot be too deeply deplored. Other people may accept such announcements, but not Englishmen. It is true that their own fathers for a thousand years took it all literally, to their great advantage, as they weakly supposed, both in this world and the next; but we are wiser than they were, especially in spiritual things. We do not perceive, as they did, that the Church without the Pope is like Christianity without Christ. We like to be our own Pope, for if one is so useful, how much better it must be to have many. We are extremely religious, but we prefer a more vague and nebulous religion, more 'national and human,' which leaves us free to believe and to do just what we please. We cannot admit that God has appointed a centre of unity, for if we did we should forfeit the agreeable privilege, which cannot be too highly valued, of recognising no law but our own will, and breaking

the Church to pieces whenever we are inclined to do so. We want neither Pope nor Bishops who pretend to speak in the name of God, and whom we are bound to obey; but are content to have those who speak in their own name, and all contradict one another, which is much more lively and amusing. We like to talk of the 'flabby conscience' of our Bishops, as our pious newspapers do, and should lose half the enjoyment of life if we were not allowed to laugh in their faces. Christianity is a beautiful thing of its kind, but not too much of it. And what there is of it should be 'human.' It must not pretend to be Divine and immutable, to be incapable of error, to control the conscience, to be the law of our being, much less to be lodged only in a Church of which the unity can never be broken, and the authority never impaired. This is a conception of Christianity which we cannot approve. It is too real and definite for our tastes. It is better suited to heaven than to earth. And we are on earth, and hope to stay there as long as possible. 'One fold and one shepherd' is a narrow view of the subject. As many shepherds as sheep is a more cheerful theory, and we have applied it in practice with considerable success. The walls of *our* fold fell down long ago, and we have not the least wish to build them up again. It is more pleasant to roam wherever our inclination leads us, and to change our pasture at our own discretion. Let Ultramontanes glory in one shepherd, if they like, and follow him submissively, and feed only where he appoints. They are docile sheep, but we are sportive goats. Who would exchange our lot for theirs? The confinement of a fold would only hamper our freedom. We rise when we are tired of sleep, feed upon what we can find, and drive our shepherds before us. There is perhaps nothing 'divine' in such a life, but that is its chief merit. Let people delight in a Divine and Universal Church who believe that it exists. It is our privilege to belong to one which is 'national and human.'

Yet we find in the last number of the *Saturday Review* a

faint remonstrance against 'this nebulous Christianity,' which leads us to hope that some Englishmen are beginning to be uneasy, and to suspect that the 'national and human,' valuable as it is, does not quite suffice for immortal beings. 'The ancient Fathers,' it remarks, 'have become uninteresting, because incomprehensible.' The same thing may be said, as far as most Englishmen are concerned, of the ancient Apostles. Their uncompromising dogmatism is to Englishmen a mystery. In the Church of England, as anybody may see who reads such a book as *Orthodox London*, by the testimony of her own clergy, it is allowed to teach simultaneously a dozen different religions at once, and as many more as they can contrive to invent. 'Here, however,' observes the *Saturday Review*, 'an awkward question may not unnaturally obtrude itself. Is there no such thing as true opinion in religion? Is Christian dogma incapable of verification? Is not the Church the depositary of Divine truth?' It was high time to ask the question, but it is not the poor Church of England which can answer it. It is too hard for the sportive goats of Anglicanism. When we see a Ritualistic organ, the *Church Times*, assure its readers that to tolerate three totally opposite religions, and cheerfully to accept both Low and Broad Church negations, is not only right, but the very mark of 'a truly Catholic Church,' we may hope that all our countrymen who do not take Pilate's view of truth, or that of the *Church Times*, will comprehend at last that the Ultramontanism of which they hear so much is only another name for Christianity. A good many people evidently understand it already. 'Roman Catholics,' says the *Saturday Review*, 'ought to be grateful to Mr. Hunt,' whose article appears in the *Contemporary* of this month, 'for his assurance that they alone have any right to put faith in the creeds which for Protestants are simply opinions without authority;' and that 'of all theories of revelation that of the Church of Rome' —with its one fold and one shepherd—'is more like what we

should beforehand have expected from the Divine Being.' 'There is nothing,' Mr. Moncure Conway also tells us, 'between scepticism and the Catholic Church.' And when we see the naked impiety which the *Church Times* avows, as the latest Ritualist view of the Christian religion, we are glad to quote even the mild remonstrance of the *Saturday Review*. 'The men who actually drew up and propagated the old creeds,' it says, 'at the risk of their own lives, were as far as possible from considering haziness'—and much more formal contradictions—'a first condition of their orthodoxy;' and 'if the Apostles had entertained the nebulous theory of Christian belief, Christianity would not have outlasted the century of its birth.' It is because the Apostles, as Rationalists clearly perceive, were the most genuine Ultramontanes the world has ever seen, and faithful echoes of their great Prince, whom the Bismarcks of the day vainly shut up in prison, that they pushed the pagan Cæsar off his throne, that Christ might reign in his place, and conquered all their enemies. The heirs of their faith at this day will repeat their victory, even though, as the noble Bishops of Germany have lately announced, they have to purchase it, like the Apostles, with their own blood.

No. L.

RELIGIOUS 'BUNKUM.'

ANGLICANISM can hardly be said to develop the heroic side of the English character. Amiable and domestic it may be, but no one would think of calling it sublime. It is not Anglicanism which inspires our soldiers, our merchants, or our men of science. Those whom it does really influence it makes soft and effeminate, when it does not make them narrow, peevish, and malignant. Since England fell away from Christian unity, it has not produced a single confessor. The race has died out.

From the hour in which our nation was persuaded to revolt against the Vicar of Christ, 'extreme servility,' as Guizot observes, has been the disgrace of its National Church. Capable of heroism in the temporal, Englishmen have become dwarfs in the spiritual sphere. With the ancient faith, Christian manliness seems to have disappeared. The change was effected in a few hours. The miserable Cranmer and his fellows, 'unredeemed villains,' as the *Church Times* calls them, and thinking only of their own necks, lifted Cæsar on the altar from which they had banished Christ—and such a Cæsar! The new Bishops told Edward, in their turn, that *he* was 'the only source of spiritual jurisdiction within the realm,' and humbly consented, as Collier relates, 'to be upon their good behaviour for their office.' They trembled before Elizabeth, who treated them like the vermin they were; and even under James, men like Andrewes and Bramhall saw him give high ecclesiastical dignities to unordained laymen, not only without a protest, but with sycophantic acquiescence. They went beyond him in announcing that all the other Protestant sects were as 'true churches' as their own. If they believed it, they were impostors; if they did not, they were liars. In either case they were worthy of the lot which they accepted.

Their living representatives do not think it necessary to rebuke their pusillanimity by any private heroism of their own. They are perhaps in one respect even less Christian than the founders of their sect. No longer excusing their disorders, as Hooker pretended to do, on the plea of constraint, and 'the exigence of necessity,' they glory in them. Even the new school, which once professed to revive doctrines banished at the Reformation, and after a fashion of its own did so, is now more indifferent both to Christian unity and dogmatic truth than its Puritan rivals. Convinced by the abortive efforts of a quarter of a century that to heal the doctrinal conflicts within their own sect, and to obtain any recognition of it by the Catholic Church,

are equally chimerical projects, one of their journals announces, as we have lately seen, that Anglicans should cease to feel solicitous about either. It is better, they consider, to accept the inevitable with a good grace. As their sect remains eternally isolated and incorrigibly chaotic, they protest that chaos and isolation, which foolish Ultramontanes cannot appreciate, are, in fact, its special glory. They go further still. While their Anglican adversaries, far more earnest in their own theological opinions, would gladly eject *them*, if they could, as teachers of noxious error, and consistently strive to do so; *they* insist every day, with a latitudinarianism unknown to Baptists or Methodists, that there is room in the National Establishment for the most divergent creeds, and that both Low and Broad Church professors *ought* to have their place in it, though they live only to assail the very doctrines which Ritualists pretend to adore as Divine. Discoursing volubly about holy things as if they really valued them, they have such contempt for the most sacred rites and mysteries of religion, that they are quite as eager to claim for others the right to deny, as to retain for themselves the license to defend them. In no Christian community which the world has ever seen,—not even in the most degraded sects of antiquity,—would it be possible to find a faint similitude of these modern Pilates. There is no truth, however holy, which, by their own confession, they are not ready to dishonour by a shameful compromise. As they dare not admit, with all other Christian communities, that indifferently to affirm or deny the same dogmas, according to the practice of their own Bishops and clergy, is equivalent to apostasy,—because that would be to condemn their own sect,—they find courage to assert that a crime which has no parallel in Christian annals is, in fact, the proudest distinction of that sect, and an essential note, as the *Church Times* says, of 'any truly Catholic Church.' Such is the final result of long years of resistance to light and grace, and of impenitent revolt against the Holy See. They

have come at last to avow opinions which even to the wildest of the so-called Reformers would have seemed monstrous and impossible. It is only in the pages of fiction that we can find types with which to compare them. When Parolles was finally exposed, and his turpitude made manifest even to his own dull apprehension, he said:

'If my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this.'

But being what he was, the poor braggart, who pretended to live only for war, as the Ritualists affect to care for nothing but truth, decided, like them, to 'live safest in shame.' The writers in the *Church Times* and *Church Review* seem to have chosen his words as their motto.

As museums of every variety of religious 'bunkum,' these two journals are without a rival, even in the most vivacious pages of Yankee theological literature. Exhausting in every number the vocabulary of insult, which they address with perfect impartiality to Catholic Bishops and to their own, and surpassing even the professed enemies of religion in the ludicrous and disparaging picture which they draw of the actual state of the Christian Church, they yet affect to find in one of the many subdivisions of their own sect an ecclesiastical Elysium of which the earth is not worthy, and of which heaven itself is only a feeble counterpart. They are intimately convinced that St. Peter would have contemplated it with envy, and St. Paul with admiration. Nothing of the sort was known in their day, nor, indeed, for a good many ages after them. It was necessary that all the Apostolic Sees should first 'err in matters of faith,' and then a pretended Vicar of Christ reign for fifteen centuries, and finally the most unpleasant 'corruptions' everywhere supersede primitive truth, before the Founder of Christianity, awakening to a tardy sense of responsibility, began to correct the mistakes of the past, and pronounced the creative *fiat* which was to supplement the abortive failures of apostolic and mediæ-

val times by the matchless fabric of Anglicanism. Not that even this last attempt was altogether successful, since Anglicans stupidly persisted in being mere 'Protestants' for three centuries, as a good many of them still do, and only rose, here and there, to a consciousness of their true character during the last twenty years. Their 'Bilingual Episcopate,' as Archdeacon Denison calls it, is still miserably insensible to the 'Catholic revival,' which it evidently considers an abominable nuisance, and would cheerfully strangle if it could. Foolish laymen also protest in crowds against the new Ritualist Dispensation, and with criminal obstinacy prefer to remain in the Egypt of Protestantism, which they positively decline to exchange for a visionary Promised Land, which had no attraction for their fathers, and has quite as little for them. In vain a few score of the new prophets, doing their best to look like Moses, but with imperfect success, point to a sort of Red Sea—a troubled stream which might be mistaken for our own Thames—but with infinite precautions against wetting their own feet, and exhort their reluctant hearers to follow a 'pillar of cloud' which they cannot see, and a 'pillar of fire' which gives them no light. But if the mass decline to face the stream, which does not look as if it was likely to part asunder for their convenience, a few entertain the pleasing delusion that they have actually crossed it, and are dwelling in an extremely agreeable desert on the other side. Moses has disappeared, and nothing can be seen of Aaron; but this is a clear gain. A Lawgiver is the very last person whom these spurious Israelites wish to encounter. They can make laws not only for themselves but for all the world, and they mean to do it. It is the particular advantage of living in a desert that you can do just what you please. And they do not neglect their privilege. As one of their leaders said not long ago, 'We are becoming perfectly lawless.' The confession is true in a wider sense than the Dean of Norwich supposed. For they are lawless, not only in their contempt for all authority,

and especially that of the Universal Church, but even in bearing witness to the very truths which their sect has existed only to deny, and which they themselves corrupt in pretending to restore them. There is not a Catholic doctrine or practice among those which they profess to revive—whether it be the unity of the Church, the nature of the Real Presence, the conditions of Sacramental Confession, or the Communion of Saints—of which they do not present to their disciples a new and distorted view, which they are careful to assure them is totally different from that of the Roman Church, and immensely superior to it. Even in dealing with truths which flow out of the mystery of the Incarnation, such as devotion to the Sacred Heart, their insatiable hatred of the Church, which supplies to them their only rule of faith, and is to them in the place of a creed, gives them courage to impute to an illustrious prelate, with shameless impudence, the very heresy which, as has been clearly proved, is all their own.

But perhaps the most evident sign of their total alienation from the Catholic spirit of which they talk so volubly, and from all living sympathy with the members of Christ, is displayed in their attitude towards those who are now generously confessing His name in a time of persecution. Incapable of imitating their apostolic virtues, they can only defame them, and assert, in the very language of the unbeliever and the persecutor, that they are suffering 'in a wrong cause.' It is one of their own school who addresses this reproach to them. Speaking of 'the imprisonment of that great and noble confessor, Archbishop Ledochowski,' the *Church Herald* says: 'When Mr. Mackonochie was condemned by what is called "a State Court," and against his conscience, he patiently submitted. Archbishop Ledochowski has done otherwise.' Our amiable Anglican contemporary can discern the contrast between the hireling and the true shepherd, but does not ask himself why the one always manifests his faith in action, and the other only in words. Our friends of the *Church Herald*, whom we hope one day to em-

brace as brothers—but only when they shall have learned that obedience is still the first duty of a Christian, and that God has not left the world without an authority which has a right to claim it—have no reason to marvel if the courage and fidelity of an Apostle find no imitators in a human sect. It is not in such a soil that they must look for fruits which grow only in the Paradise of God. There is only one community in the world which can produce such 'great and noble confessors' as an Ambrose, a Thomas of Canterbury, a Bishop Fisher, or a Thomas More in the past, as the Bishops of Germany and Switzerland in the present. They were not content to talk about truth, but were ready to die for it, whether the offender against whom they 'witnessed a good confession' were capable of remorse and contrition like a Theodosius and a Henry II., or obstinate in evil like a Henry VIII. or a William of Prussia. It is only the sectary, too slenderly equipped with apostolic gifts to engage in apostolic warfare, who submits 'against his conscience,' and even remains in willing communion with men who reject as a lie what he professes to adore as God's truth. And when he sees the confessor, whom he has no heart to imitate, accepting persecution for Christ's sake, he cries out, with the *Church Times*, that he is suffering 'in a wrong cause.' These people would have said the same thing of St. Paul, if they had lived in his day.

In all ranks, and under all circumstances, they manifest the same spirit. They never soar above the level of 'bunkum.' An eminent Anglican, we learn from the *John Bull*, has lately lectured at Sion College on religious questions in general, and the Establishment in particular. It is not quite perfect, he thinks, because its members differ about almost every Christian doctrine; but then it is so consoling to reflect that they all 'agree in fundamentals.' 'High Church and Low Church,' he added, are names 'not of oppugnancy but of gradation.' And it is delightful to remember that they 'both presuppose *a* Church;'

which is surely all that any reasonable man can require. In this case 'bunkum' attained its full proportions when he remarked that even Dr. Newman 'declares the Church of England to be "a time-honoured institution,"' but quite forgot to add that the same Dr. Newman expresses his 'extreme astonishment' that he could ever have supposed it to be 'a part of the Church of God.'

And they are all alike. 'Dean Stanley has been talking Broad Church,' says the *Church Review*, at St. Petersburg, and has been complimenting the Russians as 'a profoundly religious people,' very much like the English. Yet in one of his works, Dean Stanley, not then a festive guest in the Russian metropolis, speaks of the 'divorce between religion and morality,' which is the characteristic of all the Greek and Oriental sects; calls the pretended miracle of the 'holy fire' at Jerusalem, sanctioned by the Russian clergy, one of the most degrading impostures of any age; and says of the Russian Monks of Mount Sinai that, during many centuries, they have proved so lifeless and impotent, that 'hardly a spark of civilisation, or of Christianity, has been imparted to a single tribe or family in that wide wilderness.' (*Sinai and Palestine*, p. 56.) But such contradictions will shock no one who rightly estimates the value of religious 'bunkum.'

No. LI.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

It is the doom of sects to perish by internal divisions. That is their appointed end. However they begin, they are sure to finish by suicide. The most cunning 'compromise' cannot save them. The widest 'toleration' of individual opinion only accelerates the final catastrophe. It is too narrow a vent for the explosive forces which range within them. In vain the civil power exhorts national Churches, in the interests of self-preservation, to

a counterfeit unity. Founded on the right of revolt, they remain true to their origin, and having lost the power, end by losing even the wish to be 'of one mind.' Mutual forbearance gives place to mutual hate, and after tearing truth to shreds, they finish by rending one another. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.'

If ever there was a community to which these words of the Master apply, it is surely the Church of England. Nothing so chaotic has hitherto been seen on earth. It is wonderful that even the most inveterate prejudice should blind men to its real character. It wears no mask, and consistently refuses to put on that with which one section of its members have lately proposed to disguise it. Fiercely Protestant for more than two hundred years, and 'breathing out slaughter,' like one possessed, against all who bore the name of Catholic, in the eighteenth century it had lost even the rude and convulsive life of heresy, and England had become virtually a pagan nation. The so-called Reformation had done its work. But England had produced too many saints during the long ages of her union with God and His Church to be wholly abandoned; and though it was unexampled that a people who had once cast away the Faith should ever recover it, yet even this prodigy was not impossible in the case of exiles who had been miserably cheated out of their religion rather than deliberately renounced it, and who counted in heaven such intercessors as a Bede, a Wilfrid, a Cuthbert, an Anselm, and a Thomas of Canterbury. And so in our own generation, after a long sleep of death, there was a moving of the dry bones, and men began to recoil from the shameful delusions of heresy, and to lay to heart the long-forgotten truth, that 'God is not the author of confusion but of peace.' They examined with awakened minds the true history of that satanical outburst which they had been taught to style 'the Reformation,' and first one called it 'a limb badly set,' and then another, 'a miserable apostasy;' and though for a time they could only

grope their way in darkness, and 'see men as trees walking,' by degrees their eyes were opened, and the heirs of Cranmer, Ridley, and Parker were not ashamed to proclaim publicly, in the face of England, that their ancestors in heresy were 'villains, reprobates, and apostates.' At first they thought they could undo their evil works, and purge their own souls from all complicity with it, and yet remain in the human sect which these apostates had substituted for the Church of the living God. Even the master spirit of the movement, in whom genius and piety were equally conspicuous, dwelt long in this delusion; but faithful to every inspiration of grace, the day came when this illustrious man broke through the snare which bound him, and proclaimed his honest amazement that he could ever have been deceived by so transparent a counterfeit. Others, less prompt to obey, and spoiling God's merciful design by self-will, still strove to galvanise a corpse, and fancied it moved because they were in motion themselves. They painted the skeleton, and decked it with flowers, and said to one another, 'It lives!' They set it up on its feet, and though it fell on its face whenever they removed their hands, they refused to believe that it was dead. And they lifted the putrid thing on what they called an 'altar,' and devised a new ritual to do it honour, and danced before it with music and incense, and did not know that they were only performing what has been aptly described as 'a funeral ceremony over a defunct religion.' And in these ghastly rites they said they had 'revived the worship of the Catholic Church.' That was their own account of their proceedings. Having despised counsel, and hardened themselves against remonstrance, their minds became darkened. If the Church refused to recognise them, and saw in their headstrong wilfulness only a new and more deadly form of heresy, the fault was hers. They were wiser than she had ever been, and could correct her errors as well as their own. Laymen, they affected to be priests, and were not afraid to pronounce with unconsecrated lips words which

angels may not utter, and to stretch forth unanointed hands to touch, like the priests of Baal, that which would not come at their call. Fearing nothing, and obeying nothing, they have 'gone in the way of Cain,' and professing to be 'Catholics,' hate nothing so much as the Catholic Church, despise unity, revile authority, and more than any of their fellows in revolt have become a law to themselves, since they bear witness in the same breath with admirable impartiality against the apostates who founded their own sect, and against the Church which those apostates pretended to reform.

The Bishops of the Church of England, amiable laymen who ask only to dwell in peace, can endure all possible varieties of doctrine except one. They perfectly comprehend, being men of cultivated understanding, that if the Catholic religion is true, as they are now told, the Anglican Church, which has existed only to revile it, was the work of Satan. They naturally object to a premiss which leads to such a conclusion. They are not deceived by a few ambiguous and contradictory phrases in their official formularies, which were inserted only to serve as a trap, and they know that the Church of England never intended to make sacrificing priests, nor believed in the Mass, nor in the Sacrament of Penance, nor in the visible unity of the Church, nor in the abiding presence of the Holy Ghost within her. And therefore they are now going to ask Parliament, as some of their clergy bitterly complain, to help them to do what they thought had been done already, and 'to crush the Catholic Faith in England,' as the *Church Herald* calls a set of incoherent opinions which bear hardly even a faint resemblance to it.

The recent change of Government is said to assure their success. 'The accession of a Conservative Government to power,' observes the *Church Herald*, 'has caused a hope to be pretty widely entertained that certain anomalies and abuses,'—such as flagrant simony and a chameleon creed,—'confessedly existing in the National Church, will be reformed and corrected.'

Even people without much religion begin to ask, but without any sign of acrimony or displeasure, how many more varieties of Christianity are to be admitted into the great English Pantheon? Others are particularly struck by the fact that while Low Churchmen conscientiously object to their indefinite multiplication, it is the Ritualists who contend, with the *Church Times*, that there is room for them all in that elastic institution, and that even the prevalence of Broad Church views is one of its titles to public esteem. In this curious statement we may perhaps see only a touching example of resignation to unavoidable evils, and a steady resolve to make the best of them. More acute observers, like the writers in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who rather like an Establishment which teaches nothing and denies nothing, and is therefore perfectly inoffensive, see in the success of the Conservative party 'a danger of the first magnitude to the Church of England,' precisely because that party, out of pure good-will, is likely to offer 'relief from some of the disorders which undoubtedly threaten it with disruption and ultimate extinction.' Whatever medical treatment may do for other patients, the *Pall Mall* thinks it is sure to kill the Church of England. Monstrous as its 'anomalies and abuses' are, the only safe course is to leave them alone. 'The law,' as the *Pall Mall* observes, 'permits each of the three parties in the Church to hold and preach what doctrine it pleases within certain wide and vague limits;' but it adds with much good humour that 'as religious doctrines are usually understood to be true propositions'—except in the Church of England, where they are true or false, just as you please—'of which the denial is divinely punished, the existence of an institution which provides for the public declaration of three sets of doctrines contradictory of one another is, to say the least, remarkable.' No doubt it is; but what is the use of a National Church unless it reflects every doctrine, however contradictory, which the public taste approves? It is this total indifference to any truth in particular which

constitutes what the *Church Times* calls the 'happier auspices' of the Church of England, and brilliantly contrasts with the ridiculous uniformity of the Church of God.

The author of *Orthodox London*, himself an Anglican clergyman, says: 'Among the many and various Churches of England with which I have been brought into contact, I have been greatly exercised to find out which was the Church of England *par excellence*.' This agreeable writer is not alone in his embarrassment. Most people feel the same difficulty. The Church of England is so many things at once, that some of her clergy are now asking why she should not be one thing more; and as her tolerant Bishops have never 'crushed' anything else—whether Calvinism, Lutheranism, Arminianism, Erastianism, or Rationalism—they think it very hard that they should 'crush the Catholic Faith,' as they call their own new creed. The writer whom we have just quoted, after noticing two notorious Anglican ministers, who differ as much in their religious opinions as a Buddhist and a Darwinian, though they are exactly alike in their cool contempt for every opinion except their own, asks not unreasonably: 'Can anything be more delightfully evidential as to the comprehensiveness of our Establishment than the fact that both these gentlemen hold Anglican Orders, and have officiated in the metropolis beneath the very nose of the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury contemporaneously?' But there is one form of religion, and only one, with which the Church of England has always refused to have anything to do, and that is 'the Catholic Faith.' She can sanction anything else without committing suicide, but not that. Her Bishops are quite clear on that point, if on no other, and, indeed, are so unanimous in their judgment that, as the *Church Review* plaintively observes, 'we may be sure what the fate would be of a (Ritualist) priest condemned by the Council in nearly any diocese.' So notorious is the policy of these custodians of the Establishment, which was always Protestant in the time of their prede-

cessors, and which they mean to keep Protestant till they give place to their successors, that an afflicted correspondent of the *Church Times* exclaims: 'There is no logical standpoint between submission to any persecuting laws which a Parliament of all denominations'—not more denominations surely than in the National Church itself—'may choose to enact, and working with the Liberation Society for the destruction of the Establishment, in which everything is tolerated but Catholic faith and practice.'

The *Church Review*, however, trembling at the approaching 'Episcopal reign of terror over the Church of England,' suggests a remedy. What is wanted, says that journal, is 'the restoration of a proper series of spiritual tribunals, to which *every one*, from the Primate of All England'—he means the Protestant part of it—'to the meanest layman, shall be in due order amenable.' It would be about as rational to suggest to a clipped and trussed fowl, ready for the spit, that it should get another pair of wings and fly away. The founders of the Church of England, revolting against the authority appointed by God, merged all spiritual tribunals in the Crown, and their descendants must accept the dismal legacy bequeathed to them as cheerfully as they can. They are the children of revolt, and Cæsar is now their spiritual master. In the Catholic Church the tribunals to which they vainly aspire exist, and 'every one,' from the 'meanest layman' to the most exalted Patriarch, can appeal from every inferior judge to the supreme tribunal of the Vicar of Christ. Our Anglican friends have no appeal even from their own Bishops, except to the law which they are still less inclined to invoke, and begin to find that when men rebel against a Divine authority they fall under a human one. They may, indeed, execrate their own Bishops, and soothe their despair by saying with the *Church Herald*, 'on every side we hear their lordships spoken of in the most undisguised terms of contempt.' Poor comfort! Their lordships, who 'tolerate everything but Catholic

faith and practice,' will hardly be moved by such compliments to attempt to conciliate the irreconcilable. They know, being sufficiently endowed with worldly prudence, that no community can be Catholic and Protestant at the same time; and as they have now got, in the words of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 'a legislation under friendly direction,' they perceive, as the same journal adds, that 'there can be no better opportunity for preserving the Church of England from shipwreck through the lawlessness of a portion of the clergy.' We never doubted what the final result of the so-called 'Catholic revival' would be. 'To attempt to make England Catholic by means of Anglicanism,' says Father Newman, 'is like attempting to evangelise Turkey by means of Islamism.'

No. LII.

PERSECUTION AND ITS FRUITS.

We must not judge even a Bismarck too harshly. Not that we are going to defend him, which nobody expects us to do, yet perhaps something may be said in his favour. Before very long he will be standing naked and alone, before the face of his Judge, with no man to help him. Perhaps the measure of his guilt is not quite full as yet, and as the Judge can afford to wait, having eternity on His side, we can wait also. No doubt the man is hard, cruel, and unscrupulous; but there are greater criminals than he. It is possible that he never received validly even the sacrament of baptism, and certain that he never received any other. Why, then, should anybody expect him to behave like a Christian? He is only following his instincts. Who blames the hawk for tearing the dove, or the wild boar for rooting up the vineyard? Every animal obeys its nature; and the unregenerate human animal is more cunning than a fox, more cruel than a bear, and often more unclean than a hog. The demons have their abode in him, and look out of his eyes, and speak

with his tongue, and suggest to him unutterable abominations, which swine of another breed could neither imagine nor imitate. Why should Bismarck not persecute the Church? What is the Church to him? He fancies, in his carnal judgment, that she is only a human society—like the Evangelical Church of Prussia or the Established Church of England—and that her chief pastors have such motives as his own, and covet influence and authority just as he does, and with the same objects. He perceives, too, very clearly, that the Church claims powers which limit the omnipotence of Cæsar, and therefore his own. Like the martyred Baptist, she says to our modern Herods, 'It is not lawful for thee to do this thing;' and Herod-Bismarck replies that it is lawful for him to do what he pleases. And then he puts on his robes of purple and gold, and makes 'an oration to the people,' who fall down before Cæsar and Herod, and say many foolish things, to the greater confusion of mind both of Augustus and his deputy. And so they go from bad to worse, forgetting, like all their race, to 'give glory to God,' until they fall upon evil days, and depart out of this life, for the most part in sorrowful fashion. The original Herod, the type of all his brood, was very jubilant for a time, but it did not last long. 'He killed James, the brother of John, with the sword' (Acts xii.), and 'cast Peter into prison,' quite in the Prussian way, and generally conducted himself in a Bismarckian spirit, 'stretching forth his hands to afflict some of the Church.' The Church did not come to much harm, but Herod did; and one day, on a highly festive occasion, while the Liberals of his time were offering him compliments on his vigorous ecclesiastical legislation, 'an Angel of the Lord struck him, and, being eaten up by worms, he gave up the ghost.' If men would but open their eyes, they would see the same Angel standing now at the door. His hand is on the latch, and presently he will come in.

But if there is something, though not much, to be said in excuse of a Bismarck, who is of the school of Herod, and belongs

to that ill-fated company of whom the Master once said, *Nesciunt quid faciunt*, no human being can suggest or imagine any mitigating plea on behalf of the incomparably greater criminals who 'out-Herod Herod' in Italy, Austria, and Brazil. That infidels and heretics should persecute the Church of God, or applaud those who do so, is as natural as that Milton's Satan should say to the sun, 'I hate thy beams.' From German Rationalists to English Ritualists the enemies of the Church are all alike, and do their master's work for such wages as he is able to give them —pride to-day and worms to-morrow. But who can measure the unfathomable guilt of those smiling apostates, nourished at the breasts of the Church, and once illuminated by her faith, who whisper in the ears of the still Catholic sovereigns of Piedmont, Austria, and Brazil, counsels as impious as if they were guests of Agrippa, with garlands on their heads and wine-cups in their hands, or the rabble of Jews who urged the reluctant Pilate to the crime which he feared to commit, and asked to be spared? For them not even the Angel of Mercy can devise excuse or apology. Bad citizens as well as bad Christians, these valets of the Prussian Herod are willing to kindle the flames of discord, and to make havoc of the peace and unity of the Catholic nations which they misgovern, under the pretence—suggested to them by a 'Liberal' mob of Jews, Freemasons, and Infidels—of resisting the 'encroachments' of a power to which they owe the very blessings they are now casting away, and which has been for ages the support of the very monarchies they are now undermining. If the Church were really the enemy of the Civil Power, as they impudently allege, in the teeth of all history, how was it that all the Princes and States of Europe, some of them for a thousand years, lived in close amity with her, rejoiced in her benefits, demanded her blessing, invoked her aid, and gladly enforced her authority; and in doing so not only secured freedom, learning, and civilisation, but escaped, until the era of the so-called Reformation, the tumults and disorders which she easily

averted or promptly suppressed, but in which so many of the same States, having renounced her aid, are now gasping out their life in shameful confusion and anarchy?

But any plea, however transparently false, will serve the enemies of God and the Church. 'They stir up sedition among the people,' was their lying accusation against the holy Apostles, and they say exactly the same thing now of their noble successors in Germany and elsewhere. They know it is false, but what of that? When the imposture is exposed, they will invent another. We have not had long to wait for the exposure. 'The struggle which since 1872 has been carried on in Prussia against the Catholic clergy,' writes the Vienna correspondent of the *Standard*, referring to the recently published letters of Count Arnim, 'lies exposed down to its smallest details. This war has been sought and contrived by Prince Bismarck, and therefore *was not forced on by the Episcopacy*.'

There are Englishmen, like Lord Russell, who are not ashamed to applaud the Herods of Prussia, but all that is noble and generous in our country begins to recoil from their cruelty and falsehood. This persecution, like every other, will do more good than harm. 'We are convinced,' says a genuine English journal, the *John Bull*, alluding to the brutal arrest of the Archbishop of Cologne, 'that so violent a persecuting policy will in the long run lead to one, or probably both, of two things—open infidelity, or an Ultramontane reaction.' The prediction of our generous contemporary is already accomplished. It is the dismal apostasy of German Protestants, and their 'open infidelity,' which gives Prince Bismarck his surest and most congenial allies; while the glorious Vatican definition, as the agents of the Evil One everywhere complain, has made all Catholics throughout the universe what unbelievers call Ultramontanes. The Prince of Darkness has made a mistake, and will be vanquished by his own arts. A few wretched disciples he may recruit among the followers of Reinkens and Schulte, but he has

only made the supernatural unity of Catholics more visible and more complete. The Vatican Council is bearing its providential fruits. It has made the good better, and the wicked both more vile and more impotent. It is characteristic, let us add, of the impiety of Ritualism, and its inveterately evil instincts, that a newspaper like the *Church Review* affects to marvel that the German laity, with whose faith it has as little sympathy as with their calm courage and resignation, do not resent with more energy the persecution of their prelates. The German Catholics know Who has said, 'Vengeance is Mine,' and have not to learn from heretics what it becomes them to do for God and His Church. 'If with the Ritualistic party,' says the Anglican *Church Herald*, 'we had a little less of jabbering and wordy boasting, and a little more action like that of the Archbishop of Cologne, it would be good for the cause and still better for the Church.' The *Herald* may exhaust itself in such admonitions, but must not expect that sectaries will ever do anything but prate and chatter, while they can only revile the faith which they do not share, and sneer at the virtues which they cannot understand.

During the progress of the Vatican Council, while the Holy Spirit was peacefully subduing the errors and contradictions of men, and preparing the decree which was to be the inspired result of their conflicts and debates, it was predicted by some who were 'masters in Israel' that Satan would seek to avenge his defeat—the greatest ever inflicted on him since the Councils of Nice and Ephesus—by augmenting the rage of infidels and heretics against the Church; and before the German or Swiss brutalities had commenced one of the wisest Bishops of our day, not of the English race, said to ourselves: 'We are on the eve of a persecution.' No Catholic doubts that it will end, as such outbursts of evil always end, in the triumph of the Church, and the overthrow of her enemies. It was needed to chastise the worldliness of careless or 'Liberal' Catholics, to rekindle faith and love, and to unite all hearts in filial devotion to the Vicar of

Christ; and when it has done this effectually, as it is doing it wherever persecution rages, God will cast away the base instruments whom He has employed to correct His children, and to accomplish, not *their* designs, but His own. Already we see even in Protestant England that cruelty and injustice recoil upon those who use them. Men who had jested and harangued at the foot of the Cross went away 'smiting their breasts;' and in like manner the present persecution will do good, not only to those who are in the Church, but to many who are out of it. They will see that the men and women whom they call Ultramontanes, just as the Apostate Julian called them 'Nazarenes,' are the only genuine disciples of Jesus and His Apostles, the only heirs of that noble Army of Martyrs in whose blood Christianity was founded. They will compare them, as even the *Church Herald* begins to do, with the pert and wordy pretenders of the Anglican and other sects, whose only idea of confessing the faith is to live in contented communion with all who deny it,—who profess to believe in the Adorable Sacrifice of the Altar, and cleave to so-called Bishops who reject and blaspheme it,—who practise Christian obedience by mocking all living authorities, and especially their own,—who witness to unity by accepting the horrible dissensions of their own community, and utter isolation from every other, — and whose only method of recommending the Christian religion to the admiration of thoughtful men is by gravely assuring them that all the Apostolic Sees 'erred in matters of faith'—which lends irresistible force to their authority —that the whole Catholic Church has been for ages 'divided' and 'corrupt,' but that their own raw sect, with its shameful origin and ignoble history, with its manifold creeds, each of which is the formal negation of all the others, is the true ideal of the Communion of Saints; and thus to provoke the fatal retort, that if their ingenious account is true, Christianity must be false.

We repeat with confidence that the present persecution will do immeasurably more good than harm. Even the *Times*, which

only aims at reflecting the floating opinion of the hour, evidently begins to suspect that its motley readers are likely, before long, to condemn with their awakened reason what they have hitherto approved only with their passions; and therefore cautiously suggests that, 'from our English point of view, the vehemence of the German Government becomes more and more inexplicable.' It adds, indeed, but we may be sure without measuring the true significance of its own remark, that this savage outburst of all that is godless and profane in Germany is 'a deep intellectual and social movement against Rome and all that Rome represents.' No doubt it is. Rome represents authority, and therefore is hateful to the lawless. Rome means unity, and therefore the demons of discord assail her. Rome is God's appointed witness of the Faith, and therefore heretics combine with infidels to revile her. Rome is the See of Peter, and the indefectible Chair of Truth, and therefore all the children of evil conspire to dethrone, if God would let them, the infallible Pontiff who governs the flock of Christ, and the definition of whose supreme authority by the Vatican Council has made him more than ever, if that were possible, odious to the powers of darkness, but for Christians the highest representative of Jesus Christ in this lower world, the Vicar of God, the centre of unity, the unerring witness of the Faith, and the keystone of the Universal Church. The Holy Vatican Council did not meet for nothing. Already, we begin to see its destined fruits: a fresh access of malignity in the sons of perdition, and new zeal and fervour in the children of light.

No. LIII.

DOGMA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

If we may believe certain English writers, there is an end of Dogma. The *Westminster Review* has no doubt about it, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* quite as little. Nor do such writers, for whom Christianity is only one of the many transient forms of human opinion, see in the alleged fact anything to regret. Rather the reverse. Even the literary *Athenæum*, which can look at the meridian sun without blinking—no uncommon faculty with modern journalists—can discuss a creed in one column and a novel in the next, and analyse St. Athanasius as easily as Miss Braddon, assures its readers that 'latitudinarianism has set in,' and that 'dogmas in religion occupy a lower place in the minds of the present generation.' Is it true?

Archdeacon Denison evidently thinks it is. Within the narrow field which his own view embraces, he is probably right. 'The hostility to all dogma,' he says, 'which characterises the present century'—we take the report of his words from the *Daily News*—'is the natural offspring of the abuse of private judgment, and is synonymous with the rejection of revealed truth. Infidelity is the hideous child of religious liberty.' It will be seen that he not only attests the growing dislike of dogma, but accounts for it. The evil, he thinks, comes from religious liberty; that is, the liberty of denying whatever you please. Men began in the sixteenth century with denying the Church, and have come in the nineteenth, as Bossuet warned the Protestants of his day they were sure to do, to deny everything else, and last of all the very Bible on which they professed to found their religion. Protestantism has committed suicide, and at this moment is strangling itself with its own cord. 'To allow the Bible in schools,' said a speaker at the London Conference of Dissenters on the 25th of February, 'is to violate the

sacred principle of religious liberty.' Of course it is. And so is saying the Lord's Prayer, at least if you say it in public. Any overt profession of faith at all, except in the bosom of your own family—and even in that tranquil sphere it is apt to disturb domestic harmony—is a clear violation of the 'sacred principle'; which makes a good many people think that the sooner the sacred principle is buried in the first convenient ditch the better. It taints the air, and breeds the worst kind of epidemic, but the difficulty is to find a grave deep enough to hold it. The corpse seems likely to remain above ground, putrid as it is, for want of an undertaker to put it out of sight.

Is the Church of England able to perform a funeral ceremony so needful for the public health? Archdeacon Denison does not encourage us to think so. No doubt he would if he could; but he is a man who likes to speak the truth, as far as he knows it. Indeed he seems to suspect that to ask the Church of England to celebrate such obsequies would be like asking her to prepare her own shroud. 'The Church,' he says, in the 'Charge' we have already quoted, 'is doing nothing to obtain dogma for the people,'—an operation quite out of her line,—but on the contrary, 'the Bishops and clergy are conniving with the people to break down existing dogma'—which is perhaps not exactly what Bishops and clergy were intended to do. We are afraid the 'sacred principle' upon which she herself was built, and which she has taught to her congenial offspring, is at least as dear to the Church of England as to any Dissenters whatever. Shall we exaggerate if we say that it is the only thing 'sacred' about her? To express that conviction may be what Archdeacon Denison calls an 'abuse of private judgment,' but he will probably admit that we have as good a right to our share of the universal privilege as other people.

Using, then, our private judgment, we should say in opposition to the Archdeacon of Taunton and the seers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Westminster Review*, that Christian dogma

was never less in danger than at this hour. The whole thing depends upon the point of view from which you examine it, and the atmosphere through which you look. Nobody supposes that when there is a fog in London, which happens sometimes, the sun's light is obscured in all other cities; but this, we think, is the mistake of the Anglican Archdeacon and the journalists whose opinion he echoes. Leaving the latter out of sight for a moment, we will venture to assure the former, in whom we are more interested, that however dense the fog may be in the Church of England,—which was born in a fog, and will never emerge from it, being everywhere surrounded by vapours and mist-breeding swamps,—the Church of God is still illumined by the sun of truth, and flooded throughout all her wide domain with supernatural light. This is no figure of speech, nor rhetorical boast, as the Archdeacon may easily convince himself. Dogma is so perfectly safe and inviolable at this hour—in spite of a furious but impotent persecution, which only serves to multiply confessors of the Faith—in that Divine community to which alone God has committed its custody, that even avowed infidels, who are not quite so blinded by exorbitant self-esteem and irrational prejudice as Anglicans, express a sort of admiring astonishment at what they call the unchanged dogmatism and more than ever undisputed authority of the Catholic Church since the Vatican Council. With one accord they declare, in presence of this patient and indomitable witness, whose voice is as clear and unfaltering in this time of rebuke and blasphemy as it was in 'the Ages of Faith,' that 'if God has made a revelation, the Church of Rome is its only guardian;' or, as Mr. Fitzjames Stephen puts it, in his reply to the Archbishop of Westminster, that if Christianity and the Church are Divine, he 'does not see how he can stop short' of his Grace's conclusions.

That dogma is everywhere expiring outside the Church nobody disputes; but never since it was proclaimed by the lips of

Apostles was its authority less contested within her. We have no need to prove what is confessed every day by her enemies. It is, indeed, the obstinate fidelity of the Roman Church to dogmatic truth, so little esteemed either in religious or philosophical sects, which makes people like Mr. Huxley, who only laugh at Anglicanism or regard it as a feeble ally, suggest that she should be gagged as the incorrigible enemy of what they call 'liberty.' They despair of reducing her to silence except by brute force. It is not, perhaps, a philosophical proposal, though eminently characteristic of 'Liberalism;' but, as Herr Venetianer says, whose book on the *Allgeist* has lately been reviewed in the *Pall Mall:* 'If a Professor of Philosophy in Berlin were in a discussion to let fall the words, "the great philosopher Huxley," his hearers would unquestionably burst into loud laughter.' When the author of *Lay Sermons* flourishes his wooden sword, and tells us he is going to kill the Catholic Church, we can laugh too, and even thank the high priest of materialism for giving us the occasion. We have no doubt that he and such as he would be glad to do it if they could; but between the project and its execution there are two invincible obstacles—the promises of God and the faith of man.

It was a saying of the late Dean Mansel that 'there is a dogmatism of assumed ignorance as there is a dogmatism of assumed knowledge.' This is especially true of our modern philosophers, preachers, and journalists. They always begin by assuming that nobody can know, or has any right to know, what is hidden from themselves; and they supplement this assumption by a second, that nobody really believes any more than they do. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, for example, is always telling us that faith is becoming extinct. Look at Italy and Spain, it says, and confess that dogma is in a state of atrophy. There are no two countries, as a matter of fact, where its throne is more firmly established. Flippant newspaper correspondents, who converse only with men like themselves, and are a jest with

everybody else, suppose their own dilapidated associates to be true representatives of the people among whom they live, and report to their English paymasters accordingly. They neither see the millions who are living in the fear and love of God, nor would understand them if they did. Such people are deluded by their own evil desires, and think all men are apostates because they wish them to be so. Fortunately, like other false witnesses, they contradict one another. Thus, in an article on Spain which appeared in the *Pall Mall* of the 16th, an able writer, but one who talks the usual nonsense about 'Romanist superstition,' tells us what Spaniards really are at this hour. It is not the eloquent mountebank Castelar, nor Socialists like Salmeron and Pi y Margall, who really represent that noble people, any more than the loud talkers in the Roman or Viennese Parliament represent the undegraded Catholic populations of Italy and Austria. 'The Carlists cannot be beaten,' says the writer in the *Pall Mall*, 'for they have the *largest and most honest* portion of the Spanish population in their favour.' The majority of Spaniards, therefore, according to this witness, sympathise with the faith which it is the glory of the Carlists to inscribe on their banners; while all the conflicting parties now admit, he adds, that 'an intensely Catholic country must have a Catholic Government,' and that an 'infidel Republic' is only an object of horror to 'the intensely religious and monarchical Spaniards.' It is evident that dogma is in no danger in Spain.

We will add that, in spite of the efforts of a corrupt and loquacious minority, who know that a wider electoral suffrage would eject them to-morrow, it is quite as safe in Italy and Austria. Even the most notorious enemies of the Holy See in those countries, who have passed through all the dismal stages which lead from luxury and immorality to extinction of faith, go back to the Catechism on their death-bed. They dare not meet the God whom they have outraged without first invoking the succour of the priests whom they had reviled. Their death

is the best refutation of their life; and the boldest confess in their last moments, let us hope not too late, like Cousin, Cavour, and the journalist Morin, that what they had assailed was true, and what they had professed was a lie.

Let Archdeacon Denison take courage. Dogma is not in the smallest danger of perishing, as he seems to think, except in human sects like his own, where it has not yet begun to exist. If he knew what the Church really is, he would understand that truth can no more be suspended, effaced, or diminished in her than it can be obscured in the mind of God. Dogma is simply what she teaches, and is known to be true only because she teaches it. 'I would not receive the Gospels,' said St. Augustine, 'unless the Church delivered them to me.' This idea of the Church, though it was that of the Apostles, is a *durus sermo* to Anglicans. It corresponds so little with the reality which their own sect presents that they dare not admit it to be true. And therefore they contend, to the great honour of the Christian religion and the confusion of its adversaries, that 'the Church of the living God' can be both divided and corrupt, can 'err in matters of faith,' and not only forfeit her infallibility but even, as the *Church Herald* insists, cease to be 'in a position to teach.' What can their worst enemies say more? Why, then, do Anglicans affect to be solicitous about dogma? What is dogma to them? With what face can they pretend to be sensitive about revealed truth who not only revile its chief witness, but remain in a community in which the most sacred dogmas are indifferently affirmed or denied even by its Bishops and clergy? 'It is not at all easy,' says a writer, quoted by Mr. Morley in the *Fortnightly Review*, 'to wind England up to the level of dogma.' How should it be, when her National Church has sanctioned for three centuries the most contradictory professions about the most awful truths? It is the Church of England which has killed dogma. Dogma and the Church of England agree together like fire and water. When Archdeacon

Denison laments the decay of dogma, but suggests in the same breath to revive it by means of the Anglican sect, it is as if Parliament should propose to secure the public health by making it penal for any Englishman to build a house except on an open sewer.

Anglicans are, in fact, never so impatient of the authority of the Church, which is the only basis of dogma, as when for their own purposes they inconsistently invoke it. Thus the *Church Herald*, after noticing with eulogy the paper of the Archbishop of Westminster in the *Contemporary*, continues as follows: 'Will our contemporary, the *Tablet*, who often puts questions to us which, we confess, are puzzling to answer, kindly tell us explicitly whether the civil power is so dependent on the spiritual as that the Pope may absolve subjects from their allegiance?' Such questions can only be resolved on general principles; and as Mr. Bagehot tells us, in his essay on the metaphysical basis of toleration, that there is nothing so distasteful to Englishmen as 'general principles,' we are not sanguine that we shall satisfy our friendly inquirer. We can only try.

Our contemporary is mistaken in supposing that the Archbishop has said a word to 'limit the natural right of the civil power.'

The civil power within its own sphere is supreme by the Divine Law. 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's;' and 'Let every soul be subject to the higher powers.'

Within this sphere rulers may require oaths of allegiance, both by the natural and the revealed law of God, and subjects are bound to take them.

Against this, which is His own law, God has given no power to His Church.

But if rulers require oaths which contain matter contrary to the Divine Law, natural or revealed, subjects are not bound to take them.

Who, then, is to decide when oaths contain such matter?

The Church says, the Supreme Interpreter of God's law on earth.

The world, since Luther, says the people.

We are in the age of revolutions. In his office of Supreme Judge of the lawfulness of oaths the Head of the Church may and must declare what oaths are or are not lawful or binding for Christian men.

In this sense, and no other, the Church claims to 'absolve subjects from their allegiance.'

Finally, the deposing of Princes in the middle ages involved, beyond all this, a jurisprudence and imperial law by which all princes and people were then equally bound. This exists nowhere at the present day.

No. LIV.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S BILL.

PEOPLE who think that the best way to deal with the chronic disorders of the Church of England is to 'leave them alone'—they are not so numerous now as they used to be—seem to us to understand that institution better than the more impulsive spirits who are continually suggesting impossible remedies and chimerical reforms. The former comprehend that it is not a case for empirical treatment. They propose, therefore, to leave the cure to nature; and they plausibly contend that as long as the passive system which they recommend was followed, though the patient did not become sensibly stronger, there was at least no sign of immediate dissolution. Considerable languor there might be, and even a general decay of vital energy, but it was possible to maintain life for many years, or something resembling it, on these conditions. The real danger consists, they think, in the nostrums of too ardent and enterprising physicians.

It is curious that while this view of the subject has been

abandoned by the Low, it is vehemently approved by the High Church section of the Establishment. The former protest, not without an appearance of reason, that no community can be Catholic and Protestant at the same time, and that, therefore, the foreign element newly admitted must be ejected before it has had time to infect and decompose the whole body; while the latter insist that there is no difficulty about it, that there is plenty of room in the same communion, if you only make it sufficiently elastic, for both 'Catholics' and Protestants, and that the Church of England can be, and ought to be, in the words of the *Daily News*, 'as wide as the religion of Englishmen,'—which is, perhaps, as near an equivalent for boundless dimension as human thought can conceive. The Archbishop's Bill has displayed this conflict of opinion in a very clear light. The Evangelicals are all for *one* religion, and fairly urge that it should be that religion which their Church has always practised, viz. their own; but the gentlemen who favour what they call 'Catholic principles,' and wish to find room for them in the Establishment, are all for what Canon Gregory styles 'comprehensiveness,' and 'various schools of thought,'—an idea which would have astonished St. Paul,—and for a general jubilee of license and lawlessness. They want it themselves, and are therefore eager to claim it for others. As their only notion of 'Catholic principles' is embodied in the maxim, 'Believe what you prefer, and obey nobody,' we should have thought the rulers of the Establishment might have accepted this newest form of Protestantism, in spite of the fancy names by which it is disguised, as cheerfully as any other; but Catholic doctrine and custom, or the mere semblance of them, are so repugnant to the poor Church of England, that even when introduced in a purely Protestant spirit, and with a deliberate purpose of fostering and perpetuating revolt, she will have nothing to do with them. She can bear any amount of latitudinarianism, but it must be all in one direction. As the eloquent Bishop of Peter-

borough said in Convocation: 'A state of lawlessness had arisen in the Church to such a height that it was hardly safe to allow it to continue much longer without some measure of restraint; and when he said lawlessness he did not mean individual acts of lawlessness, but avowed principles of lawlessness.' 'Be as lawless as you please,' he seemed to say to the Established clergy, 'as long as you only revolt against the Church of God, which was happily banished from this realm about three centuries ago, and which nobody wants to restore, and you least of all; but you shall not conspire against the Church of England, nor against us who rule it, without some measure of restraint.' Hence the Archbishop's Bill.

The gentlemen of 'Catholic principles' strongly object both to the Bill and its authors. They express their aversion in a dialect unusually rich in forms of invective. Thus the *Church Herald*, though the least turbulent of Anglican journals, allows one contributor to speak of 'the atrocious, and I may add, infamous Bill of the Archbishop;' a second to describe it as designed to 'protect Arians and Socinians,' which it certainly is not, 'while High Churchmen are to be cast out;' and a third to cry aloud, 'we have two dozen Erastian Bishops endeavouring to foist new laws,' and otherwise misconduct themselves, 'without the consent of the spirituality'—a poetical term for the Anglican clergy. As to the probable effects of the Bill upon those who may provoke them, they are pleasantly described, though not perhaps with technical accuracy, as lodging the offenders 'under some Bishop's back-stairs,' as if no more formidable dungeon could be conceived, 'where temporal ruin, or faithless subservience to infidels and Protestants, may be set forth as the agreeable alternative for any impugned incumbent.'

The *Church Review*, resolved to claim the lion's share of Dr. Magee's reproach about 'avowed principles of lawlessness,' breaks out as follows: 'We are men, and Englishmen;' a re-

mark which we think we once heard on the hustings. 'We know nothing of *blind* submission'—and not much of any other sort—'to any earthly authority, whether of human or Divine origin:' a hint to the Divine lawgiver, if there be one, not to expect too much from Anglicans. Indeed it is a good deal more than a hint. 'Obedience can never be wrong,' they continue, 'is certainly not a maxim which will ever regulate *our* conduct.' Nobody, we imagine, supposed that it would. Even 'the Creator,' they add, 'only requires a *reasonable* service;' probably from a judicious respect for the intelligent independence of the creature; 'and we are certainly not going to give to His earthly representatives,'—particularly when they devise 'atrocious and infamous Bills' to vex High Churchmen,—'that senseless, slavish kind of submission which He does not require we should give to Himself.' If they yield no more obedience to the admonitions of their Bishops than they do to His, their submission will certainly be a light burden. The crime of the Bill, says another writer in the *Church Review*, is that it strikes at men—he enumerates about a dozen—'whose names are in the Book of Life;' which leads us to suppose that he fancies himself authorised to make entries in that Book at his own discretion. There is, writes a third, 'an *on dit* that Dr. Tait contemplates resignation,' and he evidently hopes it is true; but as the rumour does not seem to have spread beyond the office of the *Church Review*, it probably originated there. 'We are going on very well,' exclaims a fourth, whose cheerful optimism nothing can discourage. 'The anomalies of the Church Establishment,' he adds, 'if curable, can only be cured by time. Why not leave it alone?' If some of the clergy believe in a Priesthood, and some do not; if some adore the Real Presence, and others ridicule it; what of that? The Establishment can bear more than that. 'Leave it alone.' It is curious, as we have said, that the Dissenting shibboleth about 'agreeing to differ' is now a first principle with High Church-

men. 'Uniformity,' as Archdeacon Denison said in Convocation, 'can only be had where there is substantial agreement upon the main principles of the religious life;' and as this does not exist out of the Catholic Church, he recommended as the only possible substitute for it in his own sect, 'a kind, considerate, and charitable disagreement.' Dr. Wordsworth gave the same advice to his colleagues, and 'thought a *modus vivendi* could be arrived at by toleration.' He enforced this opinion by the remark of a clergyman of the 'Protestant Episcopal Church of America,' whom he had consulted the day before. 'We declare by law the thing to be indifferent,' said his friend, 'and thus we prevent people from quarrelling about it,' which Dr. Wordsworth considered a very happy idea. The Bishop who gave this characteristic advice is probably the only man alive who seriously believes that the Church of England was made by Almighty God. If he were asked *which* of the various Churches of England have that distinguished origin, he would probably reply, 'only two or three;' for even Dr. Wordsworth can hardly believe that Almighty God made them all.

Lastly, the *Church Times* has private and reliable information that Dr. Tait, 'with native caution,' had his speech written for him, having 'inward misgivings' that he was not competent to do it himself. Considering that he had, at all events, talent and learning enough to become a Fellow of Balliol, this seems to us a superfluous impertinence. As to his Bill, adds this journal, 'the Broad Churchmen laugh it to scorn.' Considering that the Dean of Westminster, the most eminent of their number, cordially approved the Bill, and even expressed his desire 'that a much more extended form of legislation should have been brought forward,' this only proves that veracity is not the strong point of the *Church Times*. As to the Bishops, 'they will adhere to their wonted policy, and profess a semblance of agreement with the Archbishop,' while they 'curse

with their heart.' Considering that the Bishop of Llandaff said, 'that they might congratulate his Grace in eliciting such a universal expression of opinion that something must be done;' and the Bishop of Winchester that 'we are agreed upon the principle of the Bill;' we conclude that the imputation of falsehood and insincerity is more discreditable to their accuser than to themselves.

The shocking intemperance of these journalists, from whose insults nothing out of heaven, and not much in it, appear to be safe, we may leave to the judgment of our readers. Stripped of its coarseness and violence their opposition to the Bill turns on two points: (1). that it gives too much power to the Bishops; and (2), that it does not ask the consent of the clergy. As to the first, the Bishop of Winchester, who ought to know, said in Convocation: 'The Bill would give the Bishop no more power; on the contrary, it would rather limit his present powers, by providing him with a council and assessors;' while the Dean of Westminster keenly observed that to make Bishops judges in such cases 'seems to me so inevitable an inference from accepting an Episcopacy at all as a desirable form of Church government, that I will not further argue it.' The contempt of 'the High Church party' for Bishops, says the *Times*, as soon as they differ from them, 'is amusing and instructive.' Perhaps it is, considering what they used to profess about the duty of obeying them. What they think about it now was pretty clearly expressed by a certain Dr. Fraser, who said to his colleagues: 'I trust this House will never accept any Bill on Church discipline which does not provide a remedy for the excesses of the Bishops, as well as the excesses of the clergy.' It is evident that however little Christians in general may esteem Anglican Bishops, except as good citizens and virtuous gentlemen, the High Church clergy respect them still less.

As to the second point, it seems enough to say that those

who break the law are not usually consulted about its provisions. No man is judge in his own case. Even Convocation seems to feel this; and when Archdeacon Denison accused the Bishops of 'the grossest injustice and the most tremendous tyranny,' he was received with such cries of 'Order!' that he retired in disgust. Nor do we understand of what use it would have been to consult a clergy of whom hardly any two believe exactly the same thing, while many of them profess religions which are mutually contradictory.

The whole affair, as the *Times* says, is instructive, and we hope will suggest to the better sort of Anglicans profitable reflections. We have only space for one. 'It is a question,' observes the *Daily News*, 'of introducing all the practices of Roman Catholic worship, and the doctrines those practices symbolise and teach, into our Protestant services.' But, as the Archdeacon of Stafford said: 'Unless we separated from Rome on great and grave questions,' and he referred especially to those which relate to the Altar, 'we are all schismatics.' The whole question, as this clergyman perceives, is there. Any attempt to revive Catholic doctrines in the Church of England, he understands, is simply a confession that it ought never to have come into being; for if those doctrines are true, the Church of England, whose Bishops and clergy have always denied them, and deny them still, is an apostate sect. Let us hope the day is at hand when all Anglicans who wish to restore the Catholic faith will comprehend, by the aid of Divine grace, that the very first condition of doing so is to abandon the guilty sect which has existed only to dishonour it. If the Archbishop's Bill, in which they see a fresh assertion of the incorrigible Protestantism of that sect, should tend to promote such a result, it will do more for the glory of God and the salvation of souls than its amiable and well-meaning author intended.

No. LV.

REFORMERS, CONSERVATIVES, DEFENDERS OF THE ESTABLISHMENT.

If every generation produces a fresh crop of 'reformers' of the Church, they can hardly be said to be spoiled by success. No men labour with so little encouragement. It is true that no men seem more able to dispense with it. After trying for a good many centuries to change the Church, they have only succeeded in changing themselves. One of the latest examples is the unfortunate ex-Carmelite, M. Loyson. This gentleman is perhaps unconscious of the change which has taken place in himself; but even he can hardly suppose that he has made, or is likely to make, any change in the Church. He has been lecturing, we are told by the Brussels correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, before the Cercle Artistique et Littéraire in that city, on Church Reform. Perhaps connubial bliss has given him new lights on the subject: it often produces that effect. 'Gospel light,' says Hudibras, 'first beamed,' in our happy England, from the lascivious eyes of an exceedingly unpleasant daughter of Herodias. We remember to have read a 'charge' by an Anglican Bishop, who had taken two wives after being raised to the Episcopal dignity—probably under the impression that you could not have too much of a good thing—of which the most notable passage was a flat contradiction of the doctrine of St. Paul on the subject of marriage. The Reformation, he said —we rather think his second wife was one of his audience—was in nothing more admirable than in having enriched the Protestant clergy with the privilege of marriage. He had made such a free use of the privilege himself that some people thought he had better have said nothing about it. M. Loyson is not of that opinion. It is a curious thing about people of this class that they always glory in their turpitude. Not content with their own incontinence, they hold it up as a model to others.

'Reform is necessary,' M. Loyson told his Belgian hearers, 'by making confession and clerical celibacy optional.' That is his idea of improving religion. 'Other reforms,' he added, 'may present themselves when once the Church has been reawakened.' We have no doubt they will. We believe M. Loyson has only one baby at present; by the time he has half-a-dozen, as many new reforms will probably 'present themselves' to his continually expanding mind. The appetite for reform is apt to 'grow by what it feeds on;' and when people have once begun to make religion 'optional,' there is no particular reason why they should stop. But without speculating on the future creed of M. Loyson, a matter of very little importance to any one but himself, we venture to doubt whether the reforms which he already requires are quite necessary. He is willing, at least for the present, to leave confession and clerical celibacy optional to those who happen to like them. He appears, therefore, to consider that they are not bad things in themselves, and only proposes, just as they do in the Church of England, that everybody should please himself. Nothing is so true in that very 'optional' community but what its contrary is true also. Why does not M. Loyson join the Anglican Church? It would exactly suit him. In that 'useful national institution,' as its friends call it, if you like confession, you can practise it; if you do not, you can revile it. What can M. Loyson want more? We should ourselves have thought that if confession and absolution are God's provision for the pardon of sin, nobody can get on very well without them. If they are necessary in one case they are necessary in all. If they are God's law they are not optional. When He provides a remedy for sin, it is not left to our choice to use it or not. We may decline to use it, but we do so at our peril. Nobody knows better than M. Loyson that, in this sense, confession and clerical celibacy are quite as 'optional' in the Catholic Church as anywhere else. There is no need of any 'reform' to make them more so. Nobody is obliged to become

a priest, and nobody is obliged to go to confession. All that the Church says is this: If you want to be a priest, you must lead the highest and not the lowest kind of life, for you, above all men, as the Apostle says, should 'attend upon the Lord without impediment;' and if you want to be purified from sin, you must have recourse to the Sacrament of Penance, instituted by our Divine Saviour for that purpose. But you need not be a priest if you prefer matrimony, and you need not go to confession if you prefer to remain in your sin. What can be more optional?

We are much obliged to the *Church Herald* for wishing to prove, though perhaps it was hardly necessary to do so, that Catholics ought to be Conservatives. Our contemporary has the highest authority for that opinion. It is not long since the Vicar of Christ said that a 'Liberal Catholic' is even a more pernicious kind of animal than an infidel. It is the glory of the Vatican Council to have crushed that evil brood. Anglicans will some day comprehend, when their eyes are opened and they have gained a victory over self-will, all that religion and modern society owe to that Sacred Council. But our contemporary must permit us to distinguish between Conservative principles and the Conservative party. Lord Derby may have said, as the *Church Herald* relates, 'that the Roman Catholics and the Tories are "natural allies;"' but we are afraid the proposition that Tories are natural allies of Catholics is much more doubtful. They certainly do not show us much love, though, on their own principles, they ought to do so. But they can disavow their principles on the smallest provocation. 'It is a melancholy spectacle,' observes the *Saturday Review*, 'to watch the complicity of Conservative politicians with the schemes of their most formidable opponents.' In the debate on Mr. Trevelyan's Bill for establishing Household Suffrage in the counties, this complicity was openly revealed. 'From the mover to the Prime Minister,' says the *Saturday Review*, 'almost every speaker discussed the

question with unconscious or deliberate indifference to the practical results of a further extension of the franchise.' We advise our contemporary not to identify himself too closely with any political party whatever. There is a strong family likeness between them all. Tories are much better affected towards religion and social order than Liberals, and are much less likely to compromise the honour and the welfare of England; but we can hardly admit that they are the 'natural allies' of Christians, whose first duty it is to refuse all complicity both with the prophets of heresy and the apostles of Radicalism.

We observed last week that all the organs of 'free thought,' including the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Spectator*, are opposed to the Archbishop's Bill. They frankly tell us why. The Establishment suits them very well as it is, and they know that to exclude any one of its numerous sects, no matter which, would be a dangerous precedent. They perfectly understand the true character of the Establishment. They describe it, too, with a curious unanimity. 'What is wanted,' says the *Spectator*, 'is more elasticity in the system of public worship, so as to render it possible for *each congregation* to modify the forms used to its own particular devotional wants.' We have no reason to suppose that this advice is ironical. 'Dr. Tait's Bill,' which imprudently limits this desirable elasticity, 'would first completely discredit the Bishops and then destroy the Church.' Whether it is flattering to the Church of England to be told that it can only exist by allowing each congregation to have its own doctrine and ritual, is perhaps an open question. The *Saturday Review* puts the case with unrivalled felicity of expression. 'The Establishment,' it remarks, 'is capable of containing all,' and more if that were possible, 'on the double condition of a defined minimum of restraint and an elastic maximum of toleration.' Archbishop Tait has evidently made a mistake. He does not understand what people require in a National Church so well as the critics of his Bill. The Church

of God may decide what is truth and what is error, for that is her province, and she was appointed for no other end; but the Church of England would only commit suicide if it foolishly pretended to do either. Its business as a 'useful public institution' is not to teach truth, nor even to assume that there is any truth; but simply to provide a home for all possible varieties of religious opinion, including those which are mutually contradictory, and to combine, for the greater convenience of all, 'a minimum of restraint' with 'an elastic maximum of toleration.' Only on this condition it may hope to perpetuate its creditable existence. That people who consider this the proper function of the Anglican Church, and the sole object for which it was created, should wish it long life seems to us natural. They agree with Archdeacon Denison in the opinion that 'a considerate disagreement,' even about the most solemn rites and most fundamental dogmas of the Christian religion, is the highest condition to which such a sect should aspire. But that any one for whom God's truth is not a jest, nor God's revelation a fable, should look without horror upon an institution which exists only to deny the one and betray the other, or believe that it can be anything but a scheme of Satan for the destruction of both—this is hardly intelligible even to those who know best with what sorceries he can bewitch his victims, and make them work for him while they think they are working for God.

How completely the Church of England, of which admiring freethinkers consistently deprecate the destruction, has become a tool in the hands of the Evil One, who uses it for his own purposes, is in nothing more evident than in the character which he has contrived to impart to the so-called 'Catholic revival.' Beginning with modesty and reverence, and once promising fruits of salvation, he has breathed into it his own fierce spirit of pride and revolt. There are no men in England at this hour, of whatever sect, who are less in harmony with Catholic thought and feeling than the pretended 'Catholics' of the Established Church.

There are no men in England, or out of it, who may be more fitly described, in the words of St. Peter, as 'despisers of government, audacious, self-willed.' Whatever they touch they corrupt, and in pretending to restore majestic truths which their own sect had always denied, they surpass even that sect in impudent abuse of the Church from which they borrow them. Not even the Anglican Homilies, the coarsest and most rabid specimen of Protestant literature with which we are acquainted, are more evidently inspired by the spirit of wickedness than the popular organs of Ritualism. In reading them we are even more surprised than shocked. As long as they can prate about music, and lights, and ceremonies, and wear pretty vestments, they do not seem to give even a thought to the 'weightier matters' of truth, charity, unity, obedience, and faith. Their only profession of faith, indeed, is of this kind. 'We know that our unfortunate Bishops are heretics, and tell them so every day; but though they dislike nothing so much as the Catholic faith, and are now actively conspiring against it, we prefer to remain in communion with Bishops who deny the truth, rather than submit to Bishops who proclaim it. It may seem a little odd, but, as the judicious Hooker said, "the present exigence of necessity this requires." If Almighty God has not made the Church of England all that it should be, but very much the reverse, that is His affair, and we are certainly not going to leave it because it is not quite acceptable to Him. Some day we shall make it better, if our absurd Bishops will only let us, which perhaps is not very likely. Meanwhile, we can make fun of them, and do just what we please. But though we are trying to undo the Reformation, and tell people that what it abolished was true, and what it introduced was false, we are even more averse to the Roman Church, though we are reviving her doctrines, than the Reformers who profanely despised them. This also may seem a little odd, but we could easily explain it if we had time. Besides, in reviving Roman doctrines we improve them so im-

mensely that everybody must perceive the incontestable superiority of our version. We are, in fact, the only real Catholics, and it is a pity there are so few of us. But if Almighty God allowed all former generations to fall into error, He has not made the same mistake with us.' Their creed contains a good many more articles of this kind, but we have not space for them all.

It seems to us matter of reasonable doubt whether any heretics whatever, even the most abandoned, were quite a match for Anglican Ritualists, either in senseless self-sufficiency, or in concentrated hatred of the Catholic Church and her ministers. They cannot speak of them without gnashing their teeth like energumens. If the Archbishop of Westminster defends the Christian thesis of the independence of the spiritual power against the most extreme advocate of a brutal State supremacy, the *Church Times*, instead of thanking him, breaks out as follows: 'Both controversialists are fighting for victory, not for truth; and we see little to choose between the Lamaism of the one and the practical Atheism of the other. Neither is Christianity, or anything like it.' 'Mr. Stephen,' says the more Christian *Church Herald*, 'is very angry with the Archbishop for having so relentlessly pointed out what was the real drift of the argument of the former, and, by his rejoinder, has managed to make it evident to everybody,' except the *Church Times*, 'that the Archbishop was right.' But your Ritualist hates a true Bishop too cordially to make any such admission.

A passage from the *Church Review* must close our illustrations. After the usual insults to 'Drs. Tait, Thomson, and Magee,' who at all events are respected chiefs of its own sect, this journal says to the last of them, in a fine tone of triumph: 'The Bishop who objects to call Holy Communion Mass,' which it certainly is not, 'has but small communion with St. Ambrose.' The writers in the *Church Review* have still less. The same St. Ambrose taught that communion with the Holy See is

God's test of communion with the Church,—which the *Church Times* calls 'Lamaism,'—and was the author of the immortal formula, *Ubi Petrus ibi Ecclesia*. Was St. Ambrose right when he agrees with the *Church Review*, and wrong when he differs from it? One does not see why; but no doubt the *Church Review* could tell us.

No. LVI.

THE 'BOUNCING' JOURNAL—THE 'LIBERAL' JOURNAL.

If the *Pall Mall Gazette* has certain merits which it shares with other journals, it has always been peerless and preëminent in 'bounce.' In vain its rivals have invited it to use its gift sparingly, especially when it talks about religion. When a man knows he has a strong point, he likes to display it. About three columns of the *Pall Mall* are devoted every day to 'Occasional Notes,' many of which are both useful and entertaining. The writer evidently proposes to himself to be as funny as possible, and if he sometimes fails, he often succeeds. But as it is hard work to be funny some three hundred days in the year, even with the help of copious extracts from police reports and American newspapers, he is obliged to feed his mirth with all sorts of stimulants. A jest he must have, wherever it can be found, or something which looks like one. In a moment of difficulty he has had recourse to the *Tablet*. Perhaps his muse was lethargic, or the American newspapers had not come to hand. We lately observed that the Augustan era of Spanish history corresponds exactly with that of Spain's greatest devotion to the Faith, and that when she was most Catholic she was also most powerful and glorious. There was nothing new in the observation. A hundred writers had said it before us. The fact was as notorious to Robertson and Prescott, in spite of their prejudices, as to Balmez and Donoso Cortes. The greatness and majesty of Spain under such sovereigns as Ferdinand and Isabella,

Charles V., and Philip II., when she was penetrated in every part with the spirit and influence of the Catholic religion, is as large and undisputed an historical fact as the greatness of France under Charlemagne and Louis XIV.; of England under Edward III. and Henry IV.; of Portugal when her fleets carried the Missionaries of the Cross into the Indian seas; of Switzerland when her Catholic citizens won liberty from Austria, and vanquished Charles the Bold. Every nation of Europe which has ever been truly great was greatest when it was most Catholic. Some of them have fallen upon evil days since their governments adopted other maxims, and notably Spain. To say that Spain was mightiest when she was most Catholic is almost as evident a truism, at least for all who know what she has become under the reign of Liberalism and unbelief, as to say that 'rivers are deepest when the snow melts,' or that 'the greatest heats occur in summer.' But the *Pall Mall Gazette* does not like truisms from which Christianity can derive any advantage. It finds them irritating. Catholic and glorious are two words which were in close alliance in many a land for a thousand years, but they must not be pronounced together now. There is no place for any combination of that sort in our 'Occasional Notes;' unless, indeed, we can make a joke of it, after the manner of *Punch* if we can rise to that high level, after our own if not. The Catholic Church claims to be, and is, God's chief representative on earth; but as the *Pall Mall Gazette* is not sure there is a God, and is quite sure He has no representative, it will never do to admit that Spain was glorious because she was Catholic. We must deal with that in our 'Occasional Notes.' It will at all events make a paragraph, and perhaps a funny one. And so we proceed to deal with it, and this is what we say. We flatter ourselves it is rather a good specimen of our usual style of writing.

'The *Tablet* is sometimes too facetious for a newspaper of such a serious character and pretensions.' Facetious enough,

it appears, for a gentleman who at that moment could not find what he wanted elsewhere; and so, after quoting a couple of lines,—it might have spoiled the joke to quote more,—in which we spoke of the greatness of Spain under her Catholic rulers, the writer in the *Pall Mall*, shaking with laughter himself *pour encourager les autres*, begs his readers to notice 'the roguish drollery of this statement.' Thus far perhaps the joke hangs fire a little, and the drollery is only dimly apparent, but it is rather a complicated one, and must be studied with attention by those who wish to catch the point. How could Spain have been great, he continues, when Charles II., whose 'one object in life was to be Catholic,' had not money enough to pay for his 'wedding trip'? Do you begin to laugh yet? If not, there is more to come. This same Charles 'had seven confessors in five years,' and therefore you see, or ought to see, had 'a new opinion every nine months.' And then comes the climax. 'If such waverings do not come up to the *Tablet's* standard of Catholicity, what does it require?' And so the joke comes to an end, and the dullest reader of our 'Occasional Notes' at length does justice to its 'roguish drollery.'

We are willing to respect the difficulties of a gentleman who is bound to be funny, but we venture to suggest that it is not enough to laugh himself unless he can manage to make others laugh too. It does not suffice with that object to say, 'See how droll I am.' We are afraid his readers will fail to see it, because the only joke in the whole story is that of supposing that a man changes his opinions when he changes his confessor —an absurdity as inappreciable by them as by himself. But if he has failed to make them laugh, he has been quite successful with us, which we hope will content his ambition. Perhaps, however, he will do well henceforth to joke only about things which he understands. He has probably a high esteem for Herod, who had a just sense of the immense superiority of the State over the Church, which is the chief article of the *Pall*

Mall creed. Herod tried to make a joke of serious things, and is generally thought to have failed. They have no amusement of that kind where he is now, being reduced at last to 'believe and tremble;' but if Herod could leave his prison to revisit our world—a recreation which he is not likely to enjoy—he would probably find the *Pall Mall Gazette* pleasant reading.

It appears that we are never to 'rest and be thankful.' The *Daily News* objects to it. Political repose is not for us, who have still a few institutions which can be knocked down, and who have not yet reformed everything off the face of the earth. It will be time enough to rest when we have stirred up the *nouvelles couches sociales* to their dregs, and nothing remains for us to do, because the 'residuum' will do it so much better for us. The present Government may give us a moment's breathing-time, being wisely opposed to 'harassing legislation;' but, meanwhile, the great Liberal party, now lying like Milton's demons in a 'lake of marl,' with no rest to their uneasy limbs, will be effectually reorganised, and we may hope soon to be once more panting in a whirlpool of changes, and gasping in a maëlstrom of reforms. What, indeed, is the use of anything except to be reformed? It is only a Tory Government which could say, as the *Daily News* satirically observes: 'Why go on trying to conquer worlds in order to have rest afterwards? Why not rest at once?' Who wants rest? Yet with such people at the head of affairs, what can we expect, continues the Radical organ, but 'a do-nothing session?'

The prospects of such a session seem to us less alarming than to our contemporary. Blessed be the statesman, we are inclined to say, who does nothing. We know the worst of that. A good many people think, and not the least intelligent or patriotic among us, that since 1830 we have tried to do a great deal too much, and that no good has come of it. The most obvious result of all our reforms appears to be this, that we were never so disunited at home, and never so despised abroad. And

this is a pretty exact summary of all that Liberalism has done in other lands. They have 'changed' and 'reformed' in France, under the benign influence of Liberalism, and the 'glorious principles of '93,' till at last they have brought Government to a dead-lock, and no man sees any issue but in a new revolution or a new despotism. In Spain, that eminent Liberal Marshal Serrano first betrayed his sovereign to form a Republic, was then kicked out himself by the monster he had created, and now is taking counsel with it to produce—nobody knows what. And meanwhile the country bleeds to death. Can any man say what Italy has gained by Liberalism, except crushing taxation and military conscription? What its effect has been upon social order, morality, and religion, in all these countries, most people know or may easily learn. Yet there are some who think we have not had enough of it in England, where already, as the *Spectator* observes, 'we are approaching the condition of things in the United States.' And we are approaching it stupidly and with our eyes open, in spite of the fact that the wisest men in that land would be glad to change their institutions if they could, because they see only corruption and ruin in that very triumph of democracy which some of us envy. Not that any Englishman of eminence, except Mr. Bright, really believes in American institutions. Even Grote broke through the web of American sophistries at last, and Carlyle was too strong ever to be caught in it. Yet there is a world of danger in the universal restlessness which marks our age, and not even what the *Saturday Review* calls the 'gentle-paced Liberalism' of our present rulers quite reassures us. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, often admirable when it writes about what it understands, compares the project of giving political power to our agricultural labourers to that of the dominant party in America, when they completed their vengeance on the Southern States by 'transferring coercive power to a perfectly ignorant mass of voters,' because 'they wished that the negroes should rule the whites, and they said

so.' The real effect of such a change as that proposed by Mr. Trevelyan, and only faintly discouraged by Mr. Disraeli, would be, as the *Pall Mall* observes, that we should have 'a governing body which has no political ideas whatever,' and that 'the agricultural labourers would rule over the rest of the community.' Perhaps it would be truer to say that professional agitators would use the ignorant masses, as they do in America, for their own selfish purposes, and would inaugurate in our England the respectable confederation of 'wire-pullers.' It is permitted to hope that she is reserved for a better fate. But we have entered upon an era of what may be called, for want of a better word, 'spoony' legislation. Not that there is any revival of real tenderness towards the labouring classes, or towards anybody else, but that, in place of the supernatural and far-reaching charity of other days, a spurious Liberalism has invented the compendious maxim that everybody has a right to have, no matter at whose cost, whatever he chooses to ask for. If he does not get it, he has a right to 'strike.' All the newspapers tell him so. He did not know it before, but he does now. If he is a gas-stoker, he may reasonably consult his own interests, according to his intelligent view of them, by shutting the main, and plunging us all into darkness; if he is a miner, he may put out our fires, in order to increase his own wages; if he is a baker, he may let the oven cool, and bid us live without bread; if he is an agricultural labourer, he may form a Union against the farmers, and turn the soil of England into a desert. Whatever he is, society is at his mercy, and ought to be. Has he not a right to do what he likes? The results may be unpleasant, but the principle is everything. And our so-called statesmen, always pliant and docile in the face of every fresh outbreak of lawlessness, can only look on with a curious imbecility, and adopt the fatal policy of the nursery, which soothes every infantile screamer by giving him all he asks for, and a great deal more than is good for him. To the burly and loud-voiced babes of the mine,

the field, and the factory, they are now singing a new cradle-song, of which this is the burden: 'Did it want a vote? then it shall certainly have one, and anything else it likes.'

Yet they have no such tenderness towards others who have at least as good a claim to it. There are thousands of educated men in the Civil Service, in banks and merchants' offices, who work harder than miners or carpenters, and for more hours in the day, and do not get half their wages; but nobody counsels *them* to strike, or cares whether they sink or swim. The bastard statecraft of our day obeys no impulse but fear. We are told that a company is in formation, though it has not yet been advertised in the *Daily News*, which will stipulate with all iron and coal masters that they shall henceforth furnish every miner with a silver fork and a champagne-glass; that ices shall be supplied in factories whenever the thermometer is above 70°; and that an easy-chair and a glass of sherry shall be deposited by farmers at the end of every furrow, to afford repose and refreshment to our unappreciated ploughmen. It is believed by this benevolent company that after a few years of this improved existence they will be fully qualified, with the help of Mr. Arch, to take the government of the country into their own hands, when they will send Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, and their disinherited colleagues, to take a turn at the plough.

We should say, if we were not afraid to provoke the 'roguish drollery' of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that they had a truer science of Government in Catholic times. They had no strikes then, and the labourer blessed, and was blessed by, his employer. They can only curse each other now. When one-fifth of the soil of England was the property of religious houses, what belonged to them belonged to the poor, and even Mr. Carlyle ungrudgingly confessed that it was used for 'noble purposes.' There were no such landlords as the monks, because they did not live for themselves, and the 'Abbot Samson,' the hero of *Past and Present*, was only a type of his class. Those days are gone for

ever, and nobody hopes to restore them. The age is not worthy of them. Only the other day they seized the furniture of a community of Little Sisters of the Poor for arrears of taxes, and left the old men and women whom they nursed lying on the bare ground; and the law justified them. This is what the countrymen of St. Cuthbert and St. Hilda have become; and they are evidently still improving. One of the effects of the so-called Reformation, of which the world has still to reap the final harvest, has been to convert human society, once a community of brothers under the headship of the Vicar of Christ, into a mass of incoherent atoms, each moving in its own eccentric orbit, and chiefly occupied in damaging one another. In killing unity it has destroyed charity, for no man has charity, as St. Augustine says, *nisi qui diligit unitatem*. And there is worse to come. We are drifting rapidly towards Chaos and Antichrist; and when the Reformation has begotten those crowning evidences of its fertility, which it already carries in its womb, even its most enthusiastic admirers will confess that it has completed its work, and has nothing more to give.

No. LVII.

THE SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL CHURCH—SHAM ROMANISM—GERMAN PERSECUTION—A NEW RITE.

AMONG the various sects which Protestantism has created in Scotland there is one which its adherents style the 'Scottish Episcopal Church.' It is not very old, but that is a misfortune which it shares with all its kindred. Although a convenient refuge for the more opulent and fastidious from the noise and vulgarity of its non-episcopal rivals, it does not seem to flourish. In the whole country it only counts 55,000 members. We learn from the *Scotsman* that this diminutive sect lately met in 'Congress,' under the presidency of a gentleman who calls himself

'Bishop of Edinburgh.' From whom he got his authority, or thinks he got it, we do not know, and probably he does not know himself. It is even presumable that he does not care. He told his hearers, indeed, that the past history of their almost imperceptible community had been somewhat dismal, but that it had 'purified its Episcopal succession from the Church of England.' As that Church is able to dispense any amount of mission and jurisdiction from its own superabundant stores, they no doubt considered this a perfectly satisfactory origin. If Henry VIII. was an efficient godfather of the new English Episcopalian body, James I. was an equally capable sponsor for the Scottish one. They have nothing to envy each other. Yet the connection between these two Protestant communities, in spite of their common lineage, appears to be anything but intimate. They have, as the President feelingly observed, 'the same Articles of Religion without exception;' including that eminently Christian one, the Nineteenth, which gaily asserts, by way of compliment to the Primitive Church, that all the Apostolic Sees 'erred in matters of faith.' This agreement in so essential a point, and their common belief that the Church of Christ was a failure from the beginning, ought to have been a bond of communion between these fraternal communities. Yet it does not appear that it was. 'For a long time,' continued the President, 'there was almost entire isolation from Anglican Christendom.' It was not, perhaps, an overwhelming calamity, and at all events the Scottish Episcopalians, like most other Christians, contrived to survive it. In our own day it is not only 'isolation' which they have to lament. When the late Dr. Wilberforce and the Archbishop of York visited Scotland, in the pleasant summer season, they took the opportunity of displaying their sympathetic appreciation of the 'Scottish Episcopal Church' by ministering to Presbyterian congregations. No Episcopalian can reproach them for doing so. The fifty-fifth Canon of 1604, as the *Christian Observer* noticed a few

years ago, required all the Anglican clergy to 'pray for the Church of Scotland;' and thus 'they are by Canon bound,' as far as the Church of England can be said to bind anybody, 'to recognise in their prayers every Sunday the existence of a valid ministry without any Episcopal ordination.' They never made any difficulty in doing so till the middle of the seventeenth century, but constantly gave high dignities in the Anglican Church to unordained Calvinists and Lutherans. Hooker, Morton, Bancroft, and Andrewes, were all of one mind on that point,—Hooker himself on his death-bed sending for a Presbyterian minister,—and all agreed with the Anglican Bishop Hall that 'there is no difference in any essential matter betwixt the Church of England and her sisters of the Reformation.' In the opinion of Dr. Wilberforce and Dr. Thomson there is evidently as little difference as ever.

Judging by the report in the *Scotsman*, the Scottish Episcopal Congress was by no means so lively as similar meetings in England. There were no cries of 'Turn him out,' 'It is not true,' and the other customary vociferations which have made people compare a Church of England Congress to an election fight. It is true that the President took his precautions. 'It was expedient,' he said, 'to avoid all questions which might lead to contention and irritating controversy;' and as almost any religious topic would suffice to do that in a Protestant assembly, he added, 'that the discussion of points of theological-doctrinal speculation should be strictly excluded.' And so they were. We were once told in the city of Chicago, before it was burned, that it possessed several so-called churches in which the subject of religion was never mentioned. They had cheerful music, and effective singing, after which the minister entertained them, something in the fashion of Mr. Moncure Conway, with a brilliant discourse on the latest railway accident or the newest thing in sensational novels. As they had nothing to do with 'theological-doctrinal' matters they never quarrelled, and

returned home in good humour with themselves and all the world. The same happy result seems to have attended the proceedings in Edinburgh. If our Anglican and Episcopalian friends would imitate the Chicago Christians, and drop religion altogether as a dangerous provocative of 'irritating controversy,' they would perhaps agree, for the first time in their lives, in being of one mind.

The Scottish Congress, though eminently peaceful, was perhaps a little tame, and did not furnish materials for the historian. We cannot say much about it, because it requires more genius than we possess to write about nothing. The President alluded, however, to 'different schools of thought,' a trifling inconvenience which generally accompanies human religions, and gives them their peculiar charm; but as he begged his friends to keep their thoughts to themselves, and they did so, we are not able to give any account of them. Another speaker, Dr. George Grub, soared higher, and informed his hearers, perhaps a little to their astonishment, that the Scottish Episcopal Church was 'the representative of the Mediæval Church and the Church of St. Columba.' It was about as true as if a Papuan Negro should say that he was a lineal descendant of William the Conqueror and Joan of Arc; but as it is reported to require three men to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman, we can easily believe that the audience did not laugh. It seems to us, however, very creditable to Dr. Grub that he should even wish to claim any connection with the Mediæval Church. His Anglican co-religionists hardly venture so far as that. They talk, indeed, of the 'Primitive Church'—with which they have about as much connection as Dr. Grub has with St. Columba—because it does not exist to claim their obedience. They talk, also, sometimes of the 'Church of St. Augustine;' but as he derived all his authority from a Pope, and was quite sure—like St. Cyprian, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine of Hippo—that communion with him was a condition of salvation,

we may easily imagine what the Apostle of England would have said of *them*. But they never talk of the Mediæval Church, probably because in that institution 'Papal corruptions' were full blown. They do not know, any more than Dr. Grub knows, that the Primitive Church, the Mediæval Church, and the Church of the Nineteenth Century are all one, and would not be a Church at all if they were not; that neither of them ever erred, or could err, in matters of Faith; and that the notion that the Church of God ever was or ever will be 'divided' is simply a revolting heresy, suggested by Satan for the comfort of those whom he has persuaded to desert her communion.

A little fun seems to have been infused into the Scottish Congress by a gentleman poetically styled Archdeacon of Lindisfarne; but he was obliged to quit Scotland to find the subject of his joke. He naturally found it in Ireland. 'He was glad to say that there were some signs of repentance for the grievous sacrilege which Britain had committed in despoiling the Church of Ireland.' The 'Temporality Commissioners,' he cheerfully explained, had got 'five millions of money,' which, being divided among a disinterested clergy who have plenty of churches but not many flocks, would be 'a small recognition'—his idea of minuteness is evidently peculiar—'of the grievous wrong done to a faithful branch of the Christian Church.' For the first time the audience here indulged in 'laughter,' as well they might. Further hilarity was provoked by the Dean of Kilmore, who convulsed the sober Scotchmen by observing that 'some ardent spirits and some ignorant spirits were demanding revision of the Prayer Book,' and that 'between their ardour and ignorance they might imagine what a hard fight the Irish clergy had.' The clamour of this fight has suggested to Dr. Pusey the severe remark that the Anglo-Irish sect 'is now effacing her own doctrines, so that one wonders she does not unite with some Presbyterian body, and abolish the Episcopate, the import

of whose office the Irish are fast abolishing.' If Dr. Pusey thinks they are abolishing it faster than his High Church friends in England, we can only suppose that he does not allow himself the recreation of reading Anglican newspapers. 'Hard fight' is the normal condition of all Episcopalian sects. The President of the Scottish Congress showed his knowledge of this fact when he deprecated any mention of 'theological-doctrinal' matters. The only way to keep Episcopalians, in Scotland or elsewhere, from fighting about religion, is to forbid them to allude to it.

There is a good deal of truth, though not so much as there might have been, in the remarks of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on 'Romanism and Sham-Romanism.' When it says of the latter that it is only 'a bad copy,' and 'an unmeaning fragment of a great and carefully rounded system;' and that the Ritualist minister bears about the same resemblance to a true Catholic priest which 'the African negro in cocked-hat and spurs but leaving out the breeches' bears to a British general, we smile and pass on; but when the same journal confesses that 'the Roman Catholic system has for centuries occupied the thought and energy of some of the ablest men who ever lived,' it unconsciously suggests to the self-complacent critics of that system at least a human motive for caution and modesty in judging it. The suggestion will probably be made in vain. It gives a lesson also to certain impure spouters when it observes, with respect to theological treatises on the subject of confession, that, granting the necessity of confession, 'the more technical and precise the code is the better;' and that 'decency, sensitiveness, and time are all saved by making the practice of confession quasi-scientific.' When it adds that among Anglicans 'it is being introduced without any shadow of security,'—often by men of doubtful antecedents, who have no power to give the absolution which they sorely need themselves, and who are as ignorant of theology as they are incapable of obedience,—and

that 'confession in the hands of a married or marrying clergy is an absolute monstrosity,' it has some reason for saying, though it hardly affects to do so in the interests of religion, that 'the sane part of the nation is bound to put down its foot on a mischievous novelty.' People who really want absolution will learn by degrees to go to those who have authority to impart it, and who are themselves subject in doing so to the salutary curb of a 'precise code.'

The two English journals which most cordially approve the Bismarckian legislation against Christianity, on the ground that the State is above the Church and can brook no rival, are the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is only a fresh proof that godless oppression finds its readiest advocates in Liberalism and unbelief. The Berlin correspondent of the former frankly admits that 'no specific crime,' on the part of Catholics, 'can be named, because there is none;' and that 'the movement against the Church,' in a country where Protestantism has ended in total apostasy, 'was governed by considerations with which the conduct of the Church herself *had nothing whatever to do*.' The admission deserves to be noted. The sole motive, he confesses, is 'to reduce the Church into proper subjection to the civil power.' It is, says the *Pall Mall*, with the same cynical candour, 'to separate the Catholic Church in the German Empire from the Vatican,' that is, to make it cease to be Catholic; and whereas the amiable Frederick William IV. was so weak as to desire only 'good and pious Bishops,' his more robust successor is resolved to have only those who are 'obedient to the State.' It is impossible to describe the real character and objects of the German persecution with more frankness.

Catholics have two things to say in reply to such apologists of one of the most shameless persecutions which has ever raged since pagan times. They observe, in the first place, that if the Apostles had consented to do what is now required of the

German Bishops, Christianity would not have lasted three weeks. It would, in fact, never have existed at all. Jesus Christ and His Apostles took no more account of the decrees of the civil power in spiritual things than of the cries in the streets. They died rather than obey them, and they conquered by dying. It was thus that Peter vanquished Cæsar. Opposition to the State, the only sin recognised in the ethics of Liberalism, was not only a virtue in the first Christians, but was at once the cause and the condition of the triumph of Christianity.

Catholics observe, in the second place, that to forbid obedience to the Pope, is to forbid the Catholic religion. He is, by God's appointment, the 'Rock' on which the Church is built, the supreme pastor of sheep and lambs, the centre of unity, the only unfailing witness of truth, and the source of all spiritual jurisdiction. Take away the Pope and there is an end of Christianity. Therefore, the gates of hell rage against him. But unless the end of the world is at hand, they will fail now, as they have always failed before. The persecutor may seem to triumph for a moment, but we know what his end will be. And meanwhile, like our martyred forefathers, we bid him do his worst. Christians we are, and, in spite of all that men or demons can do, Christians we shall remain.

Would to God that in this which is perhaps the final conflict between good and evil, some who call themselves Christians were not children of revolt and enemies of the Church of God. There are many such in England, and they never display their real character so openly as when they affect to witness to long forgotten truths. Most people will admit that a 'Mass for the Dead' is not quite in harmony with Anglican precedent, nor much encouraged by Anglican formularies. The Anglican Prayer-book has only curses for such a ceremony, and for all who take part in it. If the Mass is true, as some Anglicans now contend it is, the Church of England, which encouraged her Bishops and clergy to blaspheme that sacred mystery for

three centuries, and cast down Catholic altars that it might be more effectually rooted out, has always been the ally of the Evil One. To pretend to restore such a doctrine in the Church of England is to confess her guilt without doing anything to repair it. Yet such a simulated Mass was lately performed, as far as words and gestures could do it, over a deceased Anglican minister. Considering that the celebrants of the pretended Mass were unordained laymen, profane usurpers of an office to which God has never called them, and therefore liable to the fearful sentence, *Non novi vos;* considering further that their chief message to the world is the impious announcement that the spotless Bride of Christ is 'divided and corrupt,' and that in this very act they displayed as much contempt for the doctrine and practice of their own sect as for the admonitions and censures of the Universal Church; the whole proceeding was hardly less offensive than that witnessed the other day in Paris, when the reprobate Gambetta reviled the Christian faith over the open grave of a dead infidel.

No. LVIII.

THE CHAOS OF ANGLICANISM.

We have often been asked by Catholics in other lands, but always in a tone which implied that there could be only one answer to the question, whether Anglicans are ever really 'in good faith'? It seemed to them impossible. Yet they were certainly mistaken. They did not consider that men who are able to believe what Anglicans publicly profess about the Church of God may easily believe that even the English Establishment is a part of it. The one, according to their view, is not more vile than the other. For if she who was fashioned by the Most High to be through all time 'the pillar and ground of the truth' erred from the very beginning, as the Church of England

impiously asserts, 'in matters of faith;' if she whose supernatural unity was designed to reflect the unity of God became 'divided,' and has for many ages lost her likeness to her Founder; if all her saints and martyrs conspired together to approve the usurpation of a pretended Vicar of Christ, and even affected to find in Holy Writ the sanction of his supreme authority; if the Teacher of the nations, as Anglicans tell us every day, has 'lost the power to teach,' and nobody is bound to obey her; if, in other words, she is simply a human institution, with a history of shame and dishonour, so that it is at this hour a Christian duty to deny her claims and defy her authority, and men who believe in Christ do well to abide in division rather than consent to her terms of communion: why should Anglicans, with whom these horrible impieties are elementary truths, feel any uneasiness in being separated from her, or doubt that even their own chaotic sect is neither better nor worse than such an institution?

We have often offered this explanation to our foreign brothers, who did not seem to think it satisfactory. 'It appears, then,' they would reply, 'that your countrymen are only in good faith because they are insane. Even Jews, Mahometans, and Pagans have a more rational view of God and His Providence than they. They pretend to believe in a Church of which their own revolt denies the existence. If she still exists, why do they not obey her? If she has ceased to exist, why do they talk about her? Have not Englishmen lost their reason when they gravely tell us that God made promises, but forgot to keep them; that He intended His Church to be pure, but allowed her to become corrupt; designed her to abide for ever in unity, but abandoned her in a few years to division; commanded her to teach, but deprived her of the power of doing so; endowed her with incomparable gifts, but only to take them away again; gave to her enemies an infallible skill in detecting errors which He did not give *her* wisdom enough to avoid; and while He charged all

men on pain of eternal reprobation to show her love and obedience, made it a still higher duty to refuse both? It would be more rational to believe with the infidel that He never made a Church at all than that He made such a thing as this. Your countrymen may be sincere in their errors, as you allege, but in that case we must conclude that they have lost both reason and faith, and are neither rational beings nor disciples of Christ.'

Every fresh incident in the history of Anglicanism only tends to confirm and justify this judgment. Men who can continue to believe, in the face of all which is taking place around us, that the English Establishment is a part of Christ's Church, have evidently no higher idea of that wonderful creation of God than the jester or the libertine. It is not, therefore, incredible that they should remain contentedly even in such a sect as their own. They have tried indeed for thirty years to heal its shameful disorders, and to persuade it to accept truths which hitherto it had only reviled; but we need not go beyond their own confessions to prove that they have failed. Not a single object at which they have aimed has been accomplished. It is their own avowal. They began by asserting the dignity of the Episcopal office, and have ended by surpassing all their fellows in their contempt for those who hold it. 'A great gulf,' says the *Church Review*, 'seems to be fixed between the Ritualists and the Bishops.' If the latter appeal to Parliament for new powers, with the avowed object of bringing their clergy under control, only twenty-nine members of the most Conservative branch of the Legislature decline to entertain the appeal. If the new school insists that spiritual reforms are the business of Convocation and not of Parliament, the Bishops repudiate the pretence so emphatically that, as Archdeacon Denison asks in a letter to the *John Bull*—'What answer is left to the allegation that we are an Act of Parliament Church only?' 'If the Church of England,' as the *Church Herald* puts it, 'with the active support and open connivance of our Fathers in God, is to be exclu-

sively legislated for by a State which may not be Christian, what possible defence can be made against the forcible arguments of the Church of Rome, that the English Communion is a State-made and State-bound establishment, and has no single mark of a true part of the Family of God?' On the other hand, the proposal that Convocation should legislate is ridiculed even by the advocates of the Establishment; who know, as the *Times* says, that it is childish 'to ask the advice of so perplexed a body,' and that 'the Church is in no position for remodelling its constitution,' because 'confusion confronts us on all sides.'

And this confusion, the curse and the chastisement of all human sects, is still more frightful in questions of doctrine than of discipline. The master-crime of the Church of England was that it cast down Catholic altars, in order to root out from the English mind the very notion of the Real Presence, and abolished 'the Daily Sacrifice.' From that guilt it can never be purified to the end of time. Yet some of its members, having learned of late years that this Adorable Sacrifice is the essence of the Christian religion, have endeavoured to restore it. How completely they have failed even to revive the *form*—being laymen they could not revive the reality—is proved by this fact, that at the present hour, out of 20,000 Anglican churches, there are only about 1,700 in which there is even a *weekly* communion! And this is not all. The doctrine itself is still as vehemently rejected by a great majority of Anglicans as it was by the apostates Ridley and Latimer. It is, says Canon Selwyn, 'subversive of real unity, and contrary to Anglican principles;' and he adds, just as the Bishop of London triumphantly argued from the successive changes made in the Anglican Prayer Book, that 'the words of the office, and the position of the minister, declare the mind of the Church of England, that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper *is not a Sacrifice*.' 'The Real Presence,' says an Anglican Bishop, Dr. Alford, in a recent letter on the Archbishop of Canterbury, 'is *the very heresy* in faithful protest

against which Archbishop Cranmer and other Bishops died at the stake ;' and which, he adds, he would rather quit the Church of England than tolerate. Yet men who profess to discern in this Holy Presence one of the chief truths of the Gospel, the very life of the soul, and the central object of Christian devotion, are equally indifferent to the fact that it was abolished out of England by the deliberate action of their own sect, and that every attempt to make reparation for the sacrilege, and to restore the proscribed and dishonoured Rite, is only received by Anglican Bishops and dignitaries with a fresh outburst of malediction, or a still more criminal proposal of profane and heartless compromise. 'At present,' says the Bishop of Lichfield, as reported in the *Staffordshire Advertiser*, 'I am at liberty to respect the conscientious feelings of those who omit the Athanasian Creed,' though they reject the Catholic Faith, 'and of those who celebrate the Holy Communion in the eastward position,' though they deny the Real Presence. If they professed to accept both, it would be all the same to him; for there is no truth so sacred but that it may be either exalted or blasphemed in the English Establishment, according to the private tastes of each individual. The policy of that institution, as even the *Daily Telegraph* observes, 'is to proclaim that the most distinctive doctrines of Protestantism on the one hand, and the most distinctive doctrines of Catholicism on the other, are non-essentials of English Christianity as established by law;' and if the proposal of Dr. Magee to legislate on that basis has been withdrawn, this is only, as the *Standard* regretfully avows, because no truce can be made between 'mutually exasperated factions,' who profess totally opposite religions within the bosom of the same Church. The only remedy, it adds, is 'to wait till the calmer temper of parties allows, or their fury forces on, that revision of the rubrics which seems by general consent to be the only complete solution of our difficulties.' Yet there are men who are able to persuade themselves that such a sect as this, which re-

flects, not the unity of heaven, but the discord of hell, and exists only to 'neutralise' the revelation of the Most High and deliver His sacred word to derision, is an integral part of that majestic and inflexible 'Church of the living God,' upon which He has lavished all the highest gifts which even Divine munificence could bestow. If it were so, who could justly reproach the world for despising both the truths of Christianity and their vile and impotent witness?

That the Church of England, in spite of the good intentions of some of its members, exists only to dishonour Christianity, and betray it to the scorn of unbelievers, is proved more clearly every day. Even the fruitless attempt to force it to tolerate truths which it had impiously cast out, though they were the heritage of the children of God, only serves to display its apostasy in a stronger light. Ritualists succeed in revealing the infamy of their sect, but only to show that it is incurable. It may even be said that they add to it, both by what they do, and by what they leave undone. One of their representative men, the Rev. T. Carter, we read in the *Daily News*, preached the other day on 'the festival of Corpus Christi.' He might as well have preached on the festival of Jupiter Tonans as far as any sanction or approval of the Church of England was concerned. And what did he say? The 'doctrine of the Sacrifice,' he observed, 'needed quickening.' And why? Not for the sake of truth, not for the glory of God, nor for the healing of souls, but 'if we would restore the just influence of the English Church!' Such language seems to us hardly less revolting than the candid blasphemy of Dr. Alford. 'The Atonement,' he continued, 'was not, as was sometimes thought, finished on Calvary.' Jesus Christ said, 'It is finished!' Mr. Carter says it is not. There is more of the same kind, but we spare our readers. The *Church Herald*, pondering, it may be, such facts, and speaking of some recent conversions to the Catholic Church, says: 'From what we hear from quarters which are well informed, there can be

little doubt that another large and influential exodus in the same direction is imminent.' If Anglicans are not converted now, the case is indeed hopeless. But they need more than ever at this moment a solemn warning. They may begin to desire reconciliation, and to flee from the house of bondage; but if they think they can criticise the Church as they have been in the habit of criticising their own sect; if they propose to teach instead of to learn, to command instead of to obey; if they do not seek her pardon and blessing in the loving spirit of penance, humility, and submission; they would perhaps incur less guilt by staying where they are. The Church of God is no home for the lawless and self-sufficient.

The new school began by professing to desire the 'restoration of unity,' though only on conditions imposed by themselves. They were to attain unity, not by obeying, but by dispensing with obedience. Having found this to be a vain chimera, and that the sole fruit of their sterile agitation and unblessed labour has been an enormous increase of strife and division in their own sect, they now announce that this very desire of an impossible unity is a morbid feeling against which Anglicans should be on their guard. It is thus that they advance from bad to worse. One of the most awful penalties of their impenitent self-will is this, that even the gracious pleadings of the Holy Spirit have become to them suggestions of the Evil One. The very inspirations of grace they reject as temptations. No darker cloud ever rested on the human soul. But if they despair of reunion with the Catholic Church, and boast that they can do without it, they humbly solicit recognition from the enslaved State Church of Russia. That is the end of all their aspirations: as if a treaty between two purely national sects, supposing it were possible to make one, would advance them one step towards true Christian unity.

They have failed, then, in every point of their programme; and we have only to add in conclusion that even such local suc-

cesses as they seem to have gained are purely ephemeral. This also is their own confession. They establish in certain places the system which they prefer, but it expires with the individual who introduced it. 'There is Mr. Kennion,' says the *Church Times*, 'who destroyed Mr. Adams' work at St. Mary's, Kilburn; Mr. Fox, who has brought the abomination of desolation into Christ Church, Westminster; Mr. Cumberlege, who has deprived Mr. Berdmore Compton's congregation at St. Paul's, Covent-garden, of the very modest privileges they once enjoyed; Mr. Rogers, who abolished the almost immemorial weekly Communion at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate; Mr. Walrond, who scattered Dean Cowie's flock, in St. Lawrence, to the winds; . . . to say nothing of Islington, Bethnal Green, and other waste places.' When will Anglicans understand that they are only beating the air, as long as they fight against the Church, and that it is to them before all men that the prophet says: 'Your strength shall be as the ashes of tow, and your work as a spark; and both shall burn together, and there shall be none to quench it'?

No. LIX.

AMERICAN PILGRIMS—DR. FRASER AND LORD SELBORNE—JOHN BUNYAN.

A PROTESTANT lady, dwelling in the area of 'neutralised Christianity,' observed the other day to one of our clerical friends, that if she had lived in the time of the Pharisees it was probable that she would have shared their sentiments. 'Not merely probable,' replied the priest, 'but absolutely certain. You would have done exactly what they did.' He knew what he was saying. Many of the various sections into which English society is now divided have no more doubt about it than he had. Each religionist makes, indeed, an exception in his own favour, and hesitates to believe that he has anything in

common with the reprobate rabble on Mount Calvary; but each admits without difficulty that the rest would probably have joined the Pharisees in denying Christ. Nothing is more certain. All who now fail, through their own fault, to distinguish between the true Church and the sects, would have failed to recognise the Creator in the midst of His creatures. All who now say, 'Down with *her*,' would then have said, 'Crucify *Him*.'

The revolt of humanity against its Creator has the same character in every age. Whether it is content with the dismal farce of the heathen Olympus, or rises to the awful height of the Crucifixion, or sinks into that abyss which St. Augustine calls 'the sacrilege of schism;' whether it takes the form of Pantheism, Lutheranism, Calvinism, or Anglicanism; it is always identical in its motive and principle. It is in every case and under all disguises the substitution of lawless self-will for submission to authority. In all the children of revolt its motto is, *Non serviam*. And whether it issues in the Atheism of the Epicureans, the apostasy of the Jews, or the private judgment of the Anglicans, it is equally the transfer of the creature's allegiance from the law of God to the law of Satan, and is equally without the possibility of excuse or palliation. It was no doubt for this reason that St. Paul, who told the heathen that they might have known God if they wished, considered Christian 'sects,' no matter who introduced them, as abominable 'works of the flesh' as 'idolatry, witchcraft, and murder' (Galat. i. 7).

If any men are more without excuse than others in failing to discern at this hour the true Church amid its motley human rivals, they are the members of the Anglican sect. All who fail to perceive that she alone is Divine would certainly, though they know it not, have rejected Christ as human. No man will seriously contend that it was easier to recognise Him in the form of a creature than it is now to recognise her in the splendour of her unity and the majesty of her dominion. What is

there on earth which can be compared with her? Even the flippant Gallios of the press marvel at her, and note the contrast between her and the sects. Why cannot Anglicans see what is plain even to infidels and men of the world? If there ever was a Church of Divine origin, such men say, at all events it cannot be the Anglican Establishment. It is too visibly and ludicrously human. Only 'the strong hands of the law,' as the *Telegraph* lately observed, keep that impotent structure from falling to pieces. On the other hand, though 'the temporal power of the Papacy has been utterly destroyed,' says the *Standard*, a little prematurely, 'its spiritual supremacy has been made genuinely cosmopolitan.' Even the brutal violence of German and other persecutors has no other effect than to multiply her apostolic confessors, and thus to prove once more that she is now exactly what she was in the days of Gregory, Leo, and Peter. And, therefore, we justly say that Anglicans who continue in their revolt against her are without excuse. They may plead invincible ignorance, but all ignorance, as St. Augustine teaches, 'is either sin or the penalty of sin.' And though no man will be condemned precisely for inculpable ignorance, his ignorance, the Saint adds, will not suffice to save him. 'Since God commands them to seek,' observes an illustrious American writer, 'they can find;' for He did not invite all men to enter the Church without giving them the power to do so. And for this reason we may say of Anglicans what Dr. Brownson says of his own countrymen: 'Why do they not come and ask to be received as children and heirs? Is it lack of opportunity? It is false. There is no lack of opportunity. God does not deny them, not one of them, the needed grace. The Church is here; through her noble and faithful pastors, her voice sounds from Maine to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. . . . The word is nigh them. It sounds in every ear; it speaks in every heart. We all know they might come if they would. From all sections, and from all ranks and con-

ditions, some have come, and by coming proved that it is possible for all to come; and in so proving rendered invalid the plea of ignorance or inability.' (*Brownson's Review*, April 1874, p. 244.)

The United States offer at this moment new and independent evidence of the inexhaustible vitality of the Catholic Church, and her power to endow the human soul with the same faculties, and impress on it the same character, in all races and generations of men. She is as mighty to heal and to save in a republic born yesterday as in the monarchies of the old world. Macaulay confessed her immortality, and predicted that she would survive all her enemies, and then died out of her communion. It is not wonderful if the foolish herd of journalists imitate his suicide. Alluding to the American pilgrimage to Rome, the *Times* says: 'Here, indeed, we have the Church recovering in the New World what she has lost in the Old in a sense Macaulay never dreamt of.' Yet her American children, the *Times* adds, belong to a 'race which prides itself above everything on shrewdness and precision of thought, and on its contempt for antiquated prejudices and superstitions.' But every class of American society yields converts to the Catholic Church, and they are all what the chattering world calls Ultramontanes. One of their noblest representatives, Dr. Brownson, once a Unitarian preacher, tells us, moreover, that they are not half-converts. They comprehend, he says, from whatever sect they have been gathered, 'that the Catholic and Protestant differ not in detail only, but radically, fundamentally. They have not the same foundation, and Christianity as held by a Protestant has hardly a point of resemblance to Christianity as held by the Church.' And though American Catholics live in courteous and friendly intercourse with their Protestant countrymen, who despise the mean and fretful bigotry of the English, they do not disguise their faith. 'Did we reflect on what the Church is,' says the venerable Dr. Brownson in their name, 'did we

consider her rank in the universe, her relation to God, the place she holds, so to speak, in His affections, the bare thought of the salvation of a single soul not spiritually begotten of her would make us thrill with horror.' Such are the American pilgrims; and even the *Standard*, for whom the faith which vanquished pagan Rome and made England great and free is only the subject of sorry jests, thinks their devotion proves that 'the Pope and his friends have nothing particularly to fear from the march of events and the drift of opinion of the times in which we live.' We entirely agree with the *Standard*. 'In what countries,' continues the sham-Conservative print, 'is the Papacy making the greatest advance? It is melancholy to have to answer that it is doing so in precisely those countries where civil and religious liberty are most deeply cherished and most consistently practised—in England, in the United States, in Belgium.' It is, perhaps, almost as melancholy, as indeed the *Standard* partly admits, that what it calls 'liberty' has 'produced nothing but a Babel of tongues and a confusion of doctrines and beliefs,' especially in our united Establishment; and as some people are wise enough to understand the Apostolic precept that 'God is not the author of confusion but of peace,' they conclude, in America as elsewhere, that He must be the author of the Church and not of the sects. We recommend this eminently logical inference, which seems to us to have the force of a mathematical demonstration, to the serious attention of the *Standard*, and all other advocates of the chaotic Anglican Church. They may imprudently turn away their thoughts from it, but they will never get out of Babel if they do; a calamity which our good-will towards them would make us sincerely regret.

The *Times* derives even less profit from the example of the Americans than the *Standard*, and 'improves' the occasion after this manner. Whatever zeal and devotion to the Holy See, it says, they may have carried to Rome, the spectacle of its

'filthy streets,' 'crumbling buildings,' and 'able-bodied beggars,' will certainly reconvert them to Protestantism. Their 'shrewdness and precision of thought' encourage that cheerful expectation. The *Times* has no doubt about it. Unfortunately for this theory Americans happen to know something about England. They know that in London alone there are 80,000 paupers, besides a whole army of thieves. They know that it would be impossible to describe truly the state of our agricultural population, as the *Pall Mall* lately observed, 'without exciting a feeling of painful disgust.' They may even have read what Mr. Matthew Arnold says about 'the condition of the Roman poor upon the Aventine,' even in pagan times, 'compared with that of *our* poor in Spitalfields and Bethnal Green;' or the statement of Mr. Macgregor, of the London School Board, that *we* have 'a great human sink in every great town reeking out crime, disease, and disloyalty on the whole nation,' and that 'there are thousands of people in England in a far worse plight than the serfs in Russia, the slaves in Africa, and the negroes in America.' Considering what Rome is, and what England is, the suggestion of the *Times* that Americans will be shocked by what they see on the banks of the Tiber is probably as pleasant a specimen of serene impudence and cheerful hypocrisy as even the ample stores of English journalism could supply.

Dr. Fraser, of Manchester, has been, as our *resinata juventus* would say, 'pitching into' Popery and Ritualism. We have no objection, but why does he couple together two things which have so little in common? Perhaps, however, he is fond of contrasts. It is true that the *Church Review* accused us lately of calling its friends 'sham-Romanists;' but this was a calumny, and we fear a wilful one. We have never once, even by accident, made such a mistake. They are not sham-Romanists, but the most real and genuine of all Protestants. It is probable, however, that Dr. Fraser's audience does not make

such nice distinctions. Anybody who talks about 'the Church,' whether he means the Church of Peter or the Church of Barlow, is equally distasteful to them. They are more familiar with cotton than with theology, and there is, if possible, more shoddy in their creeds than in their yarns. We suspect that Dr. Fraser, with the best intentions, is as little able to prevent their adulterating the one as the other.

His own teaching seems to us a little confused. After a compliment to the piety of 'the persecuted Cameronians,' who would certainly have been more surprised by it than we are, he observed, in a sort of commercial language adapted to a Manchester audience, that 'to any honest-minded man, who could understand that two and two made four,' he would say, 'Look to your Bible!' They have probably looked at it very often, and they have discovered that an acquaintance with the elementary rules of arithmetic, even when supplemented by such honesty as prevails in Manchester, hardly suffices to interpret its mysteries. They, no doubt, agree with Dr. Fraser, who is evidently better able to understand the Bible than all Churches and all Saints, and enjoys a complete immunity from their unfortunate liability to error, that nobody 'could find in Scripture any authority for the Sacrifice of the Mass, or for the demoralising and corrupt practice of Confession.' He added that nobody could find there a good many other things which millions now in heaven *did* find, but which, as Dr. Fraser told his hearers, are repugnant to 'that branch of the Catholic Church of Christ to which they belonged,' and of which he is himself, unlike 'the persecuted Cameronians,' such a distinguished ornament. When, however, he advised them not to 'read bitter controversial papers, whether *Rocks*, *Records*, or *Church Times*,' he said the only profitable word which we can discover in his discourse.

People discovered long ago that Jeremy Taylor borrowed his best sayings from Catholic sources, and Anglicans under-

stand so well that sanctity does not exist out of the Roman Church that they are humbly content to reproduce, with or without heretical 'adaptations,' what her saints have written. It will, however, surprise many to hear that a book supposed to be so purely English and Protestant as the *Pilgrim's Progress* is simply a translation from a Catholic work of the fifteenth century, of which the real author was 'Guillamme de Guileville.' It appears that, beyond his own ignorant interpolations, John Bunyan, whose genius was so eloquently applauded the other day by the Dean of Westminster, had nothing to do with it! This curious fact is revealed by Mr. W. I. Stracey, in a letter to the *John Bull* of the 20th instant.

No. LX.

MANCHESTER THEOLOGIANS.

We must ask our readers to accompany us once more to Manchester. It is not generally considered an attractive place, and a tourist in search of the picturesque would probably avoid it; but it has a huge population, hurrying, like the rest of the world, to their final destiny, or waiting to be overtaken by it, and to thoughtful observers will just now repay a visit. It seems to be chiefly occupied at this moment, if we may judge by the space allotted to the subject by the local newspapers, with a more or less intelligent comparison of the merits of its two Bishops: the Catholic Bishop of Salford, and the Protestant Bishop of Manchester. The questions debated between them are of exceeding gravity, and deserve the attention of a larger audience than even the united boroughs of Manchester and Salford can supply.

We begin with an advertisement. It announces a lecture by the Rev. Brooke Herford, a Unitarian minister, with this seductive title: 'Bishop *v.* Bishop; the Rival Orthodoxies compared by a Heretic.' The lecture is before us. 'It is rather refreshing,' Mr. Herford observes, after being so long snubbed by a too prosperous Establishment, 'and called schismatics by the Church of England,' 'to find a third party stepping in—a party of unimpeachable venerableness and respectability—and quietly setting down the Church of England as that Church had set down the Dissenters, treating it as merely a form of dissent, not a real clergy at all, and its Bishops not only not Bishops, but not even priests.' Much exhilarated by this agreeable illustration of the *lex talionis*, Mr. Herford avows his opinion, which is also ours, that 'Dr. Vaughan is the more logical ecclesiastic.' He comprehends, like the *Westminster Review*, that Logic and Anglicanism dwell in separate spheres, and never move in the same orbit, even by accident. No Angli-

can can open his mouth without contradicting some other Anglican, even when he does not contradict himself. But Mr. Herford adds that his 'feeling,' as far as he has any, is rather with Dr. Fraser, because *he* has affinities with all sorts of Christians, including even 'the persecuted Cameronians,' and wishes 'to make his Church position broader,' though it would seem to be broad enough already; while Dr. Vaughan 'has made himself felt in exactly the opposite way,' taking the same narrow view of 'sects' and those who belong to them as St. Peter and St. Paul, holding the exploded idea that there is only '*one* faith' and '*one* baptism,' and being incurably intolerant of those who corrupt the one and defile the other. In spite, however, of general sympathy with Dr. Fraser, apparently on the ground that he believes nothing in particular, except that the Church of England is rather a credit to its founders, Mr. Herford is a little disturbed by his total indifference to logic. 'Dr. Fraser said,' he remarks, 'that at the Reformation his Church cast off the errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome. But how did it know what were "errors and corruptions"?' It must have had some means of knowing, he supposes, but what were they? How came it that the Church of Rome did not possess them too? Why was the Church of Rome, which was founded by Apostles, produced a legion of saints and martyrs, and converted all Europe, less qualified to judge what was truth than a Church founded fifteen centuries later by a few sensual apostates, which 'owed its origin,' as Mr. Lecky says, 'to the intrigues of a corrupt court,' never produced either a saint or a martyr, and never converted anybody whatever? Mr. Herford would like to have an answer to this question, and so should we. If the oldest and largest Church in the world, by whose ministry alone God has evangelised the nations, fell into 'error and corruptions,' what is the value of Christianity? And why should modern sects, to whom God promised nothing but judgment, be able to detect the errors which she, to whom He pro-

mised everything, was not able to avoid? All that Dr. Fraser can say in reply, Mr. Herford continues, is this, that his Church 'found out what was contrary to the Bible, and cast that off. But how were those corruptions discovered to be contrary to the Bible?' Evidently, he concludes, 'by the private judgment of Christian people,' whether Anglicans or Unitarians, 'reading the Bible and judging what was there taught.' It follows that Dr. Fraser and his co-religionists, in spite of all their fine phrases about the 'Primitive Church,' are absolutely of one mind with Mr. Herford, and that for both alike the command of our Lord to 'Hear the Church' means, when judiciously interpreted, 'Let the Church hear you, for I have given *you* the power to find out what is contrary to the Bible, though I have not given it to *her*.' If any man in his senses can believe this, we should like to ask him how he can possibly believe in God?

It is due to Mr. Herford to add that he seems to suspect, in a confused sort of way, that such a Church and such a founder as the Anglican theory supposes would be worthy of each other. For our part we are of opinion that the world would be well rid of them both. 'But still,' he adds, and here we must take leave of him, 'Dr. Fraser claims that, whatever other Churches may be, his is a Church on whose teachings the soul may rest. Well, I ask for the teachings on which we may rest. But here I find the best and most genuine men in this very Church all differing among themselves'—in spite of their remarkable gift in detecting the 'errors and corruptions' of the rest of the world—'far more than Catholics do. Dr. Pusey, Dean Stanley, Bishop Fraser—whom must we believe?' As this question is too difficult for us, we must leave the trio of genuine Anglicans to settle it between them.

We turn now to what the *Manchester Examiner* calls 'Bishop Fraser's rejoinder to Bishop Vaughan.' The very building in which it was delivered happily symbolised the peace-

ful serenity and proverbial concord of the English Establishment. Two Bishops of Manchester in succession had refused to consecrate it, and it 'had been the subject of negotiation and controversy in the Diocese for several years.' It seems that the minister wanted to stand in one position at the communion table, while Dr. Lee and Dr. Fraser insisted that he should stand in another. The difficulty was finally overcome by getting rid of the minister, and apparently of half the congregation. To those who remained Dr. Fraser undertook to prove the immense superiority of the Anglican Establishment over all other Churches in general, and the Catholic Church in particular. The theatre, with its ejected manager and diminished audience, was evidently a suitable one for the drama, a one-act piece with a solitary performer, which Dr. Fraser proposed to represent.

The two principal topics of Dr. Fraser's 'Rejoinder' are the Priesthood and the Authority of the Church. He admits, either expressly or by implication, that the Bishop of Salford is quite right in affirming that the Church of England possesses neither. His text was, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church,' &c.; and he began by saying that 'he should not touch upon what many would consider the most difficult portion of the doctrine contained in it.' This was no doubt a prudent resolution. As he could not tear in pieces the charter of the Christian Church, nor cancel the Divine decree which made Peter her solid foundation, he preferred to say nothing about them. He did say indeed that 'the Church of England was not afraid of any legitimate consequences that could be fairly drawn from' such texts—provided always they were not such consequences as all the holiest servants of God had drawn for fifteen centuries. Excluding such inadmissible consequences, and, in fact, any consequences at all, the Church of England could accept these unwelcome texts, he thought, with cheerful resignation. 'The Bishop of Salford,' he continued,

'maintained that not merely a primacy, but a supremacy of jurisdiction, appertaining to the Bishop of Rome, was the only historical, primitive, and logical basis of Christianity;' and he added, with laudable candour, that 'he was told by outsiders, who commented upon these remarks in the daily newspapers, that this was the more logical and ecclesiastical view of the question.' These intelligent outsiders, of whom there are evidently not a few in Manchester, have perhaps observed that while the supremacy of the Pope exists as a *fact* in history, it exists quite as luminously as a *doctrine* in the New Testament. They may even think, being of a logical turn of mind, that the amazing words of our Blessed Lord in *conferring* the supremacy are best interpreted by the docile acquiescence of all Saints in *accepting* it. Such a coincidence between the command of God and the obedience of man could hardly be fortuitous. The one is the all-sufficient and only possible explanation of the other. That such majestic Pontiffs as St. Sylvester, St. Damasus, St. Innocent, and St. Leo the Great, who thought of nothing and aimed at nothing but the glory of their Master, should have impudently subverted the constitution of His Church by an unholy lust of ambition, and without any care for their own salvation, is a suggestion worthy of a demon; that such colossal saints as a Jerome, an Augustine, a Hilary, and an Ambrose, should have basely connived at the usurpation, without any conceivable motive, is an hypothesis worthy of a fool; but that both, the Pontiffs on one side and the Saints on the other, should conspire together, amid the acclamations of the whole Church of Christ, to found a spurious supremacy of the Holy See, which they who accepted exalted even more highly than they who claimed it, upon texts of Scripture which they all feebly misunderstood, and a supposed command of God which they all idly imagined, is an idea which only the heretic, who is a compound of both demon and fool, could ever have conceived.

Dr. Fraser, who knows what St. Jerome said of Pope Damasus, and St. Augustine of Pope Innocent, and an Œcumenical Council of Pope Leo, turns away in silence from them, but thinks he can make something out of St. Cyprian. Liable to the mistakes from which none but the successors of Peter, to whom alone Christ said, 'I have prayed for *thee* that thy faith fail not,' are ever exempt, he resented for a moment the correction which he received from the Vicar of Christ. St. Augustine, if our memory does not deceive us, charitably suggests that he could not have said what was imputed to him. But when Dr. Fraser told his audience that it was the doctrine of St. Cyprian that 'the Church is established upon Bishops, not upon one Bishop,' he deceived both them and himself. St. Cyprian taught exactly the contrary. Christ founded His Church, he says, *super unum;* and if Dr. Fraser will take the trouble to read again, with a little more attention, the Saint's treatise *De Unitate*, he will not only discover who that 'one man' was, but will probably come to the conclusion that the Anglican theory, which denies to the Christian Church both a centre of unity and a centre of authority, and makes it a limp and invertebrate thing, destined to creep on the earth like a worm, would have seemed to St. Cyprian equally senseless and subversive. Not even St. Ambrose taught more plainly the fundamental doctrine that 'where Peter is there is the Church;' nor held with a firmer grasp the imperishable truth, that 'a Bishop is not a Catholic who is not in communion with the Roman Church.'

Dr. Fraser is still less to be praised in what he says about the supposed autonomy of the Patriarchal Sees. It is quite true that a Council at Constantinople claimed for the Imperial See to rank with those of Apostolic origin, but when the Roman Pontiff, by his own authority, annulled the presumptuous canon, the Patriarch, though a personage of vast political power, humbly attributed it to the ambition of his clergy, and duti-

fully added, 'the whole matter is referred to the decision of your Blessedness.' Dr. Fraser may perhaps remember also that it was not Rome, but Constantinople, which said, 'Peter hath spoken by Leo.' For many ages the East, not yet abandoned to schism and its penalties, had as little doubt about that doctrine as the West.

'It was not as a priest,' Dr. Fraser is reported to have said, 'that one asked for authority, but as a teacher;' and only on the ground that 'everybody attached a certain amount of credibility to one who had studied a certain subject.' A sick man, he forcibly added, 'sent not to his baker but to his medical adviser,' and a gentleman wanting 'a draft or conveyance would go, not to his medical adviser, but to his solicitor.' Having thus given up all pretence of being a priest, and modestly confessed that anybody who had 'studied the subject' had as much authority as himself, which seems to us a safe proposition, Dr. Fraser proceeded to make short work of the authority of his Church. It was 'simply the credibility that was due to what he might call a faithful historical witness.' But as the Church of England witnesses to half a dozen different religions at once, and began its career by asserting that every other Church had witnessed falsely, its own credibility is terribly impaired. Perhaps, however, this is not of much importance, since Dr. Fraser added that the 'authority' which it claims in the 20th Article 'was not an authority which interfered with, or checked, or limited in the slightest degree individual responsibility.' It certainly does not seem to have ever done so in practice—and we may now, perhaps, conclude that the only difference between Dr. Fraser's authority and that of his Church is this—that the former is not above that of anybody else who has studied the subject, while the latter is immeasurably below it.

It may be said, indeed, and here we conclude, that Dr. Fraser has no right to speak in the name of his Church. But

who has? As all its representatives say different things, one seems to us to have as good a right to speak as another. Ought we to listen only to the Ritualists, who tell us that they are 'Catholics,' and that their 'one and unembarrassed' Church is as Catholic as themselves? So excellent an Anglican as Lord Hampton warns us not to do it. 'He respected the real Roman Catholic,' he was kind enough to say the other day, 'but he had little respect for the sham Roman Catholic. He did not like to see ministers of a Protestant Church walking about the streets wishing to be taken for Roman Catholics. They were like little children who went into a toy-shop and bought a sham helmet, in which they strutted about, thinking themselves real soldiers.' Lord Hampton evidently agrees with St. Ambrose, and we suspect that Dr. Fraser agrees with both, that no man can be a Catholic who is not in communion with the Holy See.

No. LXI.

UNIVERSAL NONCONFORMITY.

THE privilege of conferring titles is not confined to the Crown. Anybody can do it who has the wit to select the right one. Sir William Harcourt did it last week with complete success. Thanks to his fertile interposition, it is probable that Mr. Gladstone, in spite of his eminent gifts, will be known to posterity as 'the Universal Nonconformist.' There is a substantial agreement among our journalists, who do not often agree about anything else, that he has fairly earned the title. Even so friendly a critic as the *Times*,—which calls his speech 'about the most destructive ever made by a man' of his weight,—concurs with Sir William Harcourt that the argument of the ex-

Premier was in favour of 'universal nonconformity,' and a formal avowal of 'the principle of congregationalism.' 'If his advice be taken on the present Bill,' adds the leading journal, 'he will have set up a state of confusion and disorder in the Church of England, which can hardly fail to render its maintenance as a National Church impossible.' Yet the advice was ostensibly given to save it from ruin. It was, perhaps, imprudent to emerge from a voluntary retirement, and break a self-imposed silence, only to inform the world that the sole conceivable remedy for the chaos of Anglicanism is to acquiesce in it.

But there are causes in which even the most illustrious advocate cannot hold a brief without the imminent risk of discredit. When a great man stoops to a little topic he is apt to shrink to the dimensions of his subject. Even Mr. Gladstone is dwarfed when he wastes his rhetoric on the Church of England. If Plato could have discussed such a theme, he would either have turned it into a jest, or fallen to the level of an Anglican newspaper; while Cicero would have declined it altogether, on his own principle, which he seems to have adopted from Aristotle, that the world is justly sensitive and exacting about the character 'et eorum qui agent causas, *et eorum pro quibus*.' The debate on the Public Worship Bill, in which Mr. Gladstone played such an important part, may not have proved, as certain journals contend that it did, that the Establishment can exist no longer,—for it is precisely its prodigious confusion and disorder, and its acceptance of 'universal nonconformity,' which makes it tolerable to the English people,—but it seems to have convinced its most hopeful clients that it is in exceeding peril. Even the cheerful and buoyant *Standard*, accustomed to regard our peerless Establishment, with so much reason, as the one atoning success amid the general collapse and caducity of human institutions, ceases to be jubilant. We should say, if it were possible to apply such an inappropriate epithet to this smiling champion of our incomparable Establishment, that it

has become lugubrious. It shakes its head sadly, and finds relief in tears. What are they going to do, it asks, with its matchless Establishment, the particular glory of this lower world, in which everybody can believe just what he likes, provided he does not believe too much? Things must have come to a shocking pass when even the *Standard*, putting off its festive garments, and wringing its hands in unwonted distress, cries aloud for the physician who will not come, and would be too late to save the patient if he did. 'We greatly fear,' says our sorrowing contemporary, 'that no fate for the Bill now before the House of Commons is possible which will not leave the Church of England in a very unsatisfactory position.' That is also our own impression. Whether carried or rejected, adds the *Standard*, 'either way the prospect of the Church of England is so far overclouded that the most sagacious of her friends can hardly see the end of the present difficulty.' The air is certainly a little thick, and not favourable to a clear view of distant objects; but fog and mist are the normal condition of our English atmosphere, spiritual as well as material, and surely things can hardly be worse now than they were forty years ago, when, as Mr. Gladstone told the House of Commons, 'the Church of England was a scandal to Christendom.' We did not know that it had ever been anything else; and as it will certainly always maintain the honourable character which its most distinguished son attributed to it, the affliction of the *Standard* seems to us, if we may venture to say so, either too vehement in its intensity, or too tardy in its announcement.

What has happened to account for these sudden lamentations? Why do they weep now who never wept before? No doubt there are certain novel phenomena which may seem to justify new apprehensions, yet the Church of England seems to us to be to-day very much what it always was. Every putrid thing, until it is finally consumed, will continue to breed worms, and a few more or less will not sensibly accelerate decomposi-

tion. The naturalists of the *Standard* evidently think otherwise, and we do not pretend to impose our opinion upon them. We are even willing to adopt theirs if they prefer it, and to believe that in a little while the worms will have left nothing of the Church of England. It is evident, as the *Standard* laments, that 'clergymen claim a freedom of opinion unheard of till our own day,' and that some 'hold with impunity doctrines which strike at the very root of Christianity;' which does not prevent their sitting on chairs of state in at least one cathedral, and in the desecrated sanctuary of Westminster. Others, as the *Standard* continues, have 'very unwisely' claimed the same liberty in another direction, but without the same justification. 'The liberty which the Broad Churchman sought,' says the discriminating *Standard*, 'was purely negative. He did not force his unbelief on any one except himself'—which was very considerate; but 'the liberty which the High Churchman asked was something positive,' and his private opinions 'he *did* force on other people.' Moreover, the former only claimed 'to deny certain truths essential to Christianity,' which was not of much importance; while the latter presumed to introduce doctrines 'incompatible with the Protestantism of the Church of England,' which was a far more serious affair. 'Consequently,' as the *Standard* impressively argues, 'the High Churchman was mistaken in supposing that the impunity allowed to Rationalism would ever be extended to himself.' It was a supposition revealing a total misconception of the true nature of our venerable Establishment. From all which we conclude that it is a less pardonable error in Anglicans to deny Protestantism than to reject 'truths essential to Christianity;' and that Mr. Gladstone has at least as much reason to say now, as at any former period, that 'the Church of England is a scandal to Christendom.'

Every word which was uttered in the recent debate, whether by supporters or opponents of the Bill, confirms this view of its character. They all agreed that any attempt to make the re-

luctant Church of England teach a definite religion would inevitably destroy it. Where authority does not exist, and dogma is only opinion, 'universal nonconformity' affords the only possible chance of continued existence. For this reason, Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, like Mr. Gladstone, 'desired to avoid driving out of the Established Church either one set of persons or the other,' apparently because there was plenty of room for all. Having assigned this motive for his vote, he frankly described the incurable chaos which, as a friend of the Establishment, he wished to perpetuate. 'If we were to have a National Church,' he said, 'it must be a comprehensive Church;' a condition which, as his hearers knew, our Establishment admirably fulfils. 'The Church of England,' he continued, with a noble pride, 'could never be a narrow Church, for it equally respected the opinions of *all* parties.' Considering that these opinions range from one pole to another of religious thought, judicious persons must admire the impartial attitude of the Church of England towards them. An institution which can only maintain its existence by 'equally respecting' any number of conflicting religions at once, and thus emphatically denying that there is any positive truth, may well claim the support of all who think that this is the true function of the Christian Church, and that the Most High cares no more about His own revelation than the Anglican Establishment does.

Mr. Gladstone followed the gentleman whom we have just quoted, but only to develop the same thesis with a more exuberant volubility. You must not stamp out Ritualism, he said, because every opinion which can get a footing in the comprehensive Church of England has a right to keep it. Moreover, Ritualism, being in a perpetual flux, is really intangible; 'for what was Ritualism forty years ago was not Ritualism twenty years after, and what was Ritualism then is not Ritualism now.' Much less can any man guess what it will be twenty years hence. Besides, observed the member for Greenwich, this truculent

Bill proposes, in the 8th clause, 'to cut off, with perfect impartiality, the heads of High Churchmen, of Low Churchmen, and of Broad Churchmen;' and this general process of decapitation, if duly executed, would make the Church of England resemble a Turkish cemetery, in which there is nothing to be seen but turbans without heads. Having thus settled the question of heads, which is evidently capital, the great orator passed to minor matters. 'I will next take,' he continued, 'the case of the Athanasian Creed.' Did the House remember that George III., who was notoriously a good judge, could not endure it? 'He used to shut his book, in the Chapel Royal, Windsor, whenever it was read;' and if you are not so much impressed as you ought to be by the example of this royal theologian, you will perhaps respect the weightier fact, also attested by Mr. Gladstone, that 'there are many other good and pious Christians to whom it is painful,' and even 'a considerable number of churches in the country in which that creed is never read.' Ponder this seriously, and then listen to Mr. Gladstone again. 'Am I going to pass a law to put it into the power of an indiscreet Bishop and three parishioners to compel the reading of that creed in every parish church?' Evidently the thing is not to be thought of. 'I speak of it,' he added, 'because it does not admit of the smallest doubt.' Clearly not. What is the use of belonging to a comprehensive Church if anybody can force you to read the Athanasian Creed, a document which is 'painful to many good and pious Christians'? Some Anglicans think it true, and some think it false; but the sounder view is that it is both at once, and therefore that its use in the Establishment should be optional. The only thing which surprises us in this opinion is that Mr. Gladstone should ask the House of Commons to affirm it.

The next 'case' which this great ornament of the Anglican Church took was 'the consecrated elements in the Holy Communion,' which he handled after the same fashion. But we will

follow him no further. He has already convinced us that when the Bishop of Peterborough proposed, with more than Irish ingenuity, to establish for the convenience of his co-religionists a 'neutralised area' to which disputed dogmas should be legally relegated, the suggestion was wildly superfluous. What need is there for an enactment to neutralise truths of Christianity which every Anglican is perfectly able to neutralise for himself, without any assistance from Dr. Magee? Why attempt to secure by statute the right of universal nonconformity which he already possesses, and of which Mr. Gladstone thinks he ought not to be deprived? His 'Church'—if we may without profanation apply that sacred name to such an institution—was originally, as even its Bishops tell us, a 'compromise,' and that which it compromised was God's revelation to man. The only form of religion which it would never tolerate, and which its Erastian chiefs tell us it is less disposed than ever to tolerate now, is the Catholic Faith; and the sole result of an impotent attempt to restore certain fragments of that faith in the Protestant sect which cast it out is, on the one hand, a tumultuous demand for new laws to crush the obnoxious thing; and, on the other, Mr. Gladstone's retort that nothing should be proscribed in the English Establishment, because nothing is unlawful. In presence of such a spectacle, we may be allowed to express our sincere astonishment that men whose lips have ever pronounced the Holy Name, and for whom a future life is anything more real than a delusive dream, and a judgment to come anything more substantial than a poetic fiction, should voluntarily remain for an hour in that most degraded of human sects, in which even Truth only asks to be allowed to consort with Error, and Chaos invites Anarchy to make a jest of both.

Anglicans who have not yet quenched the light of grace by a deliberate compact with the spirit of revolt may learn from what is now taking place around them, and especially from the language of their own journals, that they have not a moment to lose.

They have reason to fear lest to-morrow should be worse than to-day. Already some appear to have been overtaken by that judicial blindness from which there is no recovery. 'The Church of England,' said one of them a few days ago, with an impudence which Simon Magus might envy, 'is not a comprehensive but an exclusive Church;' while another, after speaking of the 'one and unembarrassed Church of England,' asks, with a forehead of brass, when we are to have 'Corporate Reunion'? If he had not lost the power to distinguish between the Church of God and a human sect, he would know that the answer is, 'Never.' The Church, like her Founder, imposes conditions, but does not accept them. When day asks night to relieve its gloom, and heaven borrows a new joy from hell, the Church of the living God may perhaps consent to an adulterous marriage with the English Establishment. Until then, she will only say to it, 'Anathema.'

No. LXII.

THE PUBLIC WORSHIP BILL, AND WHAT IT PROVES.

In spite of what an Anglican journal calls with grateful enthusiasm 'Mr. Gladstone's noble and magnificent speech in defence of the rights of the clergy,'—perhaps we shall not err in saying *because* of it,—the House of Commons accepted without a division, 'amid loud cheers and laughter,' what the same journal describes, with a wasteful prodigality of epithet, as 'a one-sided, unjust, base, infamous, and degrading proposal.' Of that proposal, adopted with such prompt cordiality, the Bishops of the Established Church were the original authors. They pressed it with such unwonted unanimity, that, as Mr. Russell Gurney maliciously observed, 'fifteen Bishops and Archbishops voted on one side,' in support of its most obnoxious clause, 'and only two Bishops on the other.' In the House of Lords barely a score were found to oppose it; in the House of Commons its

adversaries did not even venture to challenge a division. Such is the answer of the Legislature to the clamour of Convocation, the remonstrance of the clergy, and the menacing prediction of the *Church Herald* that 'it could never pass except at the cost of a strong and startling disruption of the National Church.'

But in this overwhelming catastrophe our Anglican friends are not without consolation. They seldom are. Things are going badly for them at home, but there are rapturous tidings from abroad. The *Church Herald* is able to record, with candid exultation, in the same number which we have just quoted, that 'the venerable and venerated Bishop of Guiana,' whoever that gentleman may be, 'has just had a pastoral staff presented to him,' and even that 'he publicly uses it.' To this consoling personage, who presents himself so opportunely, our joyful contemporary cries, as Chœrea did to Parmeno:

> 'O mearum voluptatum omnium
> Inventor, inceptor, perfector, scin' me in quibus sim gaudiis?'

The guilt of the Lords, the perfidy of the Commons, the turpitude of the Bishops, and the treason of Mr. Disraeli are all avenged; Guiana has atoned for Canterbury, and expiated the defection of Westminster.

There is so little real consolation to be had in this dreary world that our amiable contemporary is quite right to take his share where he can find it. But he seems to be in danger of a surfeit. His friend in Guiana, he says, is 'the thirty-seventh colonial prelate' to whom somebody has presented the same useful implement; and as in each of these donations he sees a fresh proof that Anglicanism is looking up, the demonstration of that fact by thirty-seven separate witnesses is almost oppressively complete. The Archbishop of Canterbury is for him only 'a Scotch Erastian and northern adventurer,' for whom the most 'appropriate symbols' would be, not a pastoral staff, but 'a large tin speaking trumpet, and a model of the Royal Arms in plaster of Paris,' and few of Dr. Tait's colleagues, according

to the same Anglican critic, are any better than himself; but the colonial Bishops are quite another sort of men. We are, of course, rejoiced to hear it; but just as we were about to yield ourselves to this agreeable conviction, and began to comprehend the undiminished gaiety of our Anglican contemporaries in spite of the depressing Public Worship Bill, the *Church Times* robs us of our cheerfulness, and obliges us to believe that even the colonial Bishop, though armed with a pastoral staff, is by no means all that we could wish him to be. 'The present system,' that journal tells us, 'under which some obscure clergyman with political friends obtains a nomination to a colonial mitre, but stays as short a time in his diocese as possible, and comes home *to see what he can pick up here*, is anything but satisfactory. That there are nearly twenty such returned prelates in England at this moment is significant but not creditable.' Whether each of these returned episcopal exiles has brought his pastoral staff home with him we not informed, nor what he proposes to do with it if he has; but as it would be ungenerous to deprive the *Church Herald* of any consolation which it can obtain from such apostolic persons, we return to the 'base, infamous, and degrading' Bill which makes that consolation doubly precious.

The history of that Bill is full of instruction. The leaders of the so-called Catholic movement in the Established Church have long been accustomed to announce, especially in their newspapers, that their victory was won, and that the 'Catholic revival' was an accomplished fact. 'The blessed Reformation,' one of them told us not long ago, 'is a gone coon.' In graver language, but with quite as little reserve, the boast was reiterated by every organ of the party. We never doubted, for our part, that this triumph was premature. If any were deceived by the apparent success of the new school we were not of the number. The history of the Church of England was not unknown to us. We knew that, in the words of Mr. Disraeli, 'the principles of

the Reformation were never so completely represented as by the Church of England;' and though he perhaps exaggerated when he said that, but for her, 'the various sects of the Reformation would by this time have dwindled into nothing,' there can be no doubt that Protestantism in all its forms owed its past vitality to that institution which, in the course of its shameful history, has reflected them all. To attempt to make such an institution Catholic, by a tardy revival of certain Catholic dogmas, was therefore the wildest of all possible chimeras. The only way to reform a human sect is to leave it. Men may fall away from the Faith in masses, but they can only recover it one by one. As long as the new school, who proposed to 'undo the Reformation' without quitting the very sect which had been its chief product, kept within certain limits and safe generalities, they did not exhaust the reluctant toleration which an essentially Protestant community was willing to concede to them; but as soon as they proposed to change the fundamental character of that community, and force it to proclaim as true what it had always reviled as false, their end was at hand. As the *John Bull* says, 'they mistook forbearance for weakness.' It was the Bishops of their own sect who first demanded their suppression. They asked Parliament to help them to do what they found it difficult to do themselves. Both Houses of Parliament knew, as well as the Bishops did, what was the work proposed to them. If a solitary member protested that he 'did not know what Ritualism was,' Mr. Disraeli could reply that 'his ignorance was not shared by the House of Commons or the country.' 'I have considered this Bill,' he added, 'and I say that it is a Bill to put down Ritualism.' That was the task recommended by the Bishops and the Prime Minister to the House of Commons, and the completion of that task, as the *Saturday Review* observes, will 'leave no High Churchman safe in the enjoyment of his most cherished practices.'

One note of the debate on the second reading deserves special

notice. It was reiterated by many speakers in succession. Mr. Secretary Cross sounded it very clearly. Every clergyman, he said, 'made a solemn contract with the nation that he would preach the doctrines of the Church, not as he laid them down in his own mind, but as laid down in the great charters of the Church;' in other words, that he would not teach Catholic truth in a Protestant sect. 'What is going on,' said Mr. Walter, 'is totally at variance with the doctrines of the Church of England;' and he aptly reminded the House that even Hooker, the first parent of Anglican High Churchmen, who himself had recourse to a Presbyterian minister on his death-bed, 'preferred the word presbyter to priest, because it was more in keeping with the whole tenor and substance of the doctrine of the Church of England.' Ritualism, Lord Sandon remarked, 'was totally alien to those principles upon which the compact between Church and State was founded.' 'They could not admit mutiny,' observed Mr. Goschen, 'against the Episcopate in an Episcopal Church, nor mutiny against national laws in a National Church.' 'If the House did not pass the Bill,' Mr. Walpole was content to say, 'while the members of the Church were quarrelling among themselves, disestablishment and disintegration would follow.' But Mr. Disraeli went to the root of the matter when he contended that, whether the doctrines lately revived were true or not, they could not be true in the Church of England. 'So long as they are doctrines held by the Roman Catholic Church I am prepared to treat them with reverence; but what I object to is, that they should be claimed to be held by ministers of a Church, who, when they enter it, enter at the same time into a solemn contract with the nation (loud cheers) that they would oppose these doctrines and utterly resist them (renewed cheers). What I do object to is Mass in masquerade (cheers).'

The climax of this notable debate will be found in the following words: 'To the solemn ceremonies of our Roman Catholic friends,' Mr. Disraeli continued, 'I am prepared to extend that

reverence which my mind and conscience always extend to religious ceremonies sincerely believed in (hear, hear); but the false position in which we have been placed by, I believe, a small but powerful and well-organised body called English clergymen is one which the country thinks intolerable (hear, hear); and from which I believe we ought to rid ourselves.'

Such is the last scene of that 'anti-Catholic plot,' as Archdeacon Denison calls it, which has been without variation in its successive stages, from the eager initiative of the Bishops to the final acclamations of the House of Commons. As far as it affords evidence that the attempt of the new school to 'Catholicise' England has been as impotent as we knew it would be; that it has only provoked, as the *Times* says, 'an electric discharge of Protestant convictions,' or, as the *Telegraph* puts it, 'a swift corrective to those who boast that they hate the very name of Protestant;' above all, as far as it has stimulated a fresh assertion of the stupid Pagan doctrine of 'the supremacy of the temporal over the spiritual power,' which the *Pall Mall Gazette* truly affirms is the essence of Protestantism and the creed of every National Church; it is full of sadness and humiliation. It is too evident that our country is still in the grasp of the sorcerer, still drugged and stupefied by the foul potion which he gave her to drink in the sixteenth century, and of which he made the Church of England the willing cup-bearer. Once more an attempt has been made to 'undo the Reformation,' and once more it has failed. The Church of England, which began its career by casting down Catholic altars and abolishing the Christian sacrifice, is still what it always was, and always will be. For such inexpiable crimes the only atonement is extinction. To purify a sect so long saturated with deadly heresy is a work which man cannot and God will not perform. Its Bishops protest against the attempt, and Parliament echoes the sentence of the chief Minister when it declares that the National Church will not accept a 'false position,' that Protestant England will

not tolerate 'Mass in masquerade,' and that the Protestant clergy who call themselves 'Catholics' are only a school of play-actors 'from which we ought to rid ourselves.'

It would seem that their approaching discomfiture only makes them more anxious to prove how justly they are estimated, both by the Bishops and the Legislature. They comprehend, as the *Church Review* of the 18th says, 'that lights, incense, and the vestments have to be abandoned;' and they are quite ready to abandon them, or anything else which would cost a moment's inconvenience to retain. They do not pretend to be confessors; they leave that to the true Bishops and priests of Jesus Christ, who at this hour joyfully accept in more than one land fines and captivity, and are ready to accept death, rather than compromise one iota of the truth of which He has made them faithful witnesses. 'Mass is now fairly established,' continues the *Church Review*, which is too content with empty words to care about superfluous truths, 'in a thousand churches of England;' and then it adds, in the language of a clown at a fair, by way of defiance to the Bishops and Mr. Disraeli: 'We advise the most earnest of our opponents to keep his telescope levelled and he will see Ritualism, like a cork, lively as ever, bobbing on the surface.' The Legislature may well treat with contempt men who are so forward to invite it.

We do not, however, confound the mass of High Churchmen with their worthless newspapers. God forbid! Among the former are men who pray in secret, and who will perhaps hear in this dark crisis the Voice which has too long cried to them in vain: '*Let the dead bury their dead.*' They will understand at last that Christians who believe, as they profess to do, in the Adorable Sacrifice of the Altar, of which the Roman Church has been for nearly 2000 years the invincible guardian, are out of place in that impenitent sect which has existed only to blaspheme it. They will not be converted in masses, but they will come one by one, a few here and a few there; and all for whom this supreme

grace is destined will no longer seek God where He has never dwelt, in an apostate community of which the incurably evil nature is now more than ever apparent, and in which the nearest approach to that life-giving mystery which was the joy of Saints and the strength of Martyrs is only what Mr. Disraeli and the Anglican Bishops agree in calling 'Mass in masquerade.'

No. LXIII.

SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

THE great question of our age, however it may be sometimes obscured by subordinate issues, is whether God shall be Master in the world which He created. It is not a question with Him, but it is with us. All our conflicts and tumults turn really on that point. Has God established any authority on earth which represents Him, and whose decrees all men are bound to obey? Or has He left the world to be a guide to itself? That is the question. It has often been debated before, and always with the same result. Man aspires to have his own will, in spite of prophet, priest, or king, but never quite succeeds. The sovereignty against which he rebels is too strong for him. It is a pity that long experience has not yet convinced him of the fact. He is even foolish enough to resent the importunity of those who remind him of it. The history of our race is mainly a record of the efforts of certain men to procure obedience to God, and the refusal of certain other men to yield it. The latter have always had the advantage in numbers, and are likely to retain it. Holy Scripture assures us that 'the number of fools is infinite.' In this respect the conflict has always been unequal. If numerical weakness had not been compensated by supernatural aids, the minority would have been crushed long ago. They will be crushed at last, though only for a brief space, and then their victory will be eternal. Many a time they

have seemed to be in sore straits, but their *De Profundis* was always the prelude to a *Te Deum*. They had hardly time to finish the last verse of the one before they were chanting the first of the other. This sequence is as immutable a law in the spiritual world as the succession of day and night in the material. Neither men nor demons can hinder it. After the Crucifixion came the Resurrection, and after the ten persecutions Cæsar himself was found to be a Christian. The gates of hell had done what they could, and had failed. All that was left of 'Magna Roma,' and her myriad abominations, were seven hills strewn with ruins, and in the midst of them a throne on which Christ had established His Vicar.

The revived struggle in our own day between the spiritual and temporal powers, which will end in the same way, is only the reiteration of man's impotent resolve to reign without God. But it presents a new character, and asserts a new principle. In other ages, men rebelled, but they did not say they had a *right* to do it. Even Pagan lawlessness stopped short of that. To thinkers like Plato and Aristotle, and even to jesters like Horace and Juvenal, such a pretension would have seemed exorbitant. It was reserved for the Protestant Reformation to proclaim this definitive emancipation of the creature from the law of the Creator, and make him a law to himself. The 'supremacy of the individual conscience,' as a Bampton lecturer gaily observes, and its complete independence of all external authority, date from that auspicious movement. It made man his own master, owing allegiance to none but himself. The reign of authority, which had always been a mere usurpation, was finally closed. The creature was at length free, or thought he was. And this doctrine was quickly imported from the spiritual into the political sphere, with results of which we are all witnesses. 'Nobody in the least conversant with the history of opinion,' says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 'can doubt that the political creed of the Liberal party *all over the world* is, in its principal articles,

descended from the Protestant Reformation.' Nothing can be more evident. If man could judge for himself in questions of the soul, *à fortiori* he could do it in everything else. Rationalism, Socialism, and Communism are systems which, like National Churches, have their logical root in Protestanism. They are inconvenient but inevitable results of the abolition of authority, and the right of private judgment. The moment a man is accountable for his opinions only to his own conscience, he may as well be one thing as another. The Protestant Reformation taught him, among other useful lessons, that liberty to err is man's highest good, and immunity from error the only real bondage. The demon did not propose to the human race so impudent a sophism till he knew they were ripe to receive it. He is a good judge of times and seasons. He has also a large experience, as he told one of the Saints, and possesses by this time a complete map of the whole field of human absurdity. He was too wise, after his fashion, to attempt to subvert the fabric of authority prematurely. Fifteen ages of constant observation elapsed before he ventured upon the final experiment of the Protestant Reformation. Only then, as his vast intellect perceived, was the world rotten enough to give it a chance of success. In spite of much scientific culture it had not hitherto furnished a suitable soil for such a plant. Man had often erred, but only to confess his error; had revolted, but only to ask pardon for his revolt. Henceforth, he was boldly to maintain, *suadente numine*, that there is no such thing as either error or revolt. From that hour he has never ceased to maintain it, both in the religious and the political sphere. He is doing it now all over the world. 'Schism is a sin,' said an Anglican writer the other day in the *Church Review*, 'when unnecessary; but necessary schism is not a sin:' and of course they who commit it are the only competent judges of its necessity. It is evident, therefore, as the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* asserts, and the writer in the *Church Review* proves, that the principle by virtue of which

Satan is destroying authority, making government impossible, supplanting order by chaos, and preparing the final dissolution of human society, 'is descended from the Protestant Reformation.'

Nor is it less plain that to restrain or interdict this right of revolt is a function which cannot belong to those who use the same right themselves. Even the civil magistrate, if he is a Protestant, can only punish malefactors by contradicting himself, and renouncing his first principle. Every sentence pronounced by him upon those who use the right of private judgment against society as he uses it against the Church, and transgress human laws as he violates those which are Divine, is a confession that he dares not tolerate in the citizen the license which he applauds in the Christian, and that though he denies the authority of the Church he will suffer no one to deny his own. And those more logical Protestants, the burglar and the assassin, the Communist and the Red Republican, easily detect the revolting inconsistency, and resent it accordingly. They claim in their theory of social science only the same unlimited private judgment which one of our ablest journalists lately claimed for the clergy of the National Church, and which they every day claim for themselves. 'The first security of every beneficed clergyman in England,' said the *Spectator*, in a benevolent defence of the rights and privileges which the Anglican minister derives from the Reformation, 'is that . . . he does not in the pulpit represent his congregation or the Church, but is only *setting forth his own views*, and that he is authorised to teach what is in him to teach.' Any limitation of this form of Liberalism, our contemporary adds, should be resisted. 'All three divisions of the Church will feel it equally; the High Church in their freedom of assertion, the Low Church in their freedom of protest, the Broad Church in their freedom of exposition.' Is it possible to avow with more unconscious frankness that we have reached in England that hideous climax of disorder

which three of the Apostles announced would spring from the sects of 'the last days,' and which, we did not need to be told by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 'is descended from the Protestant Reformation'?

It is to be feared, however, that the testimony of the Apostles against the spirit of revolt, emphatic as it is, will not in our generation be considered decisive. They had the views of their time, and we have got beyond them, as might be expected from our superior intelligence. 'The Church before the Reformation,' observes the *Pall Mall*,—which is able, like any other newspaper, to teach exhaustively all things human and divine, and is generously disposed to do it,—had denied in a hundred ways, from the hour of her foundation, with a blindness which contrasts unfavourably with modern enlightenment, 'the right of nations to emancipate themselves from authority sanctioned by prescription.' No doubt she had, since it was a part of her mission to do so, and she could not abdicate her own authority without impiously disowning that of her founder. She has denied it from Moses to Pius IX., and will continue to deny it from Pius IX. to the second coming of Christ. But it is still more curious, though the *Pall Mall* does not notice it, and a sad proof of pre-Reformation obtuseness, that for four thousand years all the servants of God, Jews as well as Christians, confessed that it was her duty to deny it, and were grateful to her for doing so. They understood that true liberty sprang from that denial. They had an inveterate conviction that the creature is emancipated by obedience, and enslaved by revolt. And they thought experience proved it. They noticed that every judgment denounced of old against the lawless was promptly followed by effective execution, and they did not think this happened by an inadvertence of the Most High. Christians took exactly the same view of the matter, and in pondering all that God did during the earlier dispensation in support of the spiritual authority, upon which He made the temporal wholly dependent, were a good

deal impressed by the saying of St. Paul, who had carefully noted how He dealt with Hebrew Liberals and dissidents, that 'all these things happened unto them for *our* instruction upon whom the ends of the world are come.' We are more intelligent now, thanks to the Protestant Reformation, which has taught us that such trivial examples have no interest for us, that the unprogressive docility of past generations was a result of mental stagnation, that Pilate's view of truth was the only rational one, and that God never established any spiritual authority on earth, or if He did had no right to do it, and we need not take any notice of it.

That it is our business to reign without God, and that we are quite able to do it, is, therefore, one of the most valuable discoveries of 'modern thought.' There are, indeed, a good many millions still in the world who think that the new gospel 'descended from the Reformation' is a gospel of demons. Pius IX. took that view of it in the Syllabus; and 'some people were astonished,' says the *Pall Mall*, 'that the present Pope should have included' many of their most fruitful truisms 'among the damnable errors enumerated in the Syllabus. But the Pope was right from his own point of view. They were really Protestant opinions which had assumed a political disguise.' It seems to us that they do not assume any disguise at all; and we are further of opinion that when our modern illuminists assure us, as they do with an air of serene conviction, that the temporal is above the spiritual, and the Church only a department of the State, which is, in fact, 'more sacred than any Church whatever,'—though man made the one, and God made the other,—even the old pagans, blind as they were, would have thought such public teachers more sottish and degraded than any with whom they were themselves acquainted.

Yet it must be admitted that they have a good many disciples, including some who think themselves Christians. Even the sober *John Bull* has hard words for 'Ultramontanism,' though it

is simply the creed of all the friends of God, from Moses to St. Paul, and from St. Paul to Pius IX. For the first time it gives us a newspaper definition of this word, and tells us that it means 'undue clerical influence.' We are led to suppose, therefore, that, in the judgment of those who dislike Ultramontanism, all who have at any time defended the spiritual against the temporal authority were offenders against the higher law of the State. Thus we must conclude that Moses intrigued for the 'clerical party,' while Pharao upheld the majesty of the law; that when Nathan reproved the Cæsar of his day, David ought to have fined and imprisoned him; that Saul was a dignified magistrate, and Samuel a Jesuit in disguise; that St. James was a clerical agitator, and Herod a righteous judge; that St. Peter was an ecclesiastical Fenian, and that it was very wrong of Almighty God to take him out of prison; that St. Paul was a turbulent Ultramontane, and that Festus and his friend Agrippa were quite right to pack him off to Cæsar, who was quite right to cut off his head. To such intelligent conclusions the moral and intellectual cretinism of 'modern thought' is obliged to come, in order that it may exalt the State above the Church, banish all Divine authority from the world, and revel in the idiotic triumph of condemning Jesus Christ and Pius IX., while it absolves Herod and Bismarck.

There is a school in the Established Church which thinks that in this conflict it is on the side of God against the world and the Devil. It is mistaken. There are no more impenitent enemies of God and His Church, as Montalembert predicted they would be, than High Church Anglicans. Here is one example out of a thousand. Speaking of Dr. Newman's memoir of Henry Wilberforce, the *Church Review* says: 'There is in both the same assumption of the truth of Papal pretensions,' which the writer calls 'the most awful heresy that ever infected Christendom,' and both Dr. Newman and Mr. Wilberforce 'having thrown themselves into a system that is built upon

usurpation, forgery, and deceit, they have unavoidably imbibed something of its spirit.' What could the respectable Voltaire or the ingenuous Tom Paine say more? If the Church founded by SS. Peter and Paul is committed to the most awful heresy ever known, and two-thirds of all the Christians in the world venerate usurpation, forgery, and deceit, the infidel is quite right to say, as these senseless heretics encourage him to do by their own example, that the Church is a farce and Christianity a fable. But if Anglicans teach the godless such a lesson, help them to make a mockery of Christ and His work, and thus share their lot in this world, with whom do they expect to share it in the next?

No. LXIV.

A FORM OF LUNACY.

Nobody would think of being angry with a man deprived of reason. Members of human sects, who have never received the gift of faith, and are cut off from the unity of Christendom, however eminent they may be by natural gifts or acquired knowledge, are inevitably, as respects questions of the soul, in that sorrowful condition. They do not know it, but that is one of the symptoms of their malady. They can reason correctly, like certain madmen, about many things, and conduct themselves with gravity and decorum; but directly there is a question of religion, and especially of the Church, the mental alienation which at other times is only latent displays itself. They beat the air, talk wildly, and cease to be intelligible. They are no longer able to control themselves. And it is one of the surest signs that the evil mood is upon them that they always break out into imprecations against the Church. We may sometimes be tempted to resent the violence of their language, but this impatience should be restrained. If we had not been enriched, without any merit of our own, with what Holy Scripture calls

'the precious gift of faith,' by which we see all things clearly, we should ourselves be what they are. They are not in their right mind, and it is not anger but pity which they claim from us.

This reflection is suggested by the latest comments of the Anglican journals upon the present crisis in the National Church. Before the Public Worship Bill became law, they announced in chorus, with scorn and derision, that a measure so impious, unjust, and subversive, neither could nor should pass, and that it was unnecessary even to contemplate the impossible contingency. It has passed, with such unanimity of purpose, and such concord between the Bishops and the Legislature, as is rarely witnessed; and already they begin to discover, as we never doubted they would, that it is of very little importance, and will, in fact, do more harm to their adversaries than to themselves. 'We observe,' says the *Guardian*, with a touch of malice, 'that a Ritualist orator is already proclaiming it harmless at a meeting, by whom it was so gravely denounced.' Another, Mr. E. Stuart, who is quoted in the *John Bull*, sees in it, as usual, a 'sign of life;' for, as he ingeniously argues, 'forty years ago the recent debates would have been impossible, and it would have been taken for granted'—the Establishment being then, as Mr. Gladstone said, 'the scandal of Christendom' — 'that the Church existed for political and pecuniary purposes only;' a fact which affords delightful evidence of 'progress,' though the debates were so animated only because the speakers were resolved to put down, at the instigation of the Bishops, the very opinions which Mr. Stuart approves. A third, Mr. J. M. Rodwell, preaching from the text, 'In quietness and in confidence will be your strength,' observed: 'I will not attempt to suggest what is to be done in this sore trial. But I would have you rest assured that it will all in one way or other be overruled for good, and that, dark as the cloud is, the sun is still behind it, and will break in due time.' If the Bishops had made Islamism an open question

in the Establishment, not a few Anglican clergymen would preach from the same text, and with the same comment. 'As for the Bill itself,' says the *Church Times* with unabated liveliness, 'iniquitous as are the intentions of its prime promoters, and disgraceful as have been the tactics by which they have passed it into law, our friends need not trouble themselves greatly about it.' Of course not, nor about anything else. They ought rather to clap their hands, for 'the Bill will become a double-edged weapon for tormenting the short-sighted Broad and Low bigots who have been clamouring for it.' It is, in fact, against them that the artful Bishops and the cunning Parliament really mean, and always did mean, to apply it. That it was intended to 'put down Ritualism' was only a capital joke of Mr. Disraeli, as the *Church Times* now clearly perceives.

It cannot be said, however, that the Anglican journalists are consistent even in their affected resignation. They may pretend to console themselves with the approaching sorrows of the 'Broad and Low bigots,' but it is only a forced merriment. If in one breath they profess to regard the Bill as quite unimportant, not to say advantageous, in the next they describe it as follows. After observing, with unwonted candour, that 'the Establishment has generally been understood to be, and in reality was, a compromise,' so that 'all shades and varieties of religious opinion from the Ritualist to the Independent have found a refuge within it,' the *Church Review* says; 'the Bill is intended to change all this. . . . Her Majesty's sign manual has made the Act of Parliament statute law, and put the finishing stroke to *the most momentous revolution of modern times*. The Establishment is no longer the Church of England, but a faithless ecclesiastical State department. This is its central principle, and friends and foes know it.' 'Parliament,' exclaims the *Church Herald*, which is far from agreeing with the ingenuous *Church Times* that 'our friends need not trouble themselves greatly about it,' 'is the supreme director of the Church of

England in doctrine and in discipline.' It always was. The poor subterfuge of the *Church Review*, which affects to distinguish between the Establishment and the Church of England, as if they were two different things, finds no favour with the more conscientious *Herald*. 'Have the English Bishops,' continues the latter, 'any longer a claim on the spiritual allegiance of English Churchmen? For ourselves we answer, unhesitatingly, not a shadow of *a claim*. And that simply because the claim they had they have thrown away. . . . We merely accept the position which the Bishops have created. Church authority, *i.e.* the authority of *the Church*, which is the Catholic Church, is at an end in the Church of England, its rulers having substituted for it the authority of the State.'

So far there is no visible manifestation of the disorder of mind under which these poor exiles labour; but when the question arises, 'What is to be done?' their access returns, and they no longer speak as rational beings. It becomes evident that a cloud has fallen upon their reason, and they walk as men in the dark. Their journals are filled with suggestions by various agitated correspondents, and here are some of them. A harmless lunatic, who calls himself 'Fidei Defensor,'—we have heard of poor people who fancied they were the Archangel Michael or the Great Mogul,—proposes, in the *Church Review*, 'the setting up of oratories throughout the kingdom,' though he confesses that it might 'lead to open schism and separation from the Body of Christ,' of which he evidently fancies that at present he forms a part, and a very important one; and he suggests further that he and his friends 'should always carry a stock of tracts and pamphlets in our pockets,' one of which should treat of 'the Apostolical Succession,'—the value of which has been so pleasingly illustrated of late by the Episcopal authors of the Public Worship Bill.

A Ritualistic warrior, or ex-warrior, Captain F. S. Dugmore, whose mental condition seems to suggest lenient measures of

repression, breaks out thus, in the *Church Times*: 'Why not build and endow a magnificent collegiate church (Scottish Episcopal) as near as possible to Balmoral, almost at its very gates? In ritual and music let it be as close a reproduction as possible of All Saints', Margaret-street.' It is to be presumed that this gentleman's military career must have familiarised him with the tactics of Red Indians. We can only hope, for the sake of those who dwell in Balmoral, that no plot of land may be available in the immediate vicinity of the peaceful fortress against which it is proposed to direct so singular an attack.

Another patient, whose case appears to require mild but firm treatment,—he calls himself, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, 'a priest of the Church of God, at present officiating in the Anglican Branch of the Church,'—elaborates a scheme of ecclesiastical strategy adroitly adapted to present circumstances. 'Since the Bishops,' he says or sings, 'have abdicated their spiritual functions, is there any reason why the "Priests of the Church of God" should not elect new Bishops?' For our part, we should say none whatever. 'It might be an irregular proceeding,' he continues, 'but not more irregular than the previous acts of the English Church.' If this highly-ingenious plan, by which instead of Bishops ordaining priests the operation is to be reversed,—the result in the Church of England would be extremely harmless,—should not be approved, the clergy, he adds, should resign their benefices, because 'an unbeneficed priest is like a Vicar Apostolic, a priest of the Church of God at large, to minister in all parts to the faithful'—a notion of the functions of a Vicar Apostolic which this inspired person will find it necessary to correct if he should ever recover his reason.

A still more delirious orator, though he is probably incapable of doing harm to any but himself, and only requires to be secured in a padded room, offers another scheme, which his disturbed mind considers 'perfectly clear, logical, and tenable.' It is simply to send 'as many as possible,' and especially 'Dr.

Pusey and Canon Liddon,' to the coming Döllingerist Conference at Bonn, where they are going to determine once for all the true form and character of the Primitive Church, about which there have unfortunately been hitherto different opinions. 'We have everything in common,' he says,—a good many Anglicans say exactly the contrary,—'with Dr. Döllinger and the Old Catholics;' and when they have settled everything at Bonn, which their remarkable unity of religious opinion will make easy work, the result will be this: 'As we now hold to the Chair of St. Peter'—the poor man is evidently very mad indeed —'except in those things in which Ultramontanism and the Roman Curia render it impossible,'—that is, in everything,—'so in like way we should hold to the Chair of Canterbury, save and except where Protestantism blocked the way.' It is difficult to feel sanguine of the recovery of this particular patient.

Another, whose proximate cure may be expected, if he is only removed from the company of lunatics, and allowed a period of wholesome solitude, discourses in this rational manner. 'Truly our National Church does seem a wonderful paradox, a monstrous anomaly, a stupendous self-contradiction. . . . Surely the religion of the National Church is the most comfortable religion in the world: for in it a man may believe nothing, and do anything, and live as if there were no Church, no Christ, no God; and after such a life be consigned to the grave in a Christian cemetery, with the solemnity of Christian obsequies with which saints and confessors are honoured.' In this there is not a trace of mental alienation, but presently he falls into a mild paroxysm, and exclaims wildly: 'The death of the Establishment, which is of human creation, will be the life of the Church, which is of Divine.' A man who can believe that there ever was, or ever will be, anything 'Divine' in the Church of England is not yet in a condition to go at large. But we may hope some day to see this amiable invalid 'clothed and in his right mind.'

There are a good many more patients at present lodged in

the asylums of the *Church Times* and *Church Review*, where they cry to one another from morning till night in a melancholy manner, but we have not leisure to hear them all. Before we quit these gloomy abodes, to return to the haunts of rational beings, let us listen to the Editor of the latter, who speaks both in his own name and in that of the interesting sufferers to whom he offers hospitality. People argue, he says, that 'Papal Ultramontanism,' which is the name he gives to Christianity, about which he knows nothing but a few words and names, is the 'legitimate and necessary ultimate development of the sacerdotal Ritualism now spreading in the Church of England.' He considers this a mistake, and so do we. 'Anglican Ritualism,' he truly observes, 'has shown as little tendency to Ultramontanism'—that is, to the religion of the Apostles—'as Russian orthodoxy,' which has not shown any at all, being only the religion of Peter the Great, who invented the Holy Synod, and the chaste Catharine, who trained it in docility to herself. 'What line did the Ritualistic party take,' he continues, 'with regard to the late proclamation of Papal Infallibility? They exposed and opposed the dogma,'—just as the Nestorians opposed another dogma, and with about as much success,—'and everything connected with it, without reserve. How have they regarded the Old Catholics, the avowedly anti-Ultramontane movement? With cautious favour or open advocacy.' Here he exaggerates, for the *Church Herald* called it by its true name. 'What is their attitude with respect to the Greeks, Russians, and other anti-Ultramontane Catholics?' Here he dotes, for Greeks and Russians are not only not Catholics, but neither profess nor wish to be. They profess a purely national religion, and desire no other. But he is quite right when he says that he and his fellows treated these sectarians with a 'scrupulous respect and veneration,' which they are far from feeling for themselves, and which only excites their amusement. The sum of his discourse is this: 'Nobody hates Catholics as we do, yet you falsely ac-

cuse us of sympathy with them. Have we not proved that we prefer any ignoble sect, old or young, even the Döllinger-Loyson farce, to the communion of St. Augustine and St. Anselm? What more do you want? Can you stir up your disciples to more furious rage against the Apostolic See and the person who is called Vicar of Christ than we excite in ours? Why, then, do you affect to consider us enemies, and fail to perceive that we are much more Protestant than yourselves? What madness has seized you that you wish to "put down Ritualism"?' There is a good deal of force in this argument, and we quite agree with the *Church Review* that the Anglican Bishops have made a mistake.

When we compare, as Christians alone are able to do, the clear and luminous faith of the most unlettered Catholic peasant with the senseless contradictions and incoherent 'views' of the most learned and accomplished heretics, we understand why St. Athanasius always called the latter 'maniacs.' It is evident that the one possess a supernatural gift which has been denied to the others. And for this reason it is not anger but compassion which we should feel towards all who are out of the Church. Some of us were once what they are now, and know by experience that this insanity lasts up to the very moment which precedes conversion. It is a case not for rebuke, but for prayer. Nothing, we are told, can merit the supreme grace of conversion; but the surest way to obtain for others the gift which has been conferred upon ourselves, who had done nothing to deserve it, is to ask it from Him Who alone has power to bestow it, and Who at this day, as in all past ages, gathers into the Church, one by one, those who are destined to eternal life. They may resist for a time, but His loving election will prevail at last.

THE END.

LONDON: ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.

OCT 1 6 1916